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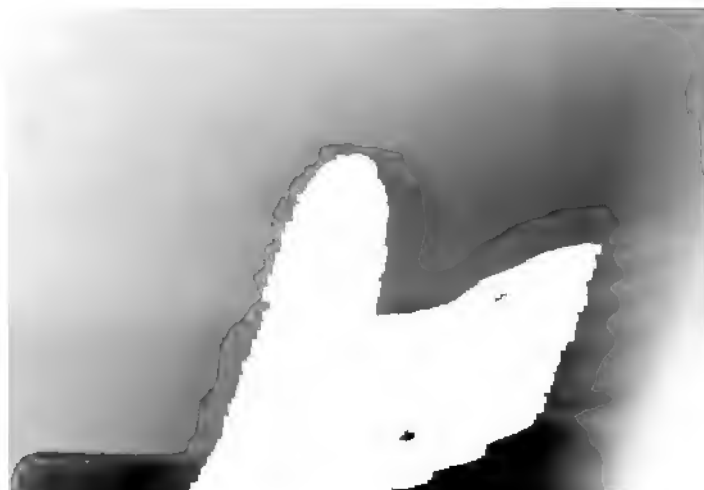
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THE
UPPER
RHINE.





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THE UPPER RHINE:

**THE SCENERY OF ITS BANKS
AND THE MANNERS OF ITS PEOPLE.**



UPPER RHINE

AND ITS

PICTURESQUE SCENERY,

Illustrated by

BIRKET FOSTER.



LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGHAM SQUARE

UPPER RHINE

AND ITS

PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

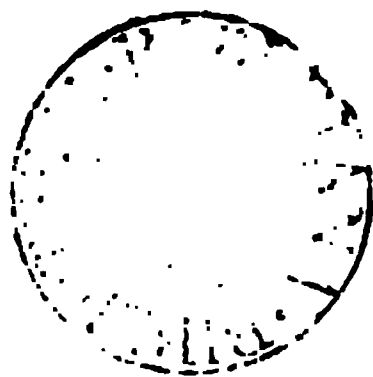
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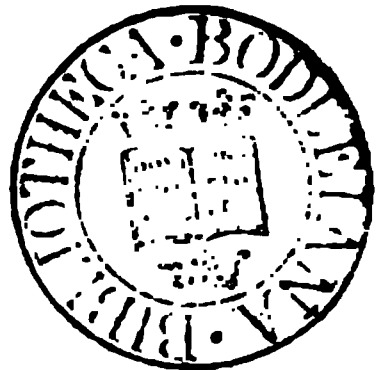


THE
UPPER RHINE:

THE SCENERY OF ITS BANKS
AND THE MANNERS OF ITS PEOPLE.

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRKET FOSTER.

DESCRIBED BY
HENRY MAYHEW.



MAYENCE TO THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE.

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PREFACE.

THE present volume is necessarily somewhat discursive in its arrangement, owing to the interpolation of the descriptions *illustrative* of the illustrations. There is, however, a method in its apparent incoherence.

It consists of two parts, which, though involved, are nevertheless distinct—the one descriptive and the other critical: this explaining the peculiar aspect of certain scenes and places in the Upper Rhine; and that treating of and testing the manners and opinions of the people of the Rhenish capital, according to the ethical and political standards of our own country.

With respect to the so-called “Interpolated Scenes,” they have been interspersed through the more connected matter of the book, simply for the purpose of distributing the engravings uniformly throughout the volume; while the descriptions have been, generally, written with the object of giving the untravelled reader something like a sense of the places touched upon.

This pen-and-ink delineation of strange places, or making known the unknown, is no very easy task—especially by means of a non-imitative art like literature; for it is as difficult to convey in words a sense of even the simple process of tying a shoe, as it is to produce in music a “movement descriptive of a gentleman changing his religion.”

Of all painting, word-painting is perhaps the most difficult and subtle. It is worse than “writing on water,” being indeed a species of drawing in the air—a style of spectral landscape.

daub he has turned out. "Ah, you should see the books I *haven't* written!" said Rousseau to a friend who was praising his works.

Let the writer of the present volume speak, therefore, only of what he *purposed* at the commencement of his task. In the description of the Rhine Falls he was desirous of seeing whether it were possible, by mere verbal signs, to convey a conception of the "largest cataract in Europe" to those who had never visited the spot. In the articles, on the other hand, upon Worms and the "*Concilium's Saal*" at Constanx, his object was to use the local associations as means of conjuring up a livelier sense of the early struggles of the Reformation; whilst in the chapter on Strasburg he wished not only to impress the reader with a sense of the picturesque mongrel character of the town—(French in its government-institutions, German in the manners and customs of its people, and Dutch in its canal-lined streets), but also to paint in words the choice Gothic grace of its Cathedral, as well as the curious automaton movements of its celebrated clock. In the other "Scenes," however, he proposed merely to render such peculiarities of the places as would serve to give those at home a rough ideal of the Rhenish country and the towns.

With reference to the more continuous portion of the book—that which professes to give an account of the Domestic Manners of the Rhenish Prussians—it should be explained, that it is an attempt to regard German society and German character from a purely English point of view. It has long appeared to the author, that travelling southward from England is like going backward in time—every ten degrees of latitude corresponding to about a hundred years in history; for as in France we see society in the same corrupt and *uncomfortable* state as prevailed in our own nation at the beginning of the present century, so in Germany we find the people at least a hundred years behind us in all the refinements of civilisation and "progress;" whilst in Spain, we are assured, we live a positive mediæval life, among the same dirt and intellectual darkness, the same beggary and bigotry, as

preceded the Reformation in our own land. In Russia, again, we find the state of villeinage and serfdom still existing; whilst in Central Africa, among the Ashantees, we reach the absolute condition of nature and barbarism.

It is difficult to make foreigners understand this: as a rule, even our Gallic neighbours are supremely ignorant of English institutions and English habits; indeed, we have but to take up a French drama or a French novel, of which the scene is laid in England, to perceive that the intelligent and educated classes of France know no more of us than they do of the Esquimaux.

Nor is it possible to make continental people comprehend the social and moral enormities that offend English families directly they set foot on foreign soil. The more refined sense of decency, which makes us regard their habits in many cases as little better than bestial, they look upon as mere affectation and squeamishness on our part; for as scavengers and dustmen are never seen with flowers at their button-hole, even so those who are accustomed to physical and moral filth become utterly insensible to the delicate graces of life.

It is customary for vain-glorious Frenchmen to speak of their country as "*la plus civilisée du monde*;" but, surely, if morals, comfort, and mechanical developments are to be taken as the tests of civilisation—rather than fashion, show, and bowing and scraping—Englishmen can say with justice that there is no nation, either past or present, which will, for a moment, admit of comparison with their own. There is an inner life pervading the heart of England, graced with home-feelings and affections, that renders our national character, in a measure, a sealed book to foreigners. On the Continent, however, all is external life and outward display: people live out of doors, and wear their hearts on their sleeves, for ever tapping at their bosoms—like vintners do at wine-casks—to show how full they are. There are no internal springs of action,—as with puppets, they are all moved from *without*. You want hardly "six lessons" to study a foreigner,—you know him "all through" in a few quiet half-hours. There is no

necessity in his case to crack the nut in order to discover the "maggot" in it,—for, in true butterfly fashion, it creeps out of its own accord. At the very first sitting, Frenchmen delight to tell you everything about themselves; taking care, of course—like persons who come to have their portrait taken—to trick themselves out in all their best: so that, if you be at all skilled in moral photography, you require to see them only for a short time afterwards—just to know the precise colours in which to paint them.

We appear, however, in our modern love of masquerading in French fashions, and aping French manners, to be losing a good part of our native honesty and simplicity. Instead of following nature, we copy, like poor artists, from mere dressed-up dolls or lay-figures. Old English hospitality is fast passing into those mere dress parades termed "receptions," and friendship growing as obsolete among us as chivalry; while Dean-Paulism and British-Bankolatry show that religion and charity are lapsing into a mere species of pharisaical "trumpet-blowing," or social and commercial puffery (your Bank Director always entering into his "closet" when *he* prays, but never "*shutting* the door")—a trick of trade,—a convenient screen behind which to sand the sugar—a "stall" to cover pickpockets.

The materials for that portion of the present volume which treats of the manners of the Rhenish Prussians have been classified under six heads:—

1. *The Household Arrangements* of the people, including the various domestic appliances, means of comfort, and habits of cleanliness and decency among them.
2. *The Style of Living*; under which head is given an account of the species of food, mode of cooking, and manners at table prevailing in Rhineland.
3. *The Classes of Amusement* that are generally popular.
4. *The Forms of Etiquette and "Manners,"* in the more limited sense of the term.

5. *The Family Customs*: such as those usual at birth, marriage, and death, and the feelings uniting the several members of the "house,"—father with sons, husband with wife.

6. *The Opinions, Sentiments, and Creed* of the people: the Opinions setting forth their intellectual condition, the Sentiments indicating their moral state, and the Creed showing the amount of enlightened religion among them.

Now to those who are in the habit of hurrying through Germany at the same rate as Queen's messengers, and whose knowledge of the people is limited to such as are seen in Anglicised hotels, the view here given of the national character may perhaps appear somewhat harsh and prejudiced; whilst bookworms (who in their estimate of the German mind reflect the light of such intellects as Jean Paul Richter, Goethe and Schiller—Kant, Hegel and Fichte—as well as Schlegel and Niebuhr—Liebig, Argelander, and Bessel, over the whole people, and believe every German to be a small philosopher and great sceptic) will doubtlessly find cause to quarrel with us about the low mental average we have struck for the entire nation. It should be borne in mind, however, that the great body of English people are neither Shakspeares nor Newtons; nevertheless, it is but due to ourselves to add, that our opinions on the thoughts and manners of the people have been drawn chiefly from the more enlightened portion of the middle classes—such as professors, teachers, and professional men in general; for with the aristocracy of the country we profess no acquaintance, and with the artizans and labourers we may probably deal on a future occasion.

Finally, the general reader may fancy, that in the chapters comparing the intellectual condition of the Rhenish Prussians with that of our own people we have gone upon the fabular principle that "there is nothing like leather," and attributed too much to the influence of the English press in the formation of the English character. But when the social condition of this country at the present time is contrasted with that prevailing at the latter end of the last century, and the question asked, "What

new institution has been developed among us since that period to which such a change can be fairly ascribed?"—there is, so far as we know, *but one* answer. Assuredly the moral and social improvement of our people cannot be referred to increased energy and zeal among the clergy, or to our more enlightened government of late years, for these are themselves the consequences rather than the causes of the reform. In a word, a new power has sprung up among us—a means of knowledge as vast as the very inventions of the alphabet and moveable types themselves—a moral court of judicature, where the public acts of all men are daily tried; ay, and though we ourselves belong to the fraternity, let us add, in all conscience—tried by judges as honourable, fair, and upright, as those men of iron integrity, the legal barons themselves.

Consequently, where no such social and political machinery as a free and honourable press exists, we should expect to find society in the same corrupt state as it was with ourselves a hundred years ago. A trip across the Channel enables us to put the matter to the test of facts.*

* P.S.—The German names of the towns and places have been adopted throughout this book, in preference to those barbarous French corruptions of the local titles which are in common use.

It may, on a cursory consideration, smack somewhat of pedantry to persist in calling the town which the French dub *Cologne* by its native cognomen of *Köln*; as well as *Mayence*, *Mainz*; *Spires*, *Speier*; *Bâle*, *Basel*, &c.; but, surely, we might with as much philological reason speak of "*Wilhelm Meister*" under the French "*incognito*" of "*Maître Guillaume*."

The term *Cologne* is a clumsy attempt to convey, by altered orthography, the sound of the German *Köln* to French ears: as, however, the change of spelling cannot possibly aid *Englishmen* in apprehending the German pronunciation, little or no good can result, and a great deal of inconvenience may, from a continuance of the barbarism.

Besides, the rule with us (for mere postal convenience) is to write foreign names of places according to their local orthography, and not according to their local pronunciation. Thus, the title we give to the French capital is *Paris*, because Frenchmen so write it; and not *Parrhy*, because Frenchmen so pronounce it.

The French, however, adopt a different rule, and delight to call London, *Londres*; Dover, *Douvres*; Aachen, *Aix-la-Chapelle*, &c.; though, surely, there is no reason for *our* adopting such verbal absurdities.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE PRUSSIANS . . .	1
I. HOUSEHOLD ARRANGEMENTS.	
§ 1. Lodgings, Stoves, Beds, and Bed-chambers	7
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —OPPENHEIM]	21
§ 2. Modes of Cleaning, and Habits of Cleanliness and Decency	26
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —WORMS]	32
II. STYLE OF LIVING.	
§ 1. The kind of Meat, Horseflesh, Black Bread, Coffee, &c. consumed by the People	47
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —MANNHEIM]	59
§ 2. The Rhenish “Vin Ordinaire”—Cooking—Dinners— and Manners at Table	64
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —SPEIER]	82
III. CLASSES OF AMUSEMENT.	
§ 1. Sense of Comfort and Luxury—Ideas of “Home”— Casinos, Concerts, and “Kermeses”—Wine-Gar- dens—Shooting-Feasts—Drinking and Smoking	97
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —HEIDELBERG]	119
§ 2. The absence of all Athletic Sports—Love of Music— The Parade-Ground on a Sunday—Gambling— “Coffee-drinkings” and Balls	131
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —STRASBURG]	149
IV. FORMS OF ETIQUETTE AND “MANNERS.”	
§ 1. “Red Eagles”—Titles—and Models of Letter-writing	172
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —FREIBURG]	183

	PAGE
FORMS OF ETIQUETTE AND "MANNERS" (<i>continued</i>).	
§ 2. Feminine Honours—Low-bred look of the Prussian "Excellences" and "Magnificences"—Forms of Politeness—Bowling in the Streets—Importance of the " <i>Blick</i> "	191
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —BASEL]	203
V. FAMILY CUSTOMS.	
§ 1. Customs at Marriage, Courtship, and Betrothal—Public Love-Making—"Dutzening"—The " <i>Polter-Abend</i> " (the Bridal Eve)—The " <i>Aus-stattung</i> " (the Marriage-Dowry) and " <i>Hoch-zeit</i> " (Wedding-Feast) .	227
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —RHEINFELDEN]	247
§ 2. Respect for Women—Domestic Feeling among the Married Classes—Divorces—and Public Vice .	251
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —LAUFENBURG]	265
§ 3. Customs at Birth—"Wickel-kind"-hood—Feeling between Father and Son—"Clanship"	268
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —EGLISAU]	279
§ 4. Customs at Death—German Cemeteries—Death-Omens—Death-Sacraments—Death-Bills—Fear of being Buried Alive—Funerals—and Time of Mourning	282
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —SCHAFFHAUSEN]	299
VI. OPINIONS, SENTIMENTS, AND CREED	305
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —THE RHINE FALLS BY SCHAFFHAUSEN]	307
§ 1. The Intellectual Condition—Knowledge of Latin and Greek—Scientific Ignorance—Teutonic Savants—Worldly Stupidity—Want of Scientific Appliances—a German Fire—a Philo-Cockchafer	318
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —THE LAKE OF CONSTANZ AND ISLANDS OF MAINAU AND REICHENAU]	331
¶ i. Ignorant Superstition—"Holy Coat" of Trèves—Educational Test—The Dumb Press of Germany	343
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —THE CITY OF CONSTANZ]	360

OPINIONS, SENTIMENTS, AND CREED (*continued*).

PAGE

§ 2. Of the Moral Creed of the Prussians—Duelling—Sense of Fair Play—Wellington and Blücher—English and Foreign Judges—Deficient Gentlemanly Feeling—Treatment of Poor and Servants	367
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —THE “CONCILIUM’S SAAL” AT CONSTANZ]	381
§ 3. The Religious Creed of the Prussians—Religious Intolerance among Sects—Governmental Interference—Religious Hypocrisy—Confessional Spies—Religious Displays, &c.	406
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —FRIEDRICHSHAFEN]	417
¶ i. Religious Creed continued—A Modern Prophecy—Canonized Dolls—Pharisaical Processions and Public Praying	421
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —LINDAU]	426
§ 4. Political Condition of the Prussians—Limits of Enlightened Public Government—Political <i>Wickelkinder</i> —“Concessions” to earn a Living—Potatoes displacing Black Bread—Extreme Poverty—Meanness—a Royal Banquet	429
[<i>Interpolated Rhenish Scenes</i> —BREGENZ]	442

LIST OF PLATES,

From Drawings by Birket Foster.

PLATES.	ENGRAVERS.	PAGE
I. THE ISLAND OF REICHENAU BY THE LAKE OF CONSTANZ (UNTER SEE) (<i>Vignette</i>) . . .	S. BRADSHAW	
II. OPPENHEIM	E. I. ROBERTS .	21
III. WORMS	E. I. ROBERTS .	32
IV. MANNHEIM	E. I. ROBERTS .	50
V. SPEIER	W. CAPON .	82
VI. HEIDELBERG	E. I. ROBERTS .	119
VII. STRASBURG	A. WILLMORE .	149
VIII. FREIBURG	A. WILLMORE .	183
IX. BASEL	E. I. ROBERTS .	203
X. RHEINFELDEN	E. I. ROBERTS .	247
XI. LAUFENBURG	E. I. ROBERTS .	265
XII. EGLISAU	S. BRADSHAW .	279
XIII. SCHAFFHAUSEN	E. I. ROBERTS .	290
XIV. THE RHINE FALLS BY SCHAFFHAUSEN . . .	A. WILLMORE .	307
XV. THE LAKE OF CONSTANZ, AND THE ISLAND OF MAINAU	A. WILLMORE .	331
XVI. THE CITY OF CONSTANZ, AS SEEN FROM THE HARBOUR	E. I. ROBERTS .	360
XVII. THE COUNCIL-HALL AT CONSTANZ	E. I. ROBERTS .	381
XVIII. FRIEDRICHSHAFEN	E. BRANDARD .	417
XIX. LINDAU	E. BRANDARD .	427
XX. BREGENZ	S. BRADSHAW .	442

ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF
MR. E. I. ROBERTS.

THE RHINE.

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE PRUSSIANS.

THE surest way to make an Englishman love his country is to send him out of it.

At home, John Bull is so proud of the liberty of grumbling, that he delights in exercising the glorious bilious privilege whenever his dinner has disagreed with him.

A true-born Briton gives vent to his indignation and indigestion in national abuse of the cabinet ministers, and growls aloud for "the right men in the right places." We groan audibly in the "Times" under the pressure of the income-tax. We cry out lustily from the platform at the number of our placemen, and raise our voices as patriotic, "constant readers," against the jobbery, bribery, and corruption that we declare to prevail throughout the land. The British labourer, it is said, is "crushed under the chariot-wheels of a Juggernaut oligarchy;" and in no country, we are assured, are the poor so multitudinous, so pitiable, and yet so despised and neglected, as with us.

But two hours' sea-sickness, and the cloud of discontent is for ever dispelled from our brain. Once across the Channel,

The houses are unsupplied with water,—a thing that *we* have learnt to consider almost as necessary as air to a dwelling for the due purification of its chambers and inhabitants. Sewerage is comparatively unknown (though there is a fall of nearly 20 feet to the Rhine), so that the streets, under the very nose of the palace, are offensive, even to nausea, in every educated nostril. The gutters of the *Schloss Strasse* (the Coblenz Regent Street) are generally like whitewash with soap-suds, and as redolent of sulphuretted hydrogen as imported eggs. The gates of the town are locked at ten, at which hour the curfew-bell still rings to remind the Coblenzers that it is time for all good citizens to be between the beds—we cannot say sheets, such luxuries being still unknown to the refined *Preussen*.*

Fire-brigades, and fire-mains, and fire-escapes are appliances for the preservation of property and life that the simple Germans have yet to become acquainted with; for, in the capital of Rhenish Prussia, the less civilised and efficient plan is adopted of keeping an individual perched up in one of the steeples the night through, and compelling him to blow a huge cowherd's horn at every hour, to convince the inhabi-

* During our stay at Cologne, we set out one fine summer's evening to make the tour of the suburbs, with the view of inspecting the fortifications that enclose the town. Descending from the *droschke* (hackney carriage) at Bayenthurm, in order to make a purchase at one of the shops inside the walls, we found, on returning from the tobacconist's, that the gates had been closed in the interval, and we were compelled to make a circuit of some two miles, in order to regain the vehicle. As we neared the spot, we heard the coachman shouting wildly in all directions; for, owing to the long time we had been gone upon our errand, the man had got to fancy that we, in the dusk, had stumbled into the river. Moreover, on resuming our journey outside the walls, we were stopped no less than three times by sentries and police, who were good enough to inform us that we had no business out at that late hour. At Mayence the gates close punctually at ten, and the guide-books say, "those who wish to enter the town after that time (unless when arriving by diligence or post), should furnish themselves with the permission of the commandant!"

tants that he is still wide awake. So utterly innocent, too, are the people of all sanitary laws and regulations, that ventilation is unknown, even where every house reeks with its festering cesspools and waterless closets on every landing, and where the entire windows are opened only at the time of death, in order, as the childish superstition runs, "to let the spirit fly out." *

Indeed the habits of the Rheinländer are of such an intensely primitive character, that a long sojourn in the Rhenish capital is like living centuries back in the past, and which, though very interesting to gentlemen of antiquarian predilections, is exceedingly uncomfortable to any one whose head happens to be cumbered with notions of progress, liberty, and refinement. Here it is that our eyes are still cheered with the sight of a pair of snuffers, for even "composites" have not yet made their way into the houses of the Teutonic middle classes; here it is that the heads of even the most enlightened families still persist in swathing their poor little babies after the fashion of Indian papooses. Here it is, too, that we find dames still engaged in the Arcadian accomplishment of spinning; for, to the great majority of the *Deutschers*, Arkwright's invention of the "jenny" still remains a blank, though the patent dates nearly a century back. Again, upon this nation of Daphnes and Chloes, John Lee's exquisite machinery of the stocking-frame has been comparatively wasted, for the women still knit the hose and guernseys, even as they spin the threads for the blankets, sheets, and under-clothing of their families. To such an extent, too, does this prevail, that as the wife

* The usual means of looking out of window at Coblenz consists in thrusting the shoulders through *one* of the panes, which is made to turn upon a hinge; so that at the time of any procession appearing in the streets, you will see a number of heads protruded through the sashes, and reminding one of the picture of the "Smuggler on the Look-out," in which the *contrabandist* is made to appear as if stretching his neck out of the frame.

of Tarquin was an excellent spinner, and Augustus Cæsar usually wore no garments but such as were spun by his wife, or sister, or daughter (31 B.C.); so we should not wonder, if we could come at the truth of the matter, that the King of Prussia, to this day, has his flannel-waistcoats fabricated by the fair fingers of the Royal Family (A.D. 1855).^{*} Further, in this the modern Arcadia, the pseudodox yet lingers, even among the people of the middle classes, that vermin in the heads of children are healthy. And as Pelasgus, the shepherd king, was honoured as a god for teaching his artless subjects to feed on acorns, as being more nutritious than herbs, even so the descendants of Arminius — strange that such analogies should hold in Europe to the present day! — not only love to eat all kinds of green meat as salads, and to drink infusions of nettle, and sage, and woodruff, and strawberry leaves, as tea, but they have been recently enlightened by some revered Teutonic patriarch as to the fact that a decoction of burnt acorns is more strengthening and better flavoured than coffee: so that this wash is positively drunk by them three and four times a-day, the people vowing the while to the poor “uneducated Engländer” that it is far preferable to the most delicious Mocha ever brewed at the “Rondeau.”

But, lest the reader should mistake our literal truths for fanciful pleasantries, we will descend to particulars, and paint a more accurate, though perhaps less glowing, picture of the manners of the Rhenish folk than that perpetrated by Mr. Cobden, when he assured the Parliament that every German baker could serve his customers with (black) bread in Latin as well as *Deutsche*.

^{*} At Rheinstein, in the toy “robber-castle” of Prince Frederick of Prussia, may be seen the Princess’s spinning-wheel — as well as the less graceful ornaments of his Royal Highness’s and the King’s *spittoons*!

I.

HOUSEHOLD ARRANGEMENTS.

§ 1.

LODGINGS, STOVES, BEDS, AND BED-CHAMBERS.

WE will begin, in due order, with the German dwellings—we cannot say *houses*, as the people have a congenial love of “flats.” A Teutonic home is a floor, or even half a one, for the King himself at Coblenz does not aspire to the English grandeur of an entire residence, but shares it, with true patriarchal humility, among the members of his family; his Majesty occupying, we believe, the first floor of the Schloss; the Crown Prince the ground ditto; while the young Princess, we suppose, is to be found “*au second*” (ring the middle bell twice). Moreover, as the “establishment” of a general officer seldom consists of more than one maid-of-all-work, the reader will readily understand how even an entire suite of apartments may be too spacious for so extensive a retinue.

The best floors in the best part of Coblenz usually let at the rate of 25*l.* a-year, or 2*l.* a-month, and for this sum six moderate-sized rooms and a kitchen are obtainable. Good furnished apartments average about twice the amount; and the rent of the furniture, if hired, as it often is by the Engländer, of Hoffmann in the Clemenz Platz (a very fair-dealing man, by the way), may be estimated at about as much as the house-rent itself. Such English people as cannot forego the comfort of a

carpet must expect to pay higher for the rarity; and those who prefer a bedstead somewhat bigger than a plate-chest must make up their minds to find the total inflamed by their objection to sleep in a tool-box. For the sum we have named, Hoffmann supplies all but crockery and cooking utensils, finding linen, and washing the same (though our compatriots must be prepared for Rhenish astonishment if they think it necessary to have their bed-linen changed oftener than once a-month), and providing plate — real “*German* ;” for of course, in the land of nickel, we are sure to be supplied with the true “white copper,” rather than silver forks.

At the above-mentioned terms, however, an English family may be tolerably lodged in the Rhenish capital; and they will find on entering their make-shift home that, in addition to their “flat,” they are the temporary proprietors of a cellar on the basement and a servants’ room in the attics, and are entitled to a share in a “bleaching-ground,” or grass-plot, about the size of the top of a billiard-table, at the back of the premises. They will then begin to understand, for the first time in their lives, the misery of stairs held on the communistic principle, and the barbarous inconvenience of living in a house as destitute of cisterns as the deserts of Arabia; as well as the nasal annoyance of having to keep the dust and ashes and refuse of the place in a barrel by them, till the “*schmuzkarren*” comes round for the hoard the next morning.

Moreover, if the Engländer go into Prussian society, he will have an opportunity of comparing the furniture of his own rooms with that even of the Graffs in the town; and though the comforts of his hired residence may be scanty, compared with what he has been accustomed to at home, they will appear almost luxurious in his eyes when he comes to contrast them with those of the Counts round about him: for he will find even the drawing-rooms of the Prussian nobles tricked

out with home-made trumpery of every description, rather than the handsome solid furniture of an English mansion. The bell-pulls will be composed of strings of glass beads; the sofa-cushions and footstools of Berlin-wool manufacture, with hideous pictures in carpet-like mosaic work; the hand-screens of painted velvet; whilst the ornaments on the side-tables will be bead pens, and witches with huge red petticoats for pen-wipers, and hair bouquets, and bunches of wax-flowers; then the works of art about the walls will be crayon heads done at school; and there will be crochet flower-mats on the table, and baskets in rice-work, and knick-knacks formed out of coffee-berries, and a profusion of anti-macassars, and netted curtains and window-blinds, and indeed everything to convince the visitor that the room has been furnished by the handiwork of the ladies of the house rather than the upholsterer.

If such, however, be the style of the nobleman's show-room, what must be the character of the apartments in which the lordly family usually dwell? An open door, on the occasion of one of our visits, revealed to us the mystery; and we can but assure the reader that a Dutch labourer's cottage—that of a man earning but his six guilders a-week—was considerably more comfortable, and had more of the appliances of civilisation about it, than the sitting-room we beheld; while the lodging of many a journeyman tailor, in regular work at the West End of London, is a little paradise of comfort and cleanliness in comparison with the parlour of a Rhenish Count.

But the principal peculiarities of a *Preussische wohnung* are the beds and the stoves. The bedsteads are, without exaggeration, scarcely bigger than our babies' cots, and are made in the same fashion as the miniature "testers" in which we place children that are just out of their babyhood; with the exception that the German "*bettstelle*" has no protection at the sides

to keep the "child of larger growth" from rolling on to the floor. The Prussian standard of height for soldiers of the line descends as low as 5 feet 2 inches,* so that it will be readily understood that a box, which is little bigger than an orange-chest, may still afford plenty of room for a Rhineländer to stretch his legs in; though when an unlucky Englishman, who happens to stand 5 feet 10 out of his Wellingtons, comes to have his limbs stowed away in a wooden trough of more limited dimensions than a berth in a Dover steamer, it can be readily imagined that he must suffer the same physical inconvenience throughout the night as Gulliver must have experienced whilst taking a bed in Lilliput.

Further, bolsters are unknown in Rhineland; and as a substitute for a head-cushion, the sleeper is provided with half a mattress, made in the form of a slice of Cheshire cheese: so that, being condemned to sleep on an inclined plane, he keeps sliding, as he dozes, down towards the end of the bed, and thus his soles are driven hard against the footboard; whilst in his drowsy struggles to straighten himself his cranium is pushed with equal force against the opposite extremity of the bed-press. The consequence is, that on waking in the morning the crown of the head feels positively as numb with the pressure as a Covent Garden market-woman's must after a hard day's portorage; while the legs are as stiff at the joints as a London cab-horse's.

Nor is this all. The Germans being innocent of the comforts of under-blankets, even in the best-regulated families, expect the stranger to lie upon a horse-hair mattress that has merely a sheet over it to protect the skin from the tick; so

* A German maid-servant whom we brought with us to England, on passing the Knightsbridge barracks, and seeing one of the Blues in his undress-jacket outside the gate, exclaimed, "*Lieber Gott! Er ist ein grosser Mann!*" ("Good God! there is a big man!") adding immediately afterwards, "Why, *our* soldiers are not as long as one of his legs!"

that, owing to the sharp points of the protruding horse-hair, you enjoy your night's rest,—if you do not happen to belong to one of the pachydermatous class of animals,—about as much as you would if you were sleeping on a scrubbing-brush; and, before morning, you become so irritated with the continual chafing, that the bed on which you are lying seems to your drowsy imagination to be literally stuffed with ladies' hair-pins.

Still the catalogue of miseries is not ended—for a German bed is one of the most exquisite instruments of torture—almost as barbarous and trying to the nerves, indeed, as the sewing up of criminals in hides and leaving them to be pressed to death by the contraction of the skin in the rays of the sun. The bed-clothes are no wider than jack-towels, and therefore incapable of being tucked in under the edges of the mere ribbon of mattress on which you have to pass the night; so that with every turn of your body you are left as lightly clad as an African prince—an airiness of costume which, in a country where the thermometer ranges from 90° in the shade to several degrees below zero, is not *particularly* recommended for rheumatism. The Prussians in winter roll themselves up in the “*bettdecke*” as tight as a grub in its cocoon; but Engländer who have never known the necessity to use their bedclothes as an Indian does his blanket, suffer severely in resorting to so primitive a mode of covering themselves by night.

Nor should it be imagined that even sheets and blankets are inventions that have yet made their way into every German dwelling. As we said before, the majority of Deutschers are as ignorant of such things as a Carib is of a tooth-brush, for it is still a national custom to sleep *between the beds* throughout Rhineland—the under-bed being often only a sack stuffed with straw, and the upper one always a gigantic

pillow-case filled (for the sake of lightness as well as warmth) with feathers. In the houses of the well-to-do, the underside of the upper bed has *sometimes* a square of white linen tacked to it, and this is changed at intervals that are longer or shorter than a month, according to the habits and refinement of the family. In remote villages, however, you find, even at the best inns, that the before-mentioned rude attempt at a white sheet has not yet reached the heart of Germany, and that you are expected to turn in (after Heaven knows whom) between beds that are covered with chintz of so dark a colour that you can tell at a glance the stuff has been chosen with the view of "not showing the dirt." At one of the principal towns in the Westerwald we ourselves were conducted to a bedstead furnished with these same black sheets, and the family of the innkeeper thought us proud out of all reason on our shuddering at the prospect of having to bury our body in so filthy-looking a resting-place, and considered us insanely fastidious when we persisted on having a couple of clean table-cloths as substitutes for bed-linen.

Then this same feather-bed positively cooks you like a potato by steam; and when you grow restless in the vapour-bath produced by the sudorific tendency of the eider-down, the huge puffy squab is sure to roll on to the floor and leave you to shiver and dream that you have joined the Arctic expedition, and that Albert Smith is desirous of showing you at Egyptian Hall as a gentleman who has been dug out of the ice in a state of complete preservation.

But if the beds punish you by night, the Prussian stoves do the like by day. Every one is familiar with the horrors of a winter in the Crimea, but we *do* verily believe we would rather have dwelt in the camp outside Sebastopol, and have suffered all the agony of Russian frost, than have lived as we

did, from December to April, in a room heated like a hot-house and as stifling as a melon-frame—a circumstance which has rendered us so exotically alive to the slightest change of temperature, that we fancy we shall have either to be done up in matting every winter for the future, or else to be wheeled, like the orange-trees of Paris, into some mild oven immediately November sets in.

It is considered by those who have never passed the brumal quarter in Rhineland, that it was a prodigious feat of M. Chabert, “the fire-king,” to sit in an oven while a beef-steak was being fried; but this is the delightful verdure of inexperience. *We*, however, have unluckily learnt to look upon such an achievement as in no way worthy of the devotion of your true fire-worshipper; and we have serious thoughts, after what we have undergone, of exhibiting ourselves (according to the approved fashion of modern literary aspirants) as a human Salamander, and remaining quietly seated on the hob as we lecture through the boiling of a plum-pudding, or (what is even a longer operation) while a German joint of meat is being cooked.

Verily, we have already passed four months of our lives in rooms with the windows hermetically sealed, and heated to a temperature that has made the pomatum on the German ladies’ hair trickle down their cheeks positively as if their heads were being basted; and in which, if we had only thought of keeping eggs, we might have hatched a whole farm-yard, as well as, if not better than, by a Cantelo’s incubator. Physiologists tell us, that when the human body is thoroughly dried, but 25 pounds of solid matter remain of all that made up brain, heart, arteries, muscles, blood, and bones of the once reasoning animal; and so completely was the desiccating process being carried out by the German stoves upon ourselves, that we really felt day by day we were fast approaching the

moistureless standard. Never before, indeed, were we so conscious of being made of dust; for we almost began to fear that a good puff of wind would dissipate us in a cloud, like the powdery stuff in "the devil's snuff-box," and that our frame at the next gale would assume the airy expansiveness of smoke — after the fashion of that of the Genii of the bottle in the "Arabian Nights."

Moreover, the same work of desiccation goes on among the furniture as in one's own body. To stand the baking of a German stove, it is necessary that the mahogany of the German chairs and tables be more than duly seasoned, or assuredly they will split, like bad gloves, immediately we come to use them. Often, therefore, while sitting quietly in our domestic oven, we were startled with a series of explosions like small cannon, arising first from the sudden warping of the bureau, next from the violent cracking of the card-tables, and then from the forcible parting of the planks at the back of the chiffonnier. But even the best-seasoned timber becomes, after a time, so thoroughly parched, that the material grows almost like touchwood; and thus the backs of the sofas are continually yielding to the pressure, and legs of chairs giving way under the sitter. At the *table d'hôte* at Cologne we saw the latter calamity befall a respectable British publisher; in the ball-room at Bertrich we beheld the wife of the Governor thrown from her chair suddenly on to the floor; and we ourselves have taken off as many legs as an army surgeon. Moreover, the very bed has sunk under our weight twice in one winter; so that we have been abruptly roused from our slumbers with a sense of being precipitated headlong through the trap-door of a theatre.

Then, the overpowering metallic or earthen stench of the stoves themselves is hateful to every civilised nostril; for if the retort, which in Germany does duty for a fire-place,

happen to be made of earthenware, your sitting-room smells like a brickfield of burning clay; and if it be made of iron, the apartment is filled with the same grateful odour as is evolved from the tire of a railway wheel with the drag upon it. The so-called porcelain stoves are for wood, while the metal ones are for such coals as are used at our blacksmiths'.* The latter are invariably kept in an open iron box about the size of a small portmanteau, and herein the coal-powder is mixed with water; so that the resulting slushy black mess forms about as pleasing a sight in a sitting-room as an eye with any sense of refinement can rest upon.

Of hearth there is not the least trace; neither are fenders known in the land; nor is it possible to catch sight of even so much as a twinkle of the fire. Fire-irons certainly are not wanting, but these are of such droll shapes and dimensions that we wonder why they do not form part of the United Service Museum, where all kinds of barbarous curiosities are collected. If you burn wood, the tongs you are furnished with are but little bigger than those with which *we* serve asparagus; the shovel is more like a French salt-spoon than an article designed for ladling up Walls-End; whilst the mere sight of the poker would appal an English housewife. In shape, the last-named instrument is exactly like the Indian *boomerang*, being so formed to "roke" at the burning coals from under the grating at the bottom of the stove.

Nor must simple-minded English ladies imagine that the German housewives take the same pride as themselves in having their fire-places and fire-irons beautifully polished, for the Rhenish pokers, shovels, and tongs, so far from being

* The price of coals, or rather coal-powder, is 12s. the small cartload (equal to about half a ton in our measure). Wood for the stoves costs 10 thalers (30s.) the "*klafter*" (a cart-load), and about 1½ thalers (4s. 6d.) extra for sawing and splitting it into usable pieces.

anything like bright, are usually of the foxy complexion peculiar to the irons that stand in the water beside a smith's forge; whilst the stoves, together with the iron tubing that serves for chimney, are generally as dingy-looking as the tops of old Wellington boots.

The heating apparatus which stands in the room that we are now writing in is about as elegant in design as would be three mignonette-boxes supported one above another upon flower-pots. This is all in cast-iron of the rudest possible workmanship, and from the back of it there rises about a yard and a half of chimney like a gas-pipe.

Such is the fireside of an Englishman in Rhineland!

Still the most pernicious effects of these domestic kilns remain to be told. Open chimneys ("*Käminer*") are necessarily precluded in Deutschland by the use of chemical furnaces for grates; and the Prussians, believing that the *Kamin* serves only to carry off the smoke from the fire, have substituted a slip of iron-tubing in its stead. But in "uneducated England"—to adopt a favourite German phrase—almost every labourer's wife knows that a chimney is necessary for the due ventilation of either sitting or sleeping-rooms, whilst any one in the *least* acquainted with sanitary phenomena is well aware, that for the preservation of life and health, it is as requisite there should be some apparatus in every chamber for conducting away the products of combustion in the body, as for getting rid of the fumes of burning carbon in the stove,—the breath and transpiration of the skin being merely transparent smoke, and as poisonous to inhale even as the "choke-damp" of our coal-mines, with which, indeed, it is chemically identical.

The "educated" Prussians, on the other hand, are either ignorant of simple facts like these, that are taught daily at our Mechanics' Institutes, or else they are so fond of living amid

the foul heated atmosphere of their unventilated apartments, that by long use they are able to remain immured without fresh air, like toads in rocks, and still to exhibit signs of life upon coming into the external world. So averse, too, are they to quit their close, reeking rooms, and to venture into the cool, invigorating atmosphere without, that on arriving at a Prussian turnpike, it is most probable that the half-torpid toll-keeper appears at the window with his pipe, as big as a bassoon, dangling from his lips, and thrusts out a long pole with a bag at the end of it, like an extended butterfly-catcher, for you to deposit the "*Chaussée-geld*" in.

How the Prussians manage to live in apartments that are almost as air-tight as the receiver of an air-pump—in which, every schoolboy knows, the lowest animals will die—is a physiological mystery beyond Liebig himself to explain. But that their blood, owing to the custom of dwelling in hermetically-sealed chambers, is not duly aërated or arterialised is painted in almost every Deutscher's face in the ugliest possible colours. Scarcely a man or woman will you see without a complexion as greasy and yellow-brown as if it had been smeared with tobacco oil; and on the forehead or cheeks of many a young lady you will observe spots or bile-stains, that seem positively like patches of "poor man's plaster" on the skin. Assuredly we have not met with one really healthy-looking individual during our stay in Coblenz, and the town swarms with dwarves and deformed people of all shapes and sizes, to such an extent that human monstrosities are almost as common in the Rhenish capital as well-shapen and healthy-cheeked women and men with us; while *goîtres* (called expressively in German, "*Kropfs*;" *Angl. crops*) abound on all sides—the market-women having enormous wens at their throats, as big as the air-sack to a bagpipe; and there are whole islands

and villages full of drivelling cretins close in the neighbourhood.

That such things should come of vitiated air may, perhaps, startle those who know not that unless oxygenated blood be sent to every part of the human body, it is impossible, not only for the functions of nutrition to proceed, but even for a nerve to feel or the brain itself to think, and that no Rheinländer can have a due quantity of such aërated blood in his arteries the stifling character of the German chambers is sufficient to demonstrate.

But to make this part of the subject clearer to the reader, we will play the prosy professor for a while, and deliver as brief a lecture as possible concerning the requirements of human nature with regard to the matter of air. The atmosphere, says the learned author of "Physiology taught in Ten Minutes," in its ordinary state, contains only one-thousandth part of carbonic acid—the gas evolved from burning charcoal, which is known to be one of the most deadly products in nature. But though the inhalation of this gas, when mixed with the atmosphere in such a proportion, is attended with no noxious effect, it acts as a narcotic poison immediately the ratio is slightly increased; so that, when it forms only one part in a hundred of the volume of air round about us, the atmospheric fluid becomes poisonously injurious to life. Now this same carbonic acid is *exhaled* by every human being in return for the oxygen which is *inhaled* by him, so that during respiration in closed chambers a double vitiating process goes on in the air. Not only is a given amount of the oxygen, which is necessary for maintaining existence, withdrawn from the atmosphere of the room at every *inspiration*, but very nearly an equal bulk of carbonic acid, which is unfit for continuing life, is poured into it at each *respiration*. A full-grown individual inhales

about 27 cubic feet (46,656 cubic inches) of "vital air" in the course of 24 hours, and exhales, in lieu of this, about 24 cubic feet of "mephitic gas" in the same time. To obtain the daily cubic yard of oxygen, a person must be supplied with about 5 cubic yards of fresh air per diem (for this is the proportion in which the vital gas exists in the atmosphere), and even this quantity should be so continually changed throughout the day, that the carbonic acid evolved from the lungs may never reach the noxious ratio of 1 per cent of the air in which we live.

Now let us apply these facts, that have become almost platitudes in our own country, as tests of the sanitary condition of even the middle-class Rhenish sitting and sleeping-rooms. The bedroom in which we and our wife have to sleep measures exactly 14 feet square and 8 feet high, so that it contains not quite 1600 cubic feet of air. To this there is no inlet for any fresh supply, nor outlet for the products of respiration, except through the windows or door—the chimney to the stove consisting of a yard or so of narrow iron-piping thrust into a hole in the wall, and the 4-inch door to the cast-iron furnace being intended to be kept closed. Now the 1600 cubic feet of air locked up within the walls of our chamber contain, in an ordinary state, rather more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubic foot of carbonic acid; but when, as we have said, the proportion of the latter gas rises to 16 cubic feet (1 per cent) the atmosphere becomes poisonous. Let us see, then, in what time this would take place. A grown person evolves, say, 1 cubic foot of mephitic gas from the lungs every hour, so that two persons would exhale $14\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet in little better than $7\frac{1}{4}$ hours; and this, with the normal quantity of $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubic foot, would raise the amount of carbonic acid to the poisonous proportion. Consequently, in a night of rather more than 6 hours' duration,

the atmosphere of our "*Schlaf-zimmer*" would have reached malaria-pitch.

The bedchamber of our two children measures $17 \times 12 \times 8$, and contains, therefore, rather better than 1600 cubic feet of air; but here there is not even a stove, nor any perforation whatever in the walls, so that if their lungs exhaled the same amount of poison as is evolved by a full-grown person, they would be stifled in their beds long before their 10 hours' sleep was ended. Our servant's bedroom measures $9 \times 7 \times 8$, so that it has a capacity of but 504 cubic feet; consequently, if the door and window of this apartment were tightly closed throughout the night, the girl would be suffocated in not quite $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours' time.

Muddle-headed Germans will, of course, sneer sceptically, in the profundity of their scientific ignorance, at such truths as these, though they themselves know that the majority of their people are obliged to sleep with their windows open; and we ourselves have lived to see our young children rise from their beds, when the nights have been too cold to admit of unclosed casements, with almost ulcerated eyelids, their bodies unrefreshed by their rest, and their cheeks pallid with the noisome vapours they had inhaled throughout the night. Even in our sitting-room it is impossible to allow a German to remain for upwards of an hour without throwing open the windows to purify the air. In all weathers—cold or wet—even though an easterly wind or damp fog prevail—the casements must be repeatedly set a-jar throughout the day, while the nights must be passed with gaping "*fenstern*," reckless of rheumatism or catarrhs; for it is impossible to sleep with open doors instead, owing to the stench that steams up, like a nauseous miasma, from the waterless "*Abtritte*" on every landing of the staircase, the festering cesspools in the yard, and the barrels of rotting dust and garbage kept on every floor.



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Interpolated Rhénish Scenes.

(1.)

OPPENHEIM.

Oppenheim is one of the prettiest spots in the world—upon paper.

The picturesque, however, is almost always at variance with the comfortable, and the associations in connexion with it are frequently offensive to every other sense but the one it appeals to. The artistic taste thinks only of the play of line, the balance of light and shade, and the harmony of colour; for, abstractedly considered, the painter is a mere eye,—a being in whom every other sense is merged in that of vision. And as the geologist, travelling through a country, sees only “secondary and tertiary formations,” and “eocene,” “miocene,” or “pliocene deposits,” so the artist on a tour beholds nothing but *pictures*, and though he have nose, ears, imagination, &c., like other folk, discovers, and indeed extracts, beauty from things that are generally found to be repulsive or unpleasant in real life.

What a hateful object, for instance, is the living Italian beggar! How detestable is the hypocritical whine of his mumbled Latin prayers!—how fawning and slavish the smile with which he seeks to wheedle you into charity! Was there ever so loathsome a mass of filth and sores? As he wriggles his body in his tatters, your own flesh positively creeps at the thought of the creatures infesting him. And yet, under the magic pencil of a Murillo, what an exquisite feast of visual beauty is this same revolting spectacle transformed into! for, now that the eye alone is appealed to, what chromatic loveliness is revealed in the rags that offended you before, and what

charm of tint exhibited in the very dirt that you sickened at in the original !

So utterly different is the beggar in life and the beggar on canvas.

It is the same with Oppenheim on paper here, and Oppenheim on the banks of the Rhine.

As a picture, it seems the very spot that the "*blazéed*" Londoner would select to end his days in. The little village, nestled at the foot of the old half-ruined Gothic church that stands on the hill-top, and the broad Rhenish prairie stretching far away below, with the silver band of the river sparkling in the light as it comes circling from out the distance, and the whole scene rimmed in, as it were, by the hazy hills of the Oden Wald,—all conspire to make the view as palatable to the eye as it is soothing to the imagination.

But Oppenheim in reality is something *more* than a view, and it is the extra qualities,—qualities which the artist cannot possibly render,—that make the place far from agreeable to those who have noses as well as eyes to gratify, and whose souls are not quite insensible to human misery and squalor.

The town is built on a hill, and consists principally of one long street winding up the steep slope. The habitations on either side this street are mere hovels, of the true Continental stamp, and utterly wanting in all that neatness and comfort which distinguish our own village-homes. Shops there are none, nor any manufactures appertaining to the place ; neither is there any traffic to give life to the thoroughfares. The street itself is covered with an eruption, as it were, of pebbles, that are as trying to the feet as would be a paving of petrified potatoes. Drainage, or rather sewerage, is as unknown as rose-water in the town ; so that every hut and gutter smells as " high " as a guano-ship : and as for the civic luxuries of

“lighting” or “watering,” one might as well look for them in Polynesia as here. Indeed you see, in Oppenheim, all the degraded forms of German life, and can almost count the centuries that the Rhenish people are behind our own in the various appliances of social welfare.

It is strange that the sites of the eminent old churches were almost invariably a *nidus* for every kind of vice, infamy, and misery. This arose from the fact, that the cathedral in olden times had generally a “spittal” for the relief of the indigent, and a sanctuary for the protection of the criminal, in connexion with it; so that such spots became the centres around which the lazy, the diseased, the depraved, and the ruffian, were all huddled together in one filthy and corrupt crowd. Those who remember our own Almonry at Westminster will need no description of such places; whilst those who have read of the dense army of beggars and priests that once preyed upon the “holy city” of Cologne, or have seen the swarms of lazzaroni congregated about St. Peter’s at Rome, will not require any further proof of the fact.

Such as have never visited Oppenheim, have merely to imagine the Mint in the borough of Southwark to be transplanted to the banks of the Rhine, and the hovels of Kent Street, &c., to be rendered even *less* fit for human habitation, in order to have a vivid image of the town in question.

The Church of St. Catherine at Oppenheim was once one of the proudest edifices in all Germany, and the village itself was an ancient city of the Empire,* having formed part of the associated Rhenish towns since the thirteenth century. Its ancient prosperity was due to the patronage of the Emperors of the Middle Ages, especially that of Henry IV. In 1689,

* Indeed, it dates as far back as the Romans, by whom it was called *Bonconica*, being represented in the Roman maps under that name.

however, it was entirely destroyed by the French, one house only having been left standing.

The western part of the church was begun in 1262, by Richard of Cornwall, emperor of Germany, and finished in 1317; but it was reduced to ruins by the French, in the seventeenth century. The eastern part was built in 1439, and escaped the general destruction. To this day, however, the edifice forms, in the words of the guide-books, "one of the finest monuments of German architecture," being, we are told, "a pure example of the Gothic style, and displaying the utmost richness of decoration consistent with elegance and propriety."

Assuredly the contemplation of this fine structure is sufficient to repay the traveller for the inconvenience of a sojourn at the town. It is now half in ruins, and half restored to its original grandeur; and a most interesting object, too, seeming to be formed, as it were, of three distinct edifices joined in a line to one another,—a roofless and windowless shell of a chapel at one end; a small reculver-like church, with twin square towers, in the middle; and a tiny cathedral, with a transept, and tall, elongated dome, at the other extremity.

We first saw this church at early morning, in company with a celebrated Belgian architect, and certainly the sight of the cold blue-grey of the dawn, peeping in beautiful patches through the meshes of the lace-like tracery that still remains intact at the ruined western chancel,—together with the fine twilight gloom that hung about the several pinnacles, and buttresses, and towers, gave it a solemnity and an interest (for there is always something touching in a ruin) that enchanted the pair of us.

The Belgian architect was travelling in search of the "Gothic," and when he beheld the wondrous "*rosaces*" (rose trceries) to some of the windows of the outer nave of the

church—the fine trefoil ornaments of others, and the exquisitely-various devices in all—as well as the delicate, fretted pinnacles and buttresses, and the elegant “arcade” that (like a light and graceful lattice of stone) trellises the wall above the long lancet-window of the transept gable—it was almost as pleasant to witness our friend’s enthusiasm as it was to contemplate the ornaments and proportions of the edifice itself.

Then, as the daylight grew and grew in brightness, it was really like magic to watch the beautiful little bits of “filagree” work, that fretted every corner and edge of the building, start into sight, till the whole structure seemed to be carved over, and the stone wrought as finely and elaborately as if it had been so much ivory; whilst the colours of the stained glass lent the richest and most brilliant positive tints to warm and vivify the solemn neutral-grey hue of the old walls themselves.

Round about the church were the crumbling remains of an old cloister; and cresting a vineyard-hill at the back, that was grooved over with lines of vine-stocks, was all that now exists of the ancient imperial castle of Landskron,—a mere shell of walls, that seemed positively as rotten and discoloured as old cheese, whilst the windows had crumbled away into holes that looked like embrasures for cannon.

As we returned to the town, the walk along the mere ledge of the rock on which the church is built was a thing not to be forgotten; for there we saw the rich yellow vineyards slanting above and below us, and the tiny city lying far under our feet, half veiled by the white cloud of its morning fires; while the liquid-looking orb of the newly-risen sun itself stood trembling as it seemed to rest on the summit of the “Melibocus” mountain, over by the dark chain of the Oden-Wald hills, and pouring a flood of yellow lustre over the vast plains,

till they appeared to glitter again with all the rich green hues of the beetle's back—the Rhine itself shining where the beams fell full upon it like a sheet of crumpled golden foil.

§ 2.

MODES OF CLEANING, AND HABITS OF CLEANLINESS AND
DECENCY.

“Cleanliness,” says Dr. Viron, the quondam Editor of the *Constitutionnel*, in his *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois*, “was imported from England into France at the beginning of the present century.” From our own observations we should say, that no German voyager has yet introduced the British luxury into Rhineland.

A Rhenish professor, whilst discoursing to us of the difference between the towns and the villages in his own land, assured us, that when he lived in the country he only washed himself once a-week, and was *not then* dirty. “But in Coblenz,” said he, “my hands and face I am obliged to clean once every day.”

A better illustration, however, of the ideas popular among Prussians concerning the proprieties of the toilet is afforded by the following anecdote:—Two German Professors were once speculating concerning some anomalies in the *Physiologie du Goût*. “How is it,” inquired one of the “*Philosophs*,” “that we eat hares and not foxes?” “Oh! it is merely habit,” answered the other; “you might as well ask the reason why we wash our hands and not our feet!”

After this it is, of course, idle to tell the reader that such

things as baths and wash-houses for the poorer classes are unknown in the Rhenish capital; though it still may throw some light upon the subject if we say, that no hotel-keeper on the Rhine thinks it necessary to supply the traveller with soap in addition to water in his bedroom — that foot-baths are comparatively unknown — that a gentleman is considered as a wild Engländer who thinks of sponging himself with cold water every morning throughout the year — and that when we ourselves commenced housekeeping, we actually mistook and bought as pie-dishes what we afterwards discovered the Prussians used for washhand-basins, and that of these it was impossible to obtain any sufficiently large to make a tart for a small family. Need we add, that of such luxuries as water-cans, toilet-pails, and sponging-baths, the Germans, as well as the French, have no more knowledge than swine of flesh-brushes.

But let us be methodical, and deal first with house matters.

Of domestic cleaning there appear to be two kinds:

(1.) The dry-polishing process as pursued in France, where the *garçon* skates, as it were, on brushes over the bees'-waxy floor.

(2.) The wet-scrubbing process of England, where the housemaid goes down on her knees, and labours away with soap and water and a hard brush, as if she were determined to have the deals as white as biscuit-ware.

For our own part we are sufficiently unprejudiced to prefer the French to the English plan; for though abroad, where carpets are scarce, the polished floors and stairs are, for walking upon, attended with all the inconvenience of ice, nevertheless, in our own country—where almost every cottage has its “Kidderminster”—we think the dirt would be more easily removed from the floor if the boards were protected by a coat of varnish, than it is by the present method of soaking them with water

every week. Moreover, we should, by such means, avoid the cold vapour-bath that an Englishman is obliged to submit to upon cleaning-days, and be no longer required to sleep in rooms the boards of which had that morning been soddened with wet, and from which an imperceptible mist must continue to rise for, at least, a day or two afterwards.

Still, some may think it a debatable matter as to whether the French-polishing plan be preferable to the English-scrubbing method of house-cleaning.

Nevertheless, there cannot be any dispute as to the Rhenish mode having all the sloppy inconveniences of the English without any of its cleanliness. A Prussian "*braves Mädchen*" (maid-servant), *when* she thinks it requisite to clean the boards of your rooms, dips a cloth into a pail of water, and twisting the wet rag round the end of a broom, proceeds to smudge the planks over with it, so that any dirt or dust that is on the floor is rubbed indelibly into it—for no previous sweeping has removed it thence. Even the stairs, common to the whole house, are never scrubbed from year's end to year's end, but merely smeared occasionally over with a moist cloth, while the stone passages are cleaned with a hard brush at the end of a long handle—"hearth-stoning" being a process of which the Rhenish housewives are supremely ignorant, and whitened doorsteps and passages never seen in the land. Indeed the staircase of the house in which we lodged—uncarpeted and filthy as it was—could have found a parallel only in a common lodging-house in St. Giles's.

The above-described muddling, slobbery mode of cleansing is practised, it should be added, only upon such parts of the rooms as are unencumbered by furniture; for your "brave girl" (*braves Mädchen*) takes care not to overheat herself by moving any table, chair, or sofa, that may be in her way while engaged in the operation, but smears her nasty damp

dishclout round about her. To remove the dust from under the beds would be assuredly considered a stretch of labour amounting to over-nicety, and we have repeatedly seen a layer of fluff and dirt under German bedsteads in which a crop of house-leek might have flourished.

Of regular "dusters," such as we use in England, the Prussian housewives are utterly ignorant, so that our servant (who, it should be stated, in order that we may seem to draw no highly-coloured picture of the people, had lived in a Princess's family, and at a *Herr General's*, before coming to us,) positively stared with wonder at being furnished with a few yards of "check," for removing the dust from the furniture, saying that she had been generally accustomed to use the stove-broom for the purpose.

Glass-cloths, again, are novelties in Rhineland,—bits of old rice or coffee bags being preferred by the "*Mädchens*," and this on the plea that the sacking soaks up the water better than the linen fabric common with us. Knife-boards, too, rank as foreign luxuries,—the approved method of brightening the "*Messers*," (though clean knives are extraordinary luxuries in the land) being by rubbing the blades with ashes sprinkled on a piece of old sacking. Your linen is washed by the laundress with black soap, so that the shirts on your back smell of pauperism as strongly as a low lodging-house. The water-bottles, even at the best Rhenish hotels, our maid assured us, are cleaned with what an English chambermaid empties into the slop-pail; the iron cooking-pans are rendered fit for use, when new, by boiling horse-manure in them; and even slop-pails themselves are comparatively unknown in the houses, the utensils being, openly and unblushingly, carried by the women down the public stairs

To an English fishwife such a state of shamelessness among

women would appear incredible. A long residence, however, of our family in the French capital, had somewhat prepared us for a greater want of decency the farther we travelled from home. In Paris we had seen the *garçon* at an hôtel ushering French ladies towards the "*cabinet*," and the "*dames*" curtseying at the door to the man with all the grace of Parisian manners for the favour. At a respectable French hôtel at which we stayed there was a placard in one of the filthy private apartments saying, "*il est défendu d'—— par terre.*" We had known, moreover, the waiters of the neighbouring *restaurant* to enter the sleeping-rooms of well-to-do ladies, in order to serve them with their breakfasts in bed. We had seen, too, elegantly-dressed women in the "*balcon*" at the theatres hold their handkerchiefs out by the corners and spit into the middle of the cambric, with a noise that made one's blood curdle with disgust. Indeed, scarcely a day had passed with us in Paris but what we were positively turned sick by the women of the "politest nation in the world," and had to thank God that our English ladies were still not *utterly* corrupted by French habits and manners.

In the Rhenish capital, the shamelessness of women and the obscenity of men are even more degraded than in the city which the French delight to call "*la plus civilisée du monde.*"

We remember once visiting Egyptian Hall during the exhibition of the Ioway Indians, and being struck with the unabashed character of the woman among the savage tribe, who stood, without the faintest blush upon her cheeks, at the edge of the small platform, suckling her infant from her nude breast in the presence of some hundreds of male and female spectators.

"Is it then *unnatural*," we asked ourselves, "for woman to be shame-faced, since there stood one in a state of nature, who was evidently destitute of any such feeling?"

The answer soon rose to the mind—that shame in woman is as unnatural as it is to love one's enemies and to do good to those that persecute you,—as unnatural as is the love of the beautiful and the good, rather than a delight in putting the aged to death, and drinking wine out of the skulls of those whom we have slain in battle.

Shame, indeed, is one of those developed and educated feelings which, like the sentiments of the conscience itself, may often appear so utterly wanting in the raw material of human nature, that many might believe the sense to be merely the caprice of fashion,—an artificial taste, as it were, begotten by prejudice.

But if shame be really an *educated* sentiment, what shall we think of the schooling of those where all are said to be trained, and yet where even an English hound is taught more cleanliness than the great body of the people,—where our prize-pigs' backs are less scurfy than the heads of the women of the middle classes,—where spittoons are as common at every gentleman's house as baths with us,—and where at the public gardens well-dressed ladies retire behind trees with less privacy than cats?

The Germans pride themselves that they have a high love of poetry in their nature, but, in the name of common sense, is it possible to appreciate the beautiful without having an equally lively sense of the ugly? Can we admire purity and adore virtue without loathing filth, and hating, in our inmost souls, anything that borders upon obscenity? Does the poetic quality lie in singing of the deeds of some robber noble, some chivalrous vagabond, and talking of the secret functions of nature with a gusto that might be excusable in nightmen, but which becomes unpardonable in a nation of men assuming to be the æsthetic teachers of the world? Must we not believe it to be merely morbid sentimentalism to affect raptures at the perfume of the

rose and immaculateness of the lily, whilst fathers talk moral filth in the presence of their daughters, and men and women are nasally and mentally insensible to the stench of their own refuse?

In many a barbarous country cleanliness forms part of the religion of the people. In our own land there is a proverb current among us, which ranks the homely virtue next to godliness. In the forms and ceremonies of Christianity, too, baptism is but a type of the purity which is acceptable in the eyes of God. The Rheinländer, however, seem to have no sense of that unchastity of soul which is offensive to the Almighty, nor of that physical or mental filth that is loathsome both to the senses and understanding of every decently-educated man and woman throughout the really civilised world.

Interpolated Rhinish Scenes.

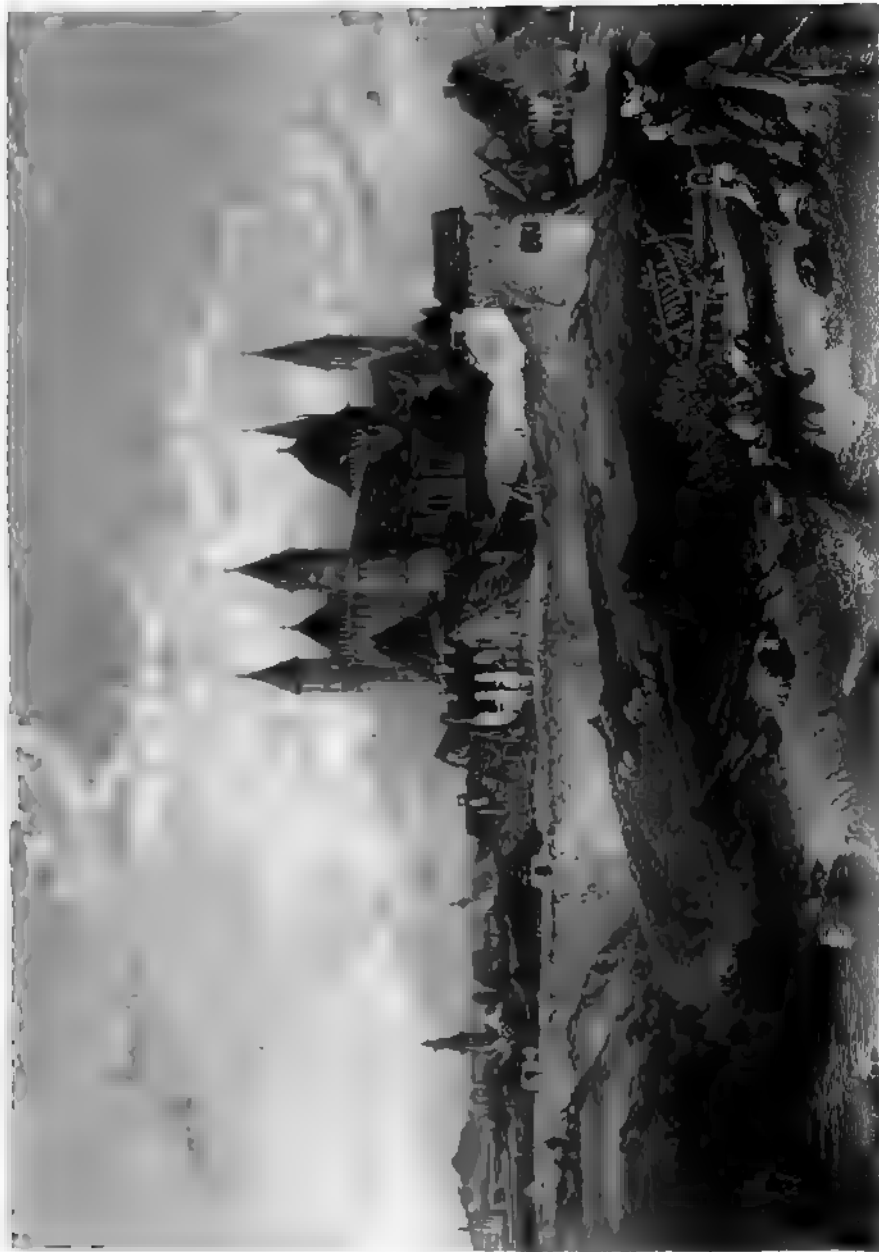
(2.)

WORMS.

“THE UPPER RHINE” differs not more in its scenery than it does in its associations from “THE MIDDLE” portion of the stream.

Between Cologne and Mayence, the Rhine shores are here solemn and sombre, with their rocky passes and mountain gorges, and there luxuriant and sunny with their rich vineyard slopes and broad orchard plains.

Between Mayence and Schaffhausen, however, the scene changes to one long, dreary, willow-tufted swamp, with the wildness of the great German river tamed down to the dullness



St. Francis

of a Dutch canal, and the stream twisting and turning at every point like some thin blue vein pulsing languidly on to the world's great heart—the sea.

The memories, too, linked with the banks of the *Ober* and *Mittel-Rhein* are as different as the stocks and stones themselves.

Below the Rheingau, every mountain peak and summit is as if silvered over with the pale mythic light of some fairy legend, or else blood-stained with the barbaric glory of some “robber-noble's” deeds.

But the rocks no sooner disappear from the river banks, and nature herself begins to assume a less savage aspect, than romance ceases to people the Rhine-shores with water-sprites, and brigand-barons; and the associations, as if to harmonise with the more prosaic character of the scene, get to partake of the solid dignity of civilised history.

The three men who have influenced the world, perhaps more than any other *triumviri*, are JOHN GUTENBERG, BERTHOLD SCHWARZ, and MARTIN LUTHER: the three great originators of the three greatest of human powers—Printing, Gunpowder, and Protestantism; powers coequal in force, and yet how different in kind!—one mental, another physical, and the third spiritual in its energy—the first designed to teach, the second to slay, and the last to save.

The journey along the Upper Rhine, is one long panorama of splendid associations.

At Strasburg we tread on ground made memorable by Gutenberg's first attempts at printing with moveable types.

At Freiburg we gaze, with a quickened pulse, upon scenes which serve to realize to us the Franciscan Friar's emotions on discovering the explosive properties of a mixture of charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre.

At Worms we walk in the very footsteps of Luther himself, and stand beside the spot where stood the brave Augustine Monk, as he looked round the assembly of princes and prelates that held his life in their hands, and then uttered the heroic words,—

“TO THESE PRINCIPLES I AM FIXED. I CANNOT SAY OTHERWISE. GOD HELP ME. AMEN!”

To the Protestant mind there is no place in the wide world so quick with interest as the ancient Rhenish town where the Imperial Diets of Germany were wont to be held—the battlefield of one of the proudest victories ever won by mortal man—the victory of a single unarmed hand raised against all the powers of “Christendom,”—and a victory upon which the liberties of Europe depended more than upon any other “decisive” conquest in history.

What though the city walls of Worms are at present crumbling into rubbish heaps, and the fortress stones rotten as touchwood with decay; what though the dried-up moats environing the ramparts are planted with orchards now rather than cannon, and the old town, since Luther’s time, has been “reduced to cinders”—(the thickness of the walls of the Cathedral and the Synagogue preserving them *alone* from the general destruction*); what though the hospital of the Knights

* The Domkirche, or Cathedral, has some few attractions for the architect and archæologist, but little or none for the general traveller. It is a solid and heavy red-stone building, with a round and pointed stone tower (in shape like a huge cut crayon) at each of its four corners. It is built principally in what is called the Byzantine, or rounded-arch style. The interior reminds the unprofessional spectator somewhat of Speier, though it hardly rejoices to the same extent in the gilt-gingerbread order of decoration. It has two cupolæ and two chancels, and an ungainly black-and-red marble pulpit, studded with plaster statuettes. The principal altar is ornamented with heavy marble pillars, and huge gilt statues the size of life; and tawdry with its golden “glories” and brass appointments. The chapels on either side are in the mongrel Renaissance style,

of St. John, where Luther sojourned for fourteen days during his stay in the city, has long since been rased to the ground, and the red-stone foundation-walls, at the farther side of the fine old *Domkirche*, that is seen peeping over the tumble-down ramparts yonder, are all that now-a-days remain of the ancient Bishop's Palace, in whose hall sat the "young emperor, and the six prince-electors of Germany, with the attendant archdukes, dukes and margraves, archbishop, bishops and abbots, ambassadors and deputies, princes, counts, and sovereigns, besides the Papal legates and commissaries," that made up the Great Im-

and gaudy with their metal figures of saints. The walls and pillars of the nave are in places stained with the remains of frescoes, that seem as if the colours and designs had been half-washed out with the damp. The "*Taufkapelle*" here is curious from the old bas-reliefs of Scripture-subjects about the walls. These are all painted a green-grey or olive colour, and many of the figures are the size of life. One tableau is a rude representation of the Saviour in the manger, with a queer-looking knubbly little angel flying down to the stable. Another exhibits a huge genealogical tree, with the roots sprouting out of a figure of Abraham at the bottom of it, and a little David with a harp peeping out from among the branches above, while the Virgin appears perched on the topmost bough of all. These, as well as the others about the walls, are all surrounded with twiggy arabesque borders, and the place is littered with Catholic ceremonial lumber, such as dusty silk banners, and stores of gaudy tall candelabra, and surplus altars that have a faded Mayday-chimney-sweep kind of look, from the dirty old artificial flowers with which they are decorated.

The other principal object of interest in Worms is the ancient Jews' Synagogue, which is situate in the purlieus, as it were, of the town, the streets in the neighbourhood having a narrow lane-like character that reminds one of the close-pent Jews' quarter at Frankfort, and somewhat of our own Holywell Street. Over many of the doorways that we pass may be seen handsome bits of Quentin-Matsys-like ironwork—the metal wrought with all the delicacy of filagree—as well as fine old oak carved lintels and porches to the rickety old houses.

The entrance to the synagogue is as mean as the approach to a stable; and the outer tabernacle, which is said to have been built some years *before* Christ, is utterly deficient in all architectural ornament, being rude as a large cellar (which indeed it is not unlike), and fitted merely with a little red-stone seat, like a small arm-chair, set in a niche at one end for the rabbi; and with a narrow ledge of stone jutting from the wall and stretching all round the chamber for the congregation.

The inner tabernacle dates *only* from the year of our Lord 1000. It is extremely

perial Diet of the year 1521, and before whom "the well-loved and pious Doctor Martin Luther, of the Order of Augustines," was cited to appear and "give answer touching the doctrines and the books that he had lately issued;" still, though there is hardly a building and not a street left such as it was in Luther's time, it is sufficient for the mind to know that the ground it is treading was once trodden by the valiant Reformer's foot in order to conjure the memorable old places and scenes back into life—to build up in the imagination the Imperial Council Chamber once more—to people it with its princely and papal host again—to throng the narrow streets anew, and crowd the windows of the tall old houses with the

dark, with the low roof supported by thick and dumpy Egyptian-looking columns. The antique brass candlesticks beside the desk of the high priest are peculiar, and have each nine branches to them, to hold the nine candles for Moses and his children. Here in a closet are kept Bibles and prayer-books, that are said to be 600 years old; these are written in large Hebrew characters on long skins of parchment wound on rollers, and covered with cloths embroidered with Hebrew.

The Hebrew community of Worms is believed to be one of the most ancient in Germany. A tradition asserts that such a community existed at the time of the first destruction of the temple of Jerusalem by the Babylonians—588 years before Christ; and some declare it to be *proven* by historical documents that a body of Israelites was located at Worms before the birth of the Saviour. Worms, indeed, was formerly regarded by the Hebrews as the German Jerusalem; and there was a proverb current through the country saying, "Worms Jews—good Jews." Under the Emperor Ferdinand I., in 1559, and, indeed, from the earliest dates, the Jews of this city were allowed privileges and liberties accorded to no other Israelites in the empire; they were permitted to have a chief of the synagogue, and the Grand Rabbi of Worms took precedence of every other German-Jewish priest. The origin of these special indulgences is said (according to an ancient legend) to be due to the circumstance of the Hebrew community of Worms having, in a letter addressed to the King of Jerusalem, protested against the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The legend, however, unfortunately, omits to explain how it came to pass that the news of the Saviour's condemnation travelled from Jerusalem to Worms in time sufficient for the Jews there to send a letter back to the "Holy Land," begging for a remission of the sentence—especially as the crucifixion is represented by each of the Evangelists as having been carried out on the same day as the judgment was delivered; and there were assuredly no electric telegraphs in those times!

same dense multitude eager to see the daring Friar Martin go by.

Once on the reverend spot, indeed, and the spirit (such is the force of local association!) lives for a time in the past. We no sooner stand beside the old red walls of the Council Chamber, than the "mind's eye" beholds, as in a dream, the humble covered car (which the town-council had provided to carry the heresiarch to the Diet at Worms) waiting outside the University Gates at Wittenberg, and the little band of Reformers who have begged to accompany Doctor Martin on his perilous journey, stealing forth one after another to mount the steps of the vehicle.

First glides past the figure of Jerome Schurff, "the gentle young professor of jurisprudence,"—then the form of young Peter Suaven, the Danish student who resides with Melancthon, flits by—and after him comes the shade of "the impetuous Amsdorff." And when these have taken their seats the spirit of Luther himself appears to us, emerging from the friendly throng gathered about the college gates; and as he is seen to throw himself into the arms of the tender-hearted Melancthon—him who loved Martin "better than Alcibiades did Socrates"—the memory of his noble parting words rings in the ear,—“If I do not return, dear brother, and my enemies put me to death, continue to teach and stand fast to God's truth.”

Then a hundred hands start forth clasped in prayer, and the air seems to resound with a solemn hymn from the crowd of weeping Gospel friends, as the figure of the great Reformer ascends the car and gives the herald the signal to advance.

“The Bishops and Cardinals at Worms will burn you and reduce your body to ashes as they did John Huss,” we imagine we can hear the people cry, while the vision of the train moves slowly along the road, with the spectral form of Gaspard

Sturm riding at the head, clad in his herald's robe of office, and carrying the Imperial eagle in his hand.

"Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Wittenberg to Worms, the flames of which reached to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord," the fancy hears the courageous monk reply, as it conjures up his image standing up in the vehicle, with his hands raised high above his head.

On moves the dreamy cavalcade; and as the imagination follows the reverend little band through the several towns and villages by the way, it sees visions of peasants and citizens suddenly streaming forth and crowding about the car of the brave monk, as if he had been some great general returning from victory, rather than "a presumptuous heretic" on his way, probably, to the stake.

Now they are at Naumburg, in the valley of the Saale, and as the image of the Reformers' car glides before the eyes, the phantom figure of a stern and zealous priest seems to start from out the crowd, holding in his hand a picture of Savonarola the Italian martyr, who was burnt at Florence by order of Pope Alexander VI., and this he thrusts before Friar Martin's eyes in portentous silence.

Then the words of Luther seem to float upon the breeze,—"Satan would prevent by such terrors the confession of the truth in the assembly of princes;" and immediately afterwards the exhortation of the priest murmurs solemnly in the brain,—“Stand firm in the truth thou hast proclaimed, and God will as firmly stand by thee.”

The next minute the scene changes to the entry into Weimar.

"Look there!" we fancy we can hear the herald cry; and instantly, as the car floats through the air-drawn picture of the town, there starts up a vision of Imperial messengers,

posting at the corners of the streets the Emperor's edict commanding the works of Martin Luther to be seized.

"Well, Doctor, will you proceed?" is suddenly whispered in our ear, as if the herald himself were at our elbow, and had spoken the words; and no sooner has the memory died away than Luther's valiant answer echoes through the memory: "Aye! though interdicted in every city I would go on."

Again the vision melts, and the instant afterwards the mind pictures the humble Gospel group advancing slowly towards the town of Erfurth; and then, in the distance, we see a dim cloud of horsemen moving towards the car. On the troop sweep, like a wraith of morning mist before the wind, and presently we seem to recognise among the imaginary throng the features of Crotus, the Rector of the Erfurth University, and Eobanus Hesse, the friend of Melancthon, and "prince of poets" (as Luther used to call him), and Euricius Cordus, and John Draco, together with a number of senators, and burghers, and members of the College—all come forth to do honour to the man who had dared to declare war against the Pope. At the head of the troop is seen a form that we know instinctively to be that of the young enthusiast Justus Jonas,—he who when a law-student had crossed forests infested with robbers, and cities devastated by the plague, to visit Erasmus at Brussels, and who, now that he has turned theologian, has come forth to beg that he may share with his beloved Luther the dangers of the journey to Worms.

Then, as the car appears to draw nearer the town, fresh crowds of horsemen and pedestrians seem to start into sight at every turn, so that by the time the city gates are reached the highways are seen to be packed with one black mass of spectators, as if it were some great potentate entering the

place, rather than the poor monk who had formerly begged his bread in its streets.

Suddenly the picture dissolves into a sadder scene; for the mind wanders to the sick chamber of Friar Martin at Eisenach, and, as if gazing into some magic mirror, it immediately beholds the wan figure of the Augustine monk stretched on his couch, with his dear companions Amsdorff, Jonas, Schurff, and Suaven, grouped in affectionate anxiety about his pillow, and the kind-hearted John Oswald, the mayor of the town, coming towards them with a cup of cordial to revive their wearied friend.

Evanescent as thought itself, the image fades—like mist in the sunshine—with the least shift of the mind; and then another phase in the journey to Worms appears painted like a mirage in the air. The little caravan has halted for a while, almost within sight of the place of their destination; between the trees the four misty spires of the cathedral of Worms are seen dimly looming in the distance; the sward on either side the roadway is dappled like a fawn's back with the sun-spots falling between the openings of the forest canopy; the horse wanders with the empty car, nibbling the fresh grass as it strays among the stems; the devoted Jerome, Peter, Justus, and Amsdorff, have sought the seclusion of the neighbouring coppice to offer up a prayer, and there, dusked by the shadow of the leafy covert, their bared heads and kneeling forms can just be seen; while, stretched on the velvet turf, beneath a broad-spreading elm, lies the form of Friar Martin himself, spent with fatigue from long travelling as well as anxiety for the doom awaiting him, and seeking by a brief slumber to brace up all his powers for the coming fight.

As drowning men are said to see in their death-struggles

the various scenes of their early lives flash one after another through their brain, so the mind fancies that Martin Luther, believing himself to be on his way to the stake, must, in his short rest under the tree that now bears his name at Pfifflicheim, have lived over again the several events of his childhood.

Now he dreams that he is the poor woodcutter's child, once more following his mother through the Mansfeldt forests, and gathering up his little fagot as she binds the broken boughs together.

Then he is with his father, tending the rude smelting furnaces recently set up in the mines, and watching, while all around is crimson with the fires and grimy with the smoke, the dazzling stream of liquid glowing metal shoot from the loosened tap of clay—white as though it were a rope of snow.

Next he is the poor scholar at the Franciscan school at Magdeburg. It is the festival of Christ's nativity, and he, in company with children poorer than himself, is wandering from house to house through the neighbouring villages, singing "in four parts" the usual carols on the infant Jesus, born at Bethlehem, in the hopes of obtaining a little food to satisfy his wants.

A moment afterwards he is at Eisenbach, and again chanting with his schoolfellows from door to door, to obtain a morsel of bread. Suddenly a woman appears on the threshold of one of the houses: it is Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, and daughter of the burgomaster of Ilfeld. She has been touched by the sweetness of Martin's voice, and recognises his figure as one she has often noted among the assemblies of the faithful. She has just seen him, too, driven with frowns and harsh words from the doors of her neighbours, and now that she beholds him standing so sadly before her own

she beckons him to enter, and gives him food to appease his hunger, and the next day takes him to live altogether under her roof.

In another minute the dreamer is at the College at Erfurth, studying for the law. He is in the University library, opening the books one after another to learn their writers' names. One volume in particular attracts his attention: the thick coating of dust upon the edge of it tells that it has never been opened for many years. He reads the title; it is a Bible—a forbidden book in those times. His heart beats as he turns over the leaves of the inspired volume. The first page which rivets his attention is the story of Hannah and the young Samuel, and his soul can hardly contain its joy as he reads that "God raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes."

Again the scene shifts, and Martin is returning from a visit to his father's house at Mansfeldt, in order to resume his studies at the College of Erfurth. Within a short distance of the town he is overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. The heavens seem to tremble and split with the peals—the sky is in a blaze with the broad sheets of flame—the earth at his feet is blue with the lightning, and the bolt falls in a burning ball close beside him. The boy fancies his hour has come: he casts himself on his knees, and makes a vow, that if the Lord deliver him from his danger he will abandon the world for ever, and devote himself entirely to God.*

Still another memory rises to the mind of the slumbering

* It is wonderful to note how much there is of "fortuitous circumstance" in the early events of Luther's life. Had Ursula not been charmed by the sweetness of young Martin's voice, and so have been induced to take pity on him, and grant him the shelter of her roof, the poor scholar must have returned to Mansfeldt, and have been brought up, most probably, to his father's trade. Again, had Martin not taken the Bible down "by chance" among the other books that

monk. A few of his brother-students are with him at supper in the University. They sing together once more, as he shares with them the joys of the world for the last time. At last he tells them that he is about to give himself up to God for ever; nor will he listen to their remonstrances against the vow which he has made; and immediately they have left him, he takes with him his Virgil and Plautus, and retires alone, in the darkness of night, to the monastery of the hermits of St. Augustine. The gate opens, and quickly shuts again upon parents, companions, and the world without.

And now the dreamer suddenly starts to his feet, roused by the tramp of approaching horsemen. A messenger from Spalatin, the chaplain of the friendly Elector of Saxony, is at the head of the troop. We fancy we can hear him whisper as he advances to Luther, "Spalatin entreats you not to enter Worms," and instantly the sublime reply is heard again: "Go tell your master, that even if there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house-tops still would I enter it."

At length the procession, that we have followed in fancy from town to town on its way from Wittenberg to the Diet, passes through the streets of the very city in which we ourselves are standing. It needs then but little fancy to realise the history of the eventful 16th of April, 1521.

All are expecting Luther. The news of his coming has outstripped the travellers themselves. Young nobles, knights and gentlemen, in the train of princes, to the number of a hundred, unable to restrain their impatience, ride out to meet him and surround him as an escort as he enters the barbican. A

he was idly glancing at in the library at Erfurth, he might never have seen or been touched by the sacred volume. And further, had it not been for the "accident" of the thunder-storm occurring on Martin's return from his father's to Erfurth, he might never have made the vow to enter the Augustine monastery. And, if neither of these accidental events had happened, how different a story might history have had to tell!

dense crowd waits for him at the city gates. Before the car is seen the Imperial herald riding in full costume; then comes Luther, with his friends Schurff, Suaven, and Amsdorff, seated beside him, under the awning of the humble vehicle, and Jonas follows on horseback, whilst the cavaliers throng on either side of the car. It is mid-day as they pass the gates, and though every one is at table, the watchman on the tower of the Domkirche no sooner sounds his horn than all rush forth into the streets with the cry of "Luther is come!"

Two thousand persons bear him company through the narrow thoroughfares, and every moment the crowd increases. Suddenly a court fool, dressed in a suit of deep black, and bearing a large funeral cross, forces his way through the multitude, and advances towards Luther, singing a satirical requiem for the repose of his soul. The shouts of the throng, however, soon drown the ominous "De Profundis" of the jester.

And now comes the last and grandest scene of all; a scene that, for human dignity, is without a parallel in civilised history. The hereditary Marshal of the Empire summons the monk of Wittenberg to the Diet. The herald, Gaspard Sturm, walks first; after him comes Ulrich of Pappenheim, the Marshal, and the Reformer follows. The crowd that fills the streets is greater than ever. The tops of the houses and the pavements of the streets, above and below, are all covered with peasants and citizens. It is almost impossible to advance, and the herald orders Luther to be led through the gardens and passages of private residences, so as to avoid the pressure of the multitude which heaves to and fro like a sea in a storm.

"Make way! make way!" the herald cries; but no one moves, and though the Imperial soldiers clear a passage by main force, the people rush forward directly afterwards to enter the Hall with the monk, and are kept back only by the halberds of the troops.

In the interior of the hall, every corner is as crowded as without. In the ante-chambers and recesses of the windows, more than 5000 spectators—Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and others, are closely pressed together. As Luther advances with difficulty to the door of the council-chamber, an old general (George of Freundsberg) taps him on the shoulder and says kindly, as he shakes his head—a head blanched in many battles: “Poor monk! thou art going to make a nobler stand to-day than I or any other captain ever made in the bloodiest of our fights.”

At length the doors of the hall are forced back, and Luther stands in the presence of the most august and memorable assembly recorded in history. The guards make way for him, and he advances to the throne of the Emperor. All eyes are fixed on him. The sight of so illustrious a conclave appears for an instant to dazzle and intimidate the son of the lowly miner of Mansfeldt. His evident emotion touches some of the princes present, and one of them whispers in his ear: “When ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, the Spirit of your Father shall speak in you.”

A deep silence follows, broken at last by John ab Eck, the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Trèves, who rises and says in a loud voice: “Martin Luther, you are required to answer two questions. First, do you acknowledge these books to have been written by you? and secondly, are you prepared to retract such books and their opinions; or do you persist in the opinions you have advanced in them?”

Having been allowed time to consider his reply, the monk at length concludes his defence by saying, in a tone of mildness and moderation, though marked with Christian firmness: “As soon as I am convinced by the writings of the Prophets and Apostles I will retract every error, and be the first to lay hold of my books and throw them into the fire.”

•

The Chancellor of Trèves cries aloud: "You have not answered the question put to you: you are required to give a clear and precise answer. Will you or will you not retract?"

Luther responds without hesitation: "Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, or by the clearest reasoning, I cannot and I will not retract; for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience."

Then, looking round on the assembly which holds his life in its hands, he adds: "To this point I am fixed. I cannot say otherwise. May God help me. Amen."

The assembly is overpowered with the dignity of the simple monk arraigned before the mighty ones of the nations, but appearing in his quiet courage greater and mightier than any. Many of the princes find it difficult to conceal their admiration. The Spaniards and Italians alone attempt to ridicule a greatness of soul which they cannot comprehend.

"If you do not retract," says the Chancellor, "the Emperor and the States will consult what course to pursue against an incorrigible heretic."

The intrepid monk replies: "May God be my helper, for I can retract nothing."

Thus ends the memorable Diet at Worms: *the monk retracts nothing*. And thus begins the glorious Reformation.

And even though the city now contains not a stone nor a board that can boast of having been pressed by Martin Luther's foot, or trodden by any of the multitude of friends that thronged about the great Reformer, still the spot remains sacred to every friend of religious liberty—as the Runnymede of Protestantism.

II.

STYLE OF LIVING.

§ 1.

THE KIND OF MEAT, HORSEFLESH, BLACK BREAD, COFFEE, ETC.
CONSUMED BY THE PEOPLE.

THERE is the same melancholy tale to be told concerning the want of refinement at table among Prussians, as there is respecting their want of cleanliness both in their persons and houses.

Barbarism, and even animalism, is never so conspicuous among people as when you see them at their food. Eating, or indeed any act of mere sensuality, every refined nature knows, is so repulsive to others, that gentlefolks with us are naturally studious how to avoid offending the susceptibilities of those who may happen to sit at the same board with them. Some of our poets have been unable to bear the sight of a lady eating, even though the act were performed with all the delicacy of the most polished manners. But, without going to such absurdly sensitive extremes, it is highly necessary that dames who would be regarded as a grade above carnivora in the scale of creation, should learn to perform an animal function after the least possible animal fashion.

Again, the quality of the food indulged in is a sure criterion as to whether the people have got beyond that primitive coarseness of palate which delights only in the strongest flavoured

viands—even as the eyes of savages find pleasure merely in the gaudiest colours; or as to whether, by a long course of superior breeding, the nerves of taste have become daintily discriminative between the more delicate of the sapid qualities of things—in the same manner as the educated retina of the artist feels its greatest charm to lie in the fine harmonies of tint, and light and shade.

The scavengers, flushermen, nightmen, and sweeps of London, live upon the coarsest possible food, for, to their leathery tongues, raw onions, pickled whelks, and the disgusting compound called “fagots,” have alone power to sting their nerves into sensation; and we should as soon expect to find *them* tickled with the subtle nicety of a French made-dish, as to discover their rooms ornamented and perfumed with flowers. But even with these people, who rank as the lowest of our nation, we never knew one of them (and we have paid some little attention to the study of their idiosyncrasies) to be so nearly allied to the beast of prey as to delight in eating a considerable part of his animal food raw—as the barbarous Preussen do.

Man has been defined, by logicians who have puzzled their brains to arrive at some more essential difference than his reason whereby to distinguish him from other sentient creatures—as “a cooking animal;” since it seems to be the custom with all persons taking rank as human beings to abstain from eating their meat in a crude condition, like less culinary creatures. Such a definition, however, hardly applies to the Prussian family, for it is the fashion with them to partake of raw herrings, raw ham, raw dried salmon, raw sausages, raw dried geese, and a variety of equally revolting articles.

In the Government-School reading-book (“*für die erste Elementarklasse*”) occurs the following passage:—“One eats bread, pastry, meal-food, vegetables, egg-food, flesh, fish, roast-

meat, milk, butter, cheese, honey, fruit, berries, and nuts. Some things one eats raw—what?” Whereupon the child has to answer, “Ham, sausages, herrings,” &c. &c.

Now the eating of flesh, even to those who are not of the Vegetarian persuasion, is at all times no very angelic operation, and we have known English surgeons who could not be prevailed upon to carve the roasted and boiled meats at dinner. But a Preusse is not afflicted with any such sensibility, for, to his coarse mind, there appears to be no smack of cannibalism in eating the flesh of geese,—that once breathed and felt, ay, and perhaps thought like himself,—in its pure state of mere dried animal tissue.

We will, however, proceed to deal *seriatim* with the several subjects which stand at the head of the present section.

The Prussian meat consists principally of “*Rindfleisch*,” literally bullocks’-flesh, and *Anglicè*, beef, and this is sold at five groschens (about sixpence of our money) per pound, for what we call the “prime parts.” The reader, however, must not fancy that the Rhenish bullock is like our own—bred and fed for the sole purpose of the table; for in Rhineland the wretched creature, instead of living a life of luxury and ease, as with us, is used as a draught animal, and does almost as much work as an omnibus horse previous to being slaughtered,—nearly all the “wagons” being drawn by the future beef of the country.

Now this custom has a double inconvenience: first, the utility of the animal as a beast of burden tends to prolong its life far into the years of toughness; and secondly, the hard labour which the poor brute has undergone not only wears every ounce of fat off its bones, but gives a sinewiness and gristly character, as well as coarse grain to its flesh, that make it eat about as tender and toothsome as would a joint of the Egyptian Sphynx when boiled.

But if the beef is of too ancient and tough a nature to please pampered English palates, the veal has the very opposite defect, and is far too young, and the flesh too pappy, to be eatable by any but semi-savages. Indeed, the poor calves are killed in their very babyhood—when only a week old; and the custom, we must confess, smacks to our mind of such an over-greediness to turn a groschen out of the young things' lives, that we always sicken at the sight of the eternal "*Kalbfleisch*"—a viand which is more popular than any other in Rhineland, simply because it is little better than half the price of beef, or a fraction more than threepence a-pound.

Mutton (*Hammelfleisch*) is a luxurious rarity, fetching rather more than sevenpence a-pound; for the hills, upon which we should graze sheep, are either planted with vineyards or covered with wood, so that during our stay in Prussia we saw only one flock. Lamb, on the other hand, is unknown; for if the calves are killed almost as soon as born—to prevent them having any share of their mothers' milk—the young of the ewe (owing to the produce of its udder having no commercial value attached to it) are allowed to live on to a respectable old age, in order that they may bring more groschens to the breeder.

German pork (*Schweinfleisch*) is positively uneatable by English people. Dairy-fed animals are unknown in the country, the Rhenish porkers being literally *gutter-fed*. Nor is this all. A large proportion of this same German pork consists of the flesh of elderly sows that have borne multitudinous families; for the German "*Bauers*" (peasants) never think of killing any animal for food until they have got their last *Pfennig* out of it. The consequence is, that the fat of this same pork is positively yellow, and the flesh itself red and leathery, as well as coarse and rank to the palate. Such as it is, the pork fetches about five gros (sixpence) the pound, whilst

sucking-pigs (*Spanferkel*) may be had for twenty gros (two shillings) in town, and for half that sum in the country. Pork, however, is a dish seldom seen on a German table, the greater portion of the swine-flesh being made into *Schinken* (ham), ("for that gives more," say the *Bauers*,) and the rest converted into *Wurst* (sausages).

Of poulterers there are none in Coblenz, though it is the site of a royal "*Residenz*"—the fowls and pigeons being taken to the market alive in sacks, and the housewives either standing by while their necks are twisted, or else carrying the fluttering birds home by their legs, and playing the executioners themselves. Chickens cost from 6*d.* to 1*s.* each (according to size), and pigeons about 7*d.* the pair, though it must not be imagined that for this price the birds are anything like our own in quality, it being the custom of the Rhinelanders to fatten no animal for food. Indeed, the people tell you it will not pay to prepare any living thing for the table.

The fish is all freshwater; for at the rate of Preussisch locomotion, where the quickest conveyance is the "*Schnell-post*," (or, to speak more correctly in these fast days, the *snail-post*), of course it would be madness to expect that such delicacies as turbot and soles should be brought up to Rhineland from the sea. Of the freshwater kind, the St. Goar salmon (caught under the Lurlei rocks) is peculiarly fine, though rather scarce and dear, costing as much as 20 gros (2*s.* English) per lb. The "May-fish," as it is termed in Germany—or "the chad," as it is denominated by us—is, however, sufficiently abundant to be had at the rate of 5 gros (6*d.*) each, even though they be as large as ordinary salmon. This fish is purchased principally by the poorer classes—the rich generally despising it, not because it is bad-flavoured, but on account of its being brought to market *dead*; whereas the carp, tench, pike, &c., come alive in tanks.

The May-fish is generally eaten "souced;" nor is it at all unpalatable.

To the above list of the kinds of animal food consumed in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia must be added that which in England is considered fit only for cats and dogs—viz. horse-flesh (*Pferdfleisch*); but which in Germany constitutes a proportion of the *meat* eaten by the poorer classes. Philosophically viewed, there is, of course, no reason why a fillet of pony should not be as toothsome as one of veal, and a loin of a galloway even more palatable than one of a porker—seeing that the horse is a far more dainty-feeding animal than the pig. This view of the matter, however, requires that the beasts should be alike bred *specially* for the table, and killed, too, not only when young, but in good and sound condition. At the price of horses, however, it is obvious to common sense that no *Bauer* could afford to send his healthy colts to market to be slaughtered for food; so that the great objection to hippophagy in a country lies in the fact, that only the aged and diseased hacks—such, indeed, as are unfit for further work and are sent to our knackers—can possibly find their way to the national shambles. That this is considered *likely* to be the case in Rhineland, is shown by the stringent Police Regulations (quoted below),* in order to guard against the slaughtering

* Police Regulations

Respecting the slaughtering of Horses for the Police District of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein.

H. In conformity with the Police laws of the 11th March, 1850, and after a consultation with the Magistrates of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein, the following orders are herewith given concerning the slaughtering of horses:—

§ 1. Every butcher who wishes to slaughter must first obtain the permission of the Royal Police Direction, and he must specify the place of slaughtering the horses, as well as the place of selling the horse-meat: in order to obtain such permission.

of unwholesome nags. Hence, though the following disgusting advertisement is frequently seen in the newspaper of the Rhenish capital,—

**Fresh, salted, and smoked Horseflesh, always to be had of
Weber, Weissergasse, No. 7,—**

the Englishman thanks Providence that beef—and the best

§ 2. The horses intended to be slaughtered must not only be healthy, but likewise in good condition.

§ 3. For ensuring the last-mentioned particular, the horses must first be inspected by Mr. —, of the Veterinary Surgeon's Department, both before being slaughtered as well as during the slaughtering.

The slaughterer must produce the attestation of the preceding officer concerning the inspection and permission for the sale of the slaughtered animals; and this attestation must be laid before the proper District Police Inspector, and afterwards fastened into the slaughter-book with his *visé*. (See § 4.)

§ 4. The horse-butchers are bound to keep a slaughter-book that has been paginated by the proper Police Inspector; and in this must be entered the name of the sellers, the day of the sale, and that on which each of the slaughtered horses was killed, together with a statement of the weight, and the attestation of Mr. —, the Veterinary Surgeon, annexed. (See § 3.)

§ 5. The horse-butcher is not allowed to have any meat brought in from outside the town without the special license of the Police; and in like manner he is not to be permitted, on any pretext whatever, to receive horse-meat from private persons. If, however, he obtain some from other horse-butchers, he must not only write it immediately in his slaughter-book, with all the particulars relating thereto, but must get permission to receive it.

§ 6. The slaughter-book must be shown monthly to the proper District Police Inspector; and at each time of the examination of the selling-place by the police and sanitary officers, this book must be laid before them, and also all the unsold meat pointed out.

§ 7. In general, the horse-butchers must take care that all articles in the selling-place be kept free and open, and the utmost possible cleanliness be observed; for all secreted and by-laid meat, as well as any showing the slightest trace of corruption, will be destroyed at the cost of the slaughterer.

§ 8. Any opposition and neglect of the orders above given, as well as of others that may be issued hereafter by the Police Senate, will be punished with a fine of from 1 to 3 thalers; and if the slaughterer be unable to pay, he will be imprisoned for a time, which will be in proportion to the amount of the fine, with consideration to the withdrawal of his license.

Coblenz, 30th January, 1855.

Royal Police-Direction of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein.

beef in all the world, too — is still the staple food of his native land, and that his countrymen have not yet sunk to such an abyss of barbarism and squalor as to get their joints from the knacker's yard, and to be able to obtain a taste of *meat* only by robbing the kennel.

As regards bread, the same wretched account must be given.

In even the wealthier families, *white* bread is eaten only as cake, whilst the ordinary household loaf consists of a composition that is the colour of mill-board, being several shades darker than our gingerbread, as heavy as over-boiled yeast-dumplings, and as sour as "turned" beer.

The gentry, however, occasionally regale themselves with a "*Milch-*" or "*Wasserbrödchen*" (milk or water rolls), but such things are classed in the same dainty category as buns with us.

It will be seen by the official price-list given below* that the town or baker-made varieties of the German staff of life are classified by the police, with all the pedantry of schoolmen, into the A, B, and C genera, whilst the country-made

* Price-List of self-rated Bakers' Wares.

At Baker Creaelius,

Lawful for 14 Days, reckoned from to-day.

					Sgr.	Pfg.	Pence, Engl.
A. Rye-bread	of 6 lbs	8	4	10
B. Mixed (white bread)	4	„	7	4	8½
„	2	„	3	8	4½
„	1	„	1	10	2½
C. Wheaten bread	—	—	—

Approved, Coblenz, the 22nd of March, 1855.

Royal Police Direction of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein.

black bread is subdivided into the "lower-case" *a* and *b* species.

For the enlightenment, however, of those who are not quite so metaphysical as German policemen, we may state that there are three distinct kinds of Rhenish bread,—rye, wheaten, and mixed. The first constitutes what to English minds belongs to the *black* class, the second to the *white*, and the third (which is merely a compound of the other two) to the *whitey-brown*.

Of the black species of bread there are three distinct

Subjoined is the Tariff of the Mountain bread :—

Police-Tariff of the Upper-Country Rye-Bread.

Lawful for 8 Days, reckoned from to-day.

	Sgr.	Pfg.	Pence, Engl.
a) of 4 lbs	5	1	6
b) of 2 „	2	7	3

Confirmed, Coblenz, the 22nd March, 1855.

Royal Police-Direction of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein.

The police regulate the *maximum* price of bread, and allow bakers to make loaves at a price as much below that as they please, and hence the reason of the term "self-rated bakers' wares."

The police prices are printed at intervals in the local journals, as well as the prices of the several kinds of corn, a copy of which is appended :—

Bread-Tariff from the 30th April, 1856.

	S.	P.	Eng. d.
4 lb. Upper country (rye-bread)	4	7	5½
2 „ „ „ „	2	4	2½

Royal Police Administration.

Junker.

Coblenz, 30 April.

	£.	S.	P.	Eng. s. d.
Wheat (per scheffel of 60 lbs.)	3	16	1	10 7½
Rye „ „	2	21	10	8 2½
Barley „ „	—	—	—	—
Oats „ „	1	1	10	3 2½

subdivisions:—1. The “CAMIS-BROD,” or soldiers’ black bread, which is made of the coarsest rye flour with the husks intermixed: 2. The “OBERLÄNDISCHE ROGGENBROD,” or upper-country rye-bread, which is more sour and *fest* (solid), as the Germans call it, than—3. The “BÄCKERS’ ROGGENBROD,” or ordinary bakers’ rye-bread; for it is the economical property of the second sort that the least bit of it “lasts” (as a German described its character to us) “a long time in the mouth.”

The soldiers’ bread is not purchasable in the ordinary way, but the country bread is brought to the town twice or thrice a-week in small covered ox-wagons, and sold at the corners of the streets. The mixed, or whitey-brown bread, is eaten only by the rich; whilst it will be seen by the before-cited official document, that wheaten bread is a luxury too costly to be made into loaves for *any* class of German people—small halfpenny rolls alone being composed of that dainty material.

Butter is a luxury seldom used to give relish to the acid, dark-brown paste which, in Rhineland, passes by the name of bread; the “fresh” kind costing 8 gros (9½*d.* English) the pound. Even in the families of the so-called gentry, dry black bread is the ordinary food at breakfast on week-days, whilst on Sundays some of the *very* rich *do* certainly indulge in a penny pat.

“What! do *you* have butter on your bread every day?” said a Professor’s child to our little boy. “Oh, Je——, how rich your father must be!”*

The coffee drunk in Germany (tea is seldom or never

* A friend in Germany has furnished us with the following list of prices respecting the principal articles of consumption in Coblenz during a series of years, and by which it will be seen how the various necessaries of life have been

tasted), we have before hinted, is no very delectable decoction; but even those who can afford to indulge in the pure article, rather than the burnt acorn compound, put up with the most common and flavourless kinds, so that such a costly delicacy as real Mocha is positively unobtainable at the shops in Coblenz. The ordinary coffee mixture used by the middle classes consists of part acorns, part chicory, and the residue Java coffee; though, even if the coffee itself were of the finest possible character, the mode of roasting it would be a sure method of making it about as palatable as charred horse-beans.

Every one who has lived in Paris is well acquainted with the delicious aroma that salutes the nostrils on passing the grocers' during the roasting of the berries at the kerb-stone.

regularly growing dearer there, and this while the wages of the people have remained almost stationary, so that each year the poor have found themselves poorer than the last:—

A cart of coals (1846-55)	22-23 sgr.	= 2s. 2½d. - 2s. 3½d.
„ (1855-56)	32-33 „	= 3s. 2½d. - 3s. 3½d.
4 lbs. bread .. (1835-36)	2½ sgr.	= 3d.
„ (1847)	7 sgr. 2 pfg.	= 8½d.
„ (1850), for a fortnight	2 „ 5 „	= 3d.
„ (January 1856)	6½ „	= 7½d.
„ (February „)	5½ „	= 6½d.
110 lbs. of potatoes (1836-45)	7 „	= 8½d.
„ „ (1856) 1 thlr. 1 sgr.		= 3s. 1½d.
1 lb. of beef (1835)	2½ „	= 3d.
„ (1836-54)	3 sgr. 4 pfg.	= 4d.
„ (1856)	4 „ 8 „	= 5½d.

Veal fluctuates from 2½ sgr. (3d. English) per lb. in summer, to 4 sgr. (4½d. English) per lb. in winter.

Formerly pork was the same price as beef, but now (1856) it is 5 sgr. (6d. English) per lb.

From 1828 to 1854 twenty-five eggs cost (in summer) 5 sgr. (6d. English), but during Lent in 1855 the price was 1 thlr. 10 sgr. (4s. English) for the same number. Skim-milk was 7 pfg. (¾d. English) the maas (about ½ gall. English) in 1835, and for many years afterwards; but 1855-6 the maas cost 18 pfg. (1½d. English) to 2 sgr. (2½d. English).

But the process which is productive of a positive perfume in the French capital, begets only a nauseous stench in the Rhenish one. We had the misfortune to live over a grocer's in Coblenz, and on roasting-days we were forced to close our back windows, for the smell that came up from the yard was more than English noses could bear; and when the reader is informed that it is the Rhenish custom to fry the berries in fat, he will readily understand that the aroma developed by the Prussian operation must be very like that of the streets of Paris on an illumination night. Further, some grocers, for the purpose of giving additional weight to the burnt berries and colour to the decoction produced by them, prefer to roast their coffee with several pounds of coarse sugar, which, when melted, soaks into every grain, and adds considerably to the weight.

But, even if such methods of sophistication were not practised on the poor coffee-berries, the tasteless and scentless Prussians would burn every particle of aroma out of them; for, believing that a cup of good coffee should be black to the eye rather than aromatic to the palate, they resolutely roast the berries to charcoal, and offer you an infusion of cinders as refreshment either for your breakfast or tea.*

Sugar, again, is seldom used by the middle class except as a Sunday or holiday treat. The majority of the people drink their coffee-water unsweetened, whilst those who are more prodigal boil beet-root with the Java powder in order to give it somewhat of a saccharine flavour. Nor is it all uncommon for gentlefolks to have their coffee grounds re-

* The price of coffee ranges from about ninepence to fifteenpence the pound. Tea, which is a luxury procured mainly for the English residents, is two thalers (6s.) a-pound, though there is no duty! and if procured in $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. packets at Neu-rohr's, the principal Coblenz grocer, consists of two ounces of lead-foil out of the four that have been purchased as souchong. Loaf-sugar—the light, spongy article made from beet-root—costs a fraction more than sevenpence the pound.

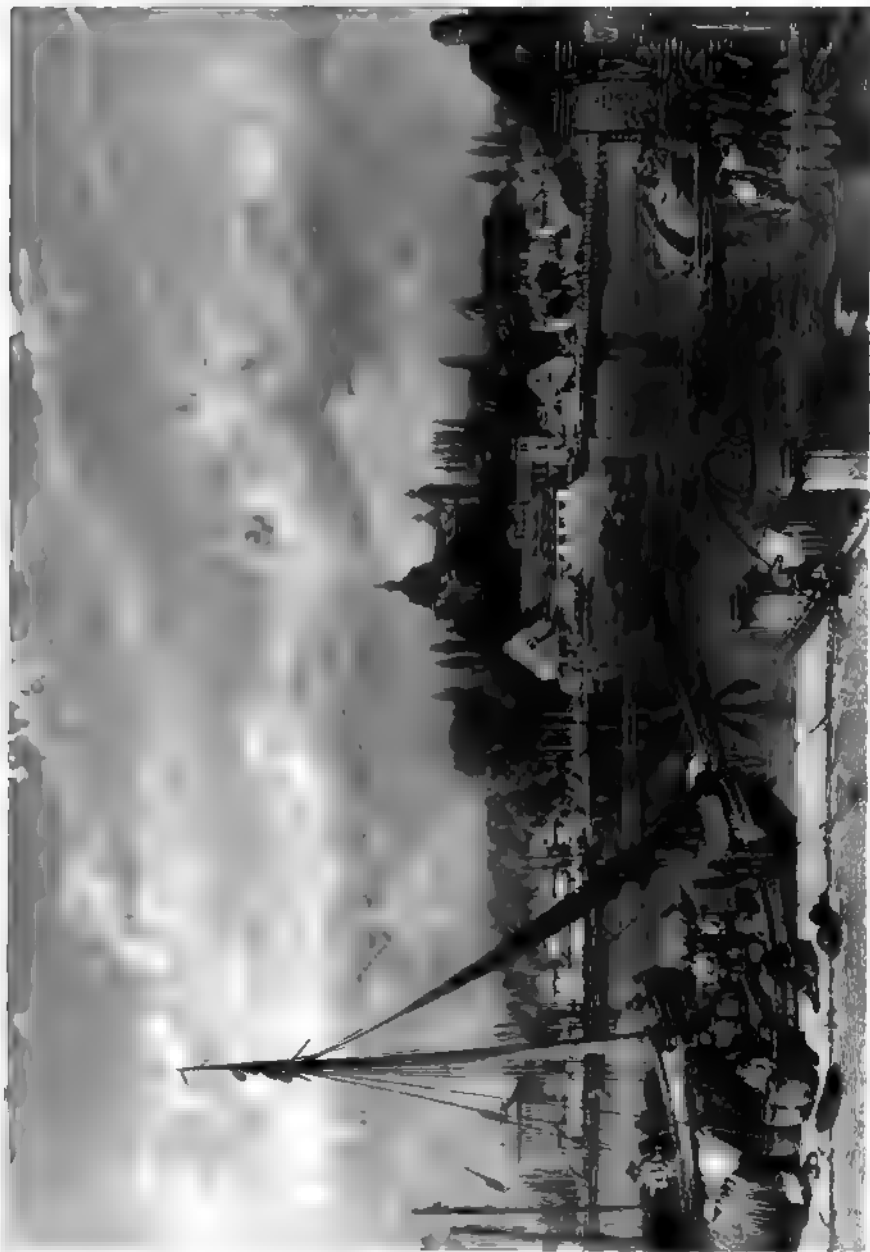


Fig. 11

Fig. 12

Fig. 13



burnt, and then handed over to their servants to make an infusion for the kitchen breakfast.

In fact, in a true middle-class German household, the children hardly know the taste even of sugar.

“Help *her*, indeed!” said a German lady, in reply to a request for charity on behalf of a widow who had “seen better days;” “not I! for your grand ladies who *must* have milk and sugar in their coffee should be taught to know what want is.”

Interpolated Rhénish Scenes.

(3.)

MANNHEIM.

As Coblenz stands on the tongue of land at the very junction of the Mosel with the Rhine, so is Mannheim situate on the narrow Cape of marshes formed by the meeting of the river Neckar with the great German stream. It is, indeed, the City of the Confluence of the “*Ober-Rhein*.”

But the beauty which the lower “*Confluentia*” derives from the union of the two rivers, pouring from out their different mountain channels, is utterly lost at Mannheim—the river scenery at that point being as flat and unpicturesque as that of Battersea, at the “*eck*” where the muddy Wandle trickles into the drab-coloured Thames.

Nor is the architecture of Mannheim more attractive than the scenery amid which it is set. The new stucco Stadt is, indeed, the civic antithesis to the quaint old tumble-down towns of Worms and Oppenheim, being closely allied in urban

ugliness to *Neuwied*—the paradise of the Moravian Brothers, where the streets are cut as trim and square as a Quaker's coat, and the town has been devised after the parallelogram primness of some "New Harmony," or "Abode of Love."

The ground-plan of Mannheim, indeed, is a kind of civic chess-board, where rectangular blocks of houses stand for the "chequers," and cross-bar streets, intersecting each other at equal distances, represent the lines separating one square patch from another. In a word, the reader has but to imagine a town laid out like a draft-board, with a palace (about as palatial in design as an Industrial School) situate at the upper end, and a suspension bridge (fashioned after the style of our own *Pont de Hammersmith*) at the lower one; and with a broad street running up between the "chequers" from the *Neckarbrücke* to the *Schloss*, and an equally wide roadway stretching across the civic draft-board, and planted with a few stumpy trees;* while here and there one of the chequers, as it were, is left blank, so as to serve for an open "*Market Platz*," or "*Parade*," or "*Theater*," ditto;—the reader, we repeat, has but to form a mental bird's-eye view of such a town in order to have a tolerable notion of the architectural beauties of Mannheim and its principal thoroughfares.

Moreover, the street nomenclature (if such a term can be applied to thoroughfares that have only initial letters and figures to mark them), has the same uninviting air of "system" about it as the laying out of the town itself—the different blocks of residences being distinguished like policemen with us, as A 1, A 2, &c.; B 1, B 2, and so on; so that an inhabitant of the town, instead of boasting a square, or terrace, or crescent,

* This planted roadway is the only thoroughfare in Mannheim that rejoices in the singular distinction of a name—it being known as the "*Planken*" (*Planches*).

for his address, must content himself with a simple letter and number—as if he were living in a “pigeon-hole” for papers rather than in a human habitation. For instance: a townsman will tell you that he resides at Q 1, 16; which means, *not* that he lodges at No. 16 in Q 1 street (there being, as we said, no names at all given to the streets—the square clumps of buildings being christened instead), but simply that he is to be found at the 16th house in the first block of dwellings along the row marked Q; a state of things that would assuredly drive an English postman mad.

The blocks of houses here spoken of are each about a hundred yards square, and almost all built in the baldest Italian style, with eaves projecting as far forward as a French cap-peak, and the broad acres of walls unbroken by the least attempt at ornament; while every window is fitted with venetian-blinds; that are painted the same colour as the houses themselves; that is to say, either drab, or olive-green, or light pickled salmon, or pale nankeen colour: so that it does not require a very lively imagination to conceive the degree of ugliness that must prevail in an entire town built upon such tasty principles.

The public buildings, too—like the Kaufhaus and the Stadthaus in the open Platzen—all appear to partake of the clumsiness of the telescopic cupola-style of our own Horse Guards; while the *Jesuiten Kirche* (Jesuits' Church), which is considered to be the most remarkable edifice in the town (you can see it in the engraving, with its huge pepper-castor-like dome and bulbous-tipped towers peeping above the trees by the river side), is in the same heavy dustman's-bell-like order as the other structures; and though fitted up inside with white marble and gold, is oppressive rather than imposing with the massiveness of its decorations.

The Palace, moreover, has not an architectural grace to

recommend it to the eye, being merely one long, ungainly, barrack-like building (indeed, a wing of it forms the quarters of the Baden cavalry), with so-called "gardens" at its rear, extending to the river side; though the said gardens are little better than a mangey coppice, and certainly not equal in beauty or neatness to the humblest of our parks.

Mannheim, however, is but a mere mushroom city—a Stadt that can trace its bricks and mortar back no farther than the 17th century; for it was founded in 1606 by Frederick IV. Elector-Palatine of Germany, who built a castle near the mouth of the Neckar. But this, together with the first mural attempts at a city, was rased to the ground long before the rooks had time to build their nests in the sapling elms around the Royal Residenz.

The town was afterwards rebuilt and strongly fortified by the Elector Charles Philip; but the fortifications intended for its defence were the cause of its being repeatedly besieged, and converted either into a mass of cinders, or levelled with the dust, at frequent and regular intervals. Indeed, during the religious wars, the city had to be twice rebuilt within a century.

The story runs that the French Commander, who in 1689 caused the place to surrender, summoned the people immediately after his entry into the city, and told them that his master, Louis XIV., had given strict orders that the town should be reduced to a rubbish-heap. However, he added, that as a mark of special favour, he would allow them twenty days to rase their houses to the ground themselves. But the townspeople wanted the heart to destroy their own dwellings; accordingly, at the expiration of the term, the General summoned his soldiers to execute the work, and they having driven out the lingering inhabitants, fired all the houses and

churches, and left not one stone of the ramparts standing on another.

In the year 1794, the city was again bombarded by the French, and once more in 1795 by the Austrians, when only fourteen houses remained uninjured. In fact, from the very first moment of the fortifications having been constructed, Mannheim became the seat of continual warfare; but since its ramparts have been removed, it has been changed into a place of such special security, that it has risen to be one of the principal merchant-towns of the Upper Rhine, with harbours and railways on both sides of the river, and with a bevy of English residents pervading the domiciliary "blocks" from A 1 down to T 4.

Goethe styles it the "friendly, cleanly Mannheim;" and it must be admitted, that though the place has no picturesque advantages, it has social comforts that, in a Rhenish town, are sufficient compensation for its want of beauty; for (prodigy of German "progress!") it has actually "trottoirs" and streets without an open sewer meandering down the middle of them. It boasts a theatre, too, that has long ranked as one of the best in the south of Germany; for it was here that Schiller's play of "the Robbers" was produced under his own direction in 1782—the author having resided on the Parade Platz, in the house called "*zum Karlsberg*;" and it was in one of the dwellings opposite the principal entrance to the theatre that Kotzebue, the author of "the Stranger," was assassinated by the mad student Sand.

With this brief catalogue, however, end all the points of interest in connexion with the "friendly, cleanly" (and anything but pretty) Mannheim.

§ 2.

THE RHENISH "VIN ORDINAIRE"—COOKING—DINNERS—
AND MANNERS AT TABLE.

Of the first-class German wines there is no occasion to speak here, the subject having been exhausted by Cyrus Redding and others.

Of the ordinary "*Tisch-wein*," or table-wine, however—the German *vin ordinaire*, and the national equivalent of our porter—we feel bound to add a few words of honest abuse.

The Rhenish wines (unless of the very first class) are no great favourites of ours; for though we have certainly drunk at the vineyards of Rüdesheim, and Johannisberg, and Steinberg, and Hochheim, some marvellously fine "tipple"—rich with all the perfume of the choicest grapes, and glowing and exhilarating as the very sunbeams that ripened the fruit—we never yet tasted a glass of the second-class "Rhein-wein" that was worthy of being ranked above our white-wine vinegar.* Indeed we are satisfied that if your "*Zeltingers*" and "*Piesporters*," "*Stiegers*," *Niersteiners*, &c., were only sent to table in cruets instead of wine-bottles, English people would no more think of indulging in them than they would dream of drinking off the contents of a pickle-jar. For if we be desirous of testing chemically whether the liquid in the bottles at a German *table d'hôte* belong really to the *vinous* or *acetous* class, we have merely to provide ourselves with a small packet

* The price of ordinary "*Tisch-wein*" is about 5 gros (6d.) the bottle. It may certainly be had as low as 4 gros, on the one hand, but at that price it is sad dysenteric stuff; and on the other hand, as high as 10 or 12 gros the bottle—though the latter can hardly be classed as "*vin ordinaire*." The red wine, as a rule, is rather dearer than the white. *Tisch-wine*, if bought by the "*fass*" (barrel) of 180 bottles, costs from 5 to 6 thalers (15s. to 18s. English). *Apfel-wein* (cider) may be had from 2 to 2½ gros (2½d. to 3d.) the bottle.

of carbonate of soda, and note the violent effervescence that ensues, immediately the alkali is added to the "sour stuff," as well as the quantity of the alkaline carbonate that it is necessary to use before the effervescence ceases — or, in other words, before the integrant acid is entirely neutralised in the so-called wine. This, to those who know anything on the subject, will indubitably prove that they are tippling under the name of "*Tisch-wein*" a mild verjuice, rather than hock—a kind of vinous lemonade—a liquid that, like tea, certainly cannot be said to "inebriate," but which, unlike it, cannot be said to "cheer" either—a pickle that may be excellent for young ladies who wish to thin themselves, but which is sad stomach-achey wash to gentlemen who like anything more generous than a gargle with their dinner.

The fact is, the vineyards of Germany lie at the very verge of the wine-making countries. It is well known to geographers, that there are not only "snow-lines" and "heat-lines" belting the earth, but distinct zones of land for the growth of a certain kind of fruit, or a particular sort of vegetable, grain, or flower; and as on ascending a tropical mountain the traveller passes thermally through the several climates of the globe, from the equator to the pole, even so he traverses, at the same time, horticulturally and floriculturally, through distinct belts of fruits and flowers, the same as if he were journeying *along* the world rather than *above* it.

"In order to obtain a potable wine," says Humboldt in his *Kosmos* (and the epithet, *potable*, should be well impressed on the reader's mind), "it is requisite that the mean annual temperature should exceed 49° Fahrenheit, and that the winter temperature should not be lower than 33°, whilst that of the summer months should exceed 64°:" for "in the plains of the Baltic," he tells us, "where a wine is produced that can scarcely be called *potable*, the mean annual heat is 47° 5', that of the

winter 31°, and summer 63°;” whilst in the rich wine district of Bordeaux, he says, “the mean annual heat is 57°, that of the winter not lower than 43°, and of the summer as high as 71·0°.”

At Frankfort and Heidelberg, however, the mean temperature for the entire year is, according to the table published by the same eminent authority, 49° 5' respectively; and that for the winter months as low as between 33° and 34°, whilst for the summer it seems to be, after a long series of observations, only a fraction above 64°.* Hence it will be perceived, that

* “The following table,” says the author of “Kosmos,” (vol. i. p. 30, Bohn’s Edition,) “illustrates the cultivation of the vine in Europe, and also the depreciation of its produce according to climatic relations. Cherbourg and Ireland show in the most remarkable manner how, with thermal relations very nearly similar to those prevailing in the interior of the Continent, the results are nevertheless extremely different as regards the ripeness or unripeness of the fruit.”

TABLE SHOWING THE LATITUDES AND CLIMATIC RELATIONS OF THE UNDER-MENTIONED WINE-GROWING AND NON-WINE-GROWING COUNTRIES.

PLACES.	Latitudes.	Elevation in feet.	Mean Annual Temperature Fahrenheit.	Mean Winter Temperature.	Mean Spring Temperature.	Mean Summer Temperature.	Mean Autumn Temperature.	Number of Years' Observation.
Bordeaux.....	44° 50'	25·6	57·0	43·0	56·0	71·0	58·0	10
Strasbourg	48 35	479·0	49·6	34·5	50·0	64·6	50·0	35
Heidelberg	49 24	333·5	49·5	34·0	50·0	64·3	49·7	20
Mannheim	49 29	300·5	50·6	34·6	50·8	67·1	49·5	12
Cherbourg	49 39	0·0	52·1	41·5	50·8	61·7	54·3	3
Wurzberg.....	49 48	562·5	50·2	35·5	50·5	65·7	49·4	27
Frankfort-on-Maine ..	50 7	388·5	49·5	33·3	50·0	64·4	49·4	19
Berlin	52 31	102·3	47·5	31·0	46·6	63·6	47·5	23
Dublin	53 23	0·0	49·1	40·2	47·1	59·6	49·7	13

The above table proves that the production of “potable wine” does not depend on *latitude*; since Cherbourg, whose latitude is only 49° 39', does *not* produce wine, whilst Frankfort *does*, though its latitude is but 50° 7'. Coblenz, again, is about the latitude of Plymouth, 50° 22', whilst Mayence is nearly upon the parallel of the Lizard in Cornwall, 49° 57'; and all the best wines of Germany are grown between these places—that is to say, either on the Rhine or its tributary rivers. None of the better wines of France, however, are grown so far north.

Nor does the production of a *potable* wine depend on the mean *annual* tem-

the wine-growing districts of the Rhine are, thermally, *but one degree superior to those of the Baltic*, where the juice obtained from the grapes is said to lie at the very extreme of potability, or, more graphically speaking—on the verge of verjuice.

The consequence is, that though the vineyards in the sunniest situations on the banks of the Rhine *may* produce good wine in warm seasons, nevertheless, in milder years, it is obvious, that the grapes, in those *Weingartens* which have a less directly southern aspect, and upon which the noonday rays fall obliquely rather than “full butt,” cannot be ripened sufficiently for the juice to be “potable” by really educated palates; or, indeed, for the liquor yielded by them to have the faintest vinous quality.*

perature of different localities, since the average yearly heat of Cherbourg is $52^{\circ} 1'$, and Frankfort only $49^{\circ} 5'$. Neither is it regulated by the mean *autumnal* temperature, that of Cherbourg being $54^{\circ} 3'$, and that of Frankfort $49^{\circ} 4'$. The heat of *summer*, indeed, appears to be the main circumstance; for the above table shows, that when the summer heat is below 70° the wine has a “hock” character, and when below 64° it is barely “potable,” whilst below 63° no wine at all is produced.

“A hot year, with occasional showers, gives better grapes than a hot dry year. The best wine of the present century was produced under great summer-heat, as well as in connexion with frequent thunder-showers, which moistened the earth almost every night. A moderate and a bad year for the Rhenish vintage is the result not only of a low degree of summer temperature, but of the untimely advent of the hot and rainy days. Thus the year 1848 was not particularly hot, but the weather was warm at the time of the blooming; this afterwards changed to fine light showery rains, whilst at the time of the ripening the season became warm again; so that the result was a good year. The weather for a good vintage should be hot in June, in July hot with thunder-showers, in August the same, and in September warm and dry.”—*Observations on the Growth of the Vine, kindly furnished by Dr. Wirtgen, the celebrated botanist of Coblenz.*

* The Rhenish vineyards are mostly situate on the southern slope of the mountains, or in such a position that they may be exposed to the beams of the sun during the greater part of the day; but only in the best situations, and under the screening of the neighbouring mountains, even with a *full* southern exposure, can any wine be produced at more than 500 feet above the Rhine. Generally speaking, it is unusual in Rhineland to plant vineyards in plains, because in such

To make wine from grapes, it is necessary that a *certain amount of saccharine matter* should be developed in the fruit by the action of the sun's rays; and this saccharine matter (which, when duly fermented, serves alone to form the wine) certainly does *not* possess the property of effervescing upon the addition of alkaline carbonates: indeed the best Rhenish wines, of the best vintages, are known to contain an unusually small amount of acetic acid.

But because in *warm* years the sunniest vineyards of the Rheingau are able to produce a wine that is *not* vinegar, it assuredly does not follow that every petty vine-garden which is exposed to the south-east or south-west, rather than looking directly southward, and on which the noontide rays therefore can fall only slantingly at best, is able to yield, year after year,—even though the climate has thermally been barely equal to that of the Baltic plains—a juice more vinous, or more generous, than that which could be expressed from un-ripe cranberries.

This, indeed, constitutes the great fallacy concerning the Rhenish wines: because the climate is *occasionally* hot enough for the vineyards of Johannisberg, and Steinberg, and Rüdesheim, to produce *good* wine, about once in *three* years;*

a position the influence of the sunbeams is found to be too weak, and the soil too cold. The celebrated vineyard at Worms, however, which produces the renowned wine called “Liebfrauenmilch,” is a notable exception to the rule; for there the vines grow almost in a meadow. Gradually-sloping hills are preferable; and it is found that the best wine comes from the plants in the middle of the slope—those at the upper and lower part of the hill yielding a wine of more or less inferior quality.

* It is estimated, that in the course of ten years' vintages there is generally

- 1 very good year.
- 2 good, or “pretty good” years.
- 3 moderate years.
- 3 bad years, and
- 1 failure;

therefore people are gulled into the belief that the bleak mountain patches on the banks of the Mosel and the Rhine, as far down as Bonn, are capable of doing the like *every year*, even though the grapes be as hard and rough as bullaces to the palate, and contain no more saccharine than sorrel.*

so that only *one year's* yield in *ten* can really be said to produce *excellent* wine, whilst very nearly *half* the years are acknowledged to produce *bad* wine.

In the present century,

The *very good* years were, 1811, 1822, 1834, 1846; or only 4 in upwards of half a century.

The *good* years were, 1819, 1825, 1826, 1828, 1831, 1839, 1842, and 1848; or 8 in 56 years.

The "*pretty good*" years were, 1815, 1818, 1836, 1853; or 4 in 56 years.

The *bad* years, 1816, 1817, 1821, 1823, 1829, 1843, 1844, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1854; or 11 in 56 years.

The years not particularized were merely "*moderate*" ones.

* The proportion of acid in the different Rhenish wines depends upon, 1, The kind of grapes; and 2, The higher or lower degree of ripeness.

All grapes become sweet in very good years. The better the sort, the more favourable the situation, and the hotter the summer—the sweeter and richer of alcohol the wine becomes.

The Reesling grape is considered to yield the best wine with the finest aroma. But many vintners cultivate also a large quantity of the Kleinberger, Sylvaner, or some other kind of second-rate grapes, to mix with the better kind. In the Rheinpfalz, the Traminer grape is largely cultivated, and yields a pretty good wine called "*Forster Traminer*;" but though the Traminer ripens early, and possesses great sweetness, it has little perfume or "*bouquet*" connected with it: besides, this plant is more tender, being incapable of bearing the same low temperature as the Reesling and Kleinberger. The Sylvaner grape produces a fine sweet wine, with considerable aroma, being indeed the kind of fruit from which the celebrated Johannisberger is obtained; but as this species contains a large quantity of mucilage, it is not so easily pressed.

Good white-grape vines, however, are sometimes grown successfully (as at Johannisberg) in a "*heavy and fat*" lime soil; but, as a rule, the white grape requires a lighter soil than the red, which thrives best in clayey ground.

Clay slate, of which the Rhine rocks are composed, has an excellent influence on the growth of the vines; not only because it absorbs and retains the heat of the noonday sun, as well as the moisture of the atmosphere, but on account of its containing a large amount of potassium, which, as it decomposes and enters into the soil, is found to be most beneficial to the plant.

Such is assuredly the character of the berries from which the ordinary *Tisch-wein* of Germany is produced; and those who are simple enough to believe that they are bibbing a kind of mild hock, rather than dilute acetic acid, at the Rhenish

The expenses of a German vineyard are as follows per Morgen, or Prussian acre (= $1\frac{1}{2}$ English acre) :—

I. ORIGINAL OUTLAY UPON A VINEYARD—*per Morgen.*

	£	s.	d.
Cost of an acre of "vineland," calculated to grow from 3000 to 3300 plants	105	0	0
Rent for five years till the plants are fit for bearing	5	5	0
N.B. If the soil be not prepared for vine culture, the cost of the land would be less than the above; but then the expenses of the first planting would be proportionately greater.			
Planting of the vines ("das Setzen") costs on an average per Morgen	3	18	0
50 cart-loads of manure for the young plants, with cost of carting and carrying	7	19	6
Tending and rearing of the young plants (pruning, digging, and binding) for 4 years, at 22s. per year	4	8	0
Cost of 3000 poles, at 1½d. each	15	0	0
Land-tax for 5 years, at 4s. 0¾d. per Morgen, per annum ..	1	0	3
Gross outlay	142	10	9

II. ANNUAL EXPENSE OF A VINEYARD—*per Morgen.*

	£	s.	d.
Planting of single plants to keep the rows full	0	3	9
Manuring, with stable-manure and bone-dust alternately every 4 years, in addition to the regular manure for the vines ..	1	1	9
Cost of pruning the vines	0	9	0
Repair and renewal of poles	0	15	3
Sticking the poles	0	3	1½
Willow-twigs and tying	0	8	3½
Digging the ground twice	0	10	0
Binding up and trimming	0	10	0
Gathering and pressing	0	15	0
Casks and tubs	0	15	0
Rent of cellars, &c.	0	15	0
Land-tax	0	4	0¾
Gross annual expense	6	10	3

tables d'hôte, should resort to the unerring test we have before laid down, when they will assuredly be appalled at the amount of grape-pickle they are swallowing under the name of "a nice light German wine;" for thus analysed, even

Such a vineyard will continue bearing for 20 years, on an average, before the plants require renewing.

The wages of the labourers vary from 9*d.* to 1*s.* per diem *without* food, and are 6*d.* a-day *with* food; women and girls get a groschen or two less. In the autumn, the "carriers" are paid about 9*d.* a-day, and the "gleaners" 5*d.*, with board and lodging.

The common press for the wine costs from 11*l.* to 12*l.*

Five *Beschöffen* (porters' loads of about 20 gallons each) of good, ripe, and juicy grapes, and seven *Beschöffen* of poorer ones, will yield an *Ohm* (30 galls.) of wine.

	Gallons Eng.
The average yearly yield of one morgen of vineland (on the Lower Mosel, Winnigen district) in the course of fifteen years, was	196
The yield increased in the good years, viz. :—	
In 1846, to	265½
1839, to	338½
1834, to	446½
In the bad years, however, the yield decreased, so that the vintages of 1829, 1830, 1837, yielded scarcely anything.	
In the Ahr the average annual yield for forty-eight years was not quite	162
In the poor upperlands of the same district the average yield per Morgen for white wine was	351
And for red wine	234

	£	s.	d.
The mean price of the wine in the Lower Mosel, taking an average for 40 years (1816–1855) was per 18 galls.	0	13	1½
Hence the average money-yield for a Morgen of vineland was ..	7	3	4½
And deducting from this the average annual expense of cultivating the same extent of vineland (see above)	6	10	3
Leaves as profit to the cultivator of each Morgen a surplus of ..	0	13	1½

The Trester, or "husks," that remain after the pressing, amount to about one quarter of the entire quantity of the grapes, and these are sold to make brandy, and generally produce sufficient to pay the cost of using the presses.

But there is still to be added to the annual expenses the cost of the "must tax" (*Most-steuer*), as well as the rent of the Morgen of land, and interest on the capital invested.

The vine culture, therefore, can be profitable only to the vintner who keeps a

the "Blessed Virgin's Milk" itself will be found to be *turned*, and the "Dragon's Blood" to be sour enough to curdle every drop of one's own: so that after a time the simple opening of a bottle of the far-famed Zeltinger will be sufficient, to the knowing, to fill the mouth with water, like the cutting of a lemon; and a mere thimble-full of Brauneberger enough to set the teeth on edge like the sharpening of a saw.

Now Germans delight in "*Essig*"—their very children loving sours as much as ours do sweets. Indeed we knew a little Rhenish girl of two years old who made wry faces at sugar-stuff, and smacked her tiny lips over pickles; and, moreover, a servant-girl whom we brought with us to England began to fall ill, after a short time, for want of the national sharp sauces and the congenial dash of sour stuff with her food. To such palates, therefore, the products of the acetous fermentation are naturally more agreeable than

stock of cattle sufficient to supply him with manure, as well as uses the young plantations to cultivate beet-root and beans, or some kind of fodder for his cattle, or food for himself and family.

The wealthier vintners, however, generally obtain a better price than that above given for their produce, owing, not only to the more careful cultivation of the vines, but to the fact of their having better land, as well as being able to avail themselves of every circumstance that may add to the value of their produce.

In the Rheingau and in the Ahr, the vineyards are mostly in the possession of large and rich proprietors. On the Mittelrhein and Mosel, however, they generally belong to, or are worked by, small peasants. The latter are mostly in a very distressed condition, being too poor to speculate on the results of the harvest, as the rich proprietors do; so that the returns of the vintage often do not cover the cost of production, and an indescribable amount of misery frequently prevails among the class. When the vineyard is let to a peasant, the proprietor generally bears the expense of all large buildings, and contributes 1*s.* 9*d.* per hundred plants towards the expense of manuring. For this he mostly takes a certain share of the grapes, and has the right of choosing the vessels in which they are kept.

The above information has been kindly furnished by Dr. Wirtgen of Coblenz, and Dr. Arnoldi of Winnigen.

those of the vinous, so that what is positive vinegar to us becomes to their tastes absolute wine.

There are, however, some peculiar "bowls" or "cups" popular in Rhineland, which, for the sake of completeness, deserve some mention. The *vin ordinaire* or "*Tisch-wein*" of Germany, being, as we have said, as sour and as mild in its exhilarating qualities as our stalest table-beer, the Prussians, love to neutralise, or rather disguise its acid by sugar, and to give flavour to it, as they do to their tasteless viands, by the addition of all kinds of fruit.

Of the drink called "*maiwein*" we have already spoken in another place, and no sooner is the month passed after which the potion is christened, and strawberries have made their appearance, than the beverage termed "cardinal" becomes popular at the casino and wine-houses. This is made up of wine and sugar and the little "*fraises des quatre saisons*" that are styled "earth-berries" by the Germans, and wild strawberries by us—the fruit being steeped in the "*Zeltinger*" or "*Piesporter*" for a considerable time before the potion is quaffed and the infusion served, like the *maiwein* at the wine-gardens, in handleless glass mugs imitative of small barrels. Indeed it is the custom to soak all kinds of fruit in the sweetened Rhenish wines. Sliced oranges, preserved apricots, grape blossoms, young filberts, &c. &c. are severally used according to the season; and many of these, it must be confessed, serve to make the sour stuffs (that in England would be added only to gherkins and walnuts) about as palatable drinks in hot weather as our raspberry vinegar.

The beer of Germany, to throats that have been accustomed to English Burton and London porter, is but wretched physicky wash, costing about threepence halfpenny a quart, and tasting so strongly of dandelion instead of hops, that a true-born Briton enjoys it about as much as he would a

course of taraxacum tea ; and on the banks of the Rhine may be seen whole fields full of the bitter weed growing as thick as our clover.

The Rhenish cooking is the worthy counterpart of the Rhenish meat. We know not whether the custom arises from a sense of the antiquity of the oxen used as food, or from a vulgar belief in the nutritive qualities of soup, and a desire to obtain two dishes out of one piece of "flesh;" but not a joint—even though it be but a few pounds weight—ever comes to a Prussian table that has not been boiled for some five hours, and then baked for one—the pot liquor being served up at dinner and supper as *potage*, and the remaining mass of baked, stringy fibres, dignified by the name of roast meat (*Braten*).

Of course it is idle to tell the reader, whose palate can distinguish a decoction of burnt acorns from that of roasted coffee, that by the Prussian culinary process the entire juices and flavour of the food have been extracted as perfectly as if the joint had been submitted to a chemical operation—for such the cooking really is; while the juices themselves, by being diluted with water, have not only lost all their savoury character, but have actually been deprived of their nutritive property: for the experiments of Magendie long ago proved to the thinking world, that soup is incapable of sustaining the life of a dog—a hound fed upon it sickening in a week and dying in ten days.

There is an old story which says, that if a person be blindfolded it is impossible to distinguish port from sherry, when sipped one after another. Nevertheless, with the eyes wide open, and the palate scrutinising every morsel that is put into the mouth, we will defy the keenest English taste to tell whether they are eating Prussian beef, or veal, or chicken,

or duck, or partridge—for all, whether flesh or fowl, are put into the earthen pot alike, to wabble the entire juices and flavour out of them on the stove, and then placed in a tin pan to be dried up and soddened in the steam of a close oven—open fires being known only at the palace in Coblenz.

Now the consequence of this barbarous mode of cooking is, that in order to give something like flavour to the tasteless mass of string to which the meat is reduced, it has to be eaten with fruit instead of vegetables; so that it is not at all unusual, in Rhenish Prussia, to be served with boiled beef and cherries,—pigeons and hot boiled strawberries—pork and oranges—tongue and currants—veal and stewed prunes—and, indeed, an infinity of such messes as positively nauseate an English stomach to think of, much more to see and taste.

The vegetables, again, are as badly treated as the viands themselves. Green peas are often boiled and eaten in the shells, though *we* in England consider the pods fit only for pigs; and even when the peas alone are cooked in Deutschland, they are stewed in butter and sugar. Then, new potatoes are boiled and dished up with caraway seeds—the wiseacre professors declaring they do this to keep away the cholera; and to bring the matter to a fitting climax, the rotten acid cabbage, known by the name of “*Sauer-kraut*,” is eaten with wine, and when mixed with “champagne,” it is “*sehr delicat*,” say the Prussian polypes—creatures of mere stomach without either palate or brain to direct it.*

* The price of potatoes is about 3s. for 110 lbs., which is at the rate of 3 lbs. for a penny. Cabbages average from 10 to 15 gros (1s. to 1s. 6d.) the hundred plants. Carrots (which are sold by weight) are about the same price as potatoes, whilst turnips cost 4 gros (5d.) for a large basketful, holding about 3 English bunches, and peas fetch about 3 gros (3½d.) the half-peck. The Rhenish vegetables, however, are poor dwarfed things in comparison with our own.

Fruit is even cheaper than the “green stuff.” Peaches may be had at the

The mention of "*Sauer-kraut*" reminds us that almost every eatable in Prussia is acid, for even the hares are stuffed with onions and baked in vinegar; and in a true Rhenish house you get sour soup (made out of sorrel)—sour bread, (a black compound that would create a riot in an English workhouse)—sour cabbage—sour jams (for the fruits are pickled before the sugar is added)—sour wines—and even sour treacle.

Now the experiments of Dr. Stevens during the cholera have proven that acids have the effect of blackening the blood, and you can positively see in every Prussian's face that the fluid which trickles through his capillaries has been rendered muddy by the quantity of sour things he is accustomed to swallow.

The mode of serving the dinner, even in the most refined establishments, consists in cutting up every one of the viands on a chopping-board at a side-table. Here each joint or bird is removed from the dish on which it is brought into the "*Speise-saal*," and having been placed on the bare block is carved, one after another, without the least cleansing of the wood—boiled beef, wild duck, roast veal, chickens, pork, hare, &c.—no matter how dissimilar the character of the food. Nor have even the most fashionable people yet learnt to look for a change of knives with every change of dish—the same being kept for fish, flesh, fowl, and (even though the stews reek of garlic) the one "*Messer*" retained and used for the pudding.

rate of 1*d.* for 2 dozen. Cherries cost $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to 1*d.* per lb. Apples are 20 gros (2*s.*) for 50 lbs. Gooseberries, 1 penny the pound. Grapes, 1*d.* to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* the lb. Wild strawberries, 2*d.* the plateful. Plums, $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to 2*d.* the hundred. Walnuts, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to 3*d.* the hundred. Pears are the same price as apples: currants as strawberries, and chestnuts as walnuts. Almost all the fruit, however, is deficient in flavour.

The Prussians, like most savage tribes, are continually eating; not that their gastric capacities amount to those of the Samoiedes, who are said to consume ten pounds of food besides a dozen tallow-candles in a day; but their meals recur at such short intervals that they seem to find their chief delight in feeding every two or three hours. As our cook-maids, when they go to the theatre, usually take a basket of provisions with them and munch now a piece of cold pudding, and now an apple, while they whimper over the sorrows of "the heroine of the domestic drama;" so a Prussian lady never attends a "*Grosses Concert*" in a public wine-garden, or a village "*Schützenfest*," (shooting-feast,) but what she must have her raw sausages or her hard-boiled eggs as refreshment there, even though it be but a couple of hours after dinner.

Early in the morning there is the "*Frühstück*," (literally, the early bit, or, in plain English, breakfast,) and this consists of a cup of so-called coffee and a slice or two of black bread. Then at ten o'clock comes another coffee-drinking — "*Zehn-ure essen*" — at which more black (or among richer folks, whitey-brown) bread is eaten. At twelve or one follows the dinner, which at the *tables d'hôte* consists of the same eternal dishes:

1st course, soup.

2nd, boiled beef.

3rd, cutlets, sausages, and *sauer-kraut*.

4th, fish and pudding.

5th, roast meat, birds, preserves, and salad.

6th, dessert, coffee, cards, and cigars.

Go where you will, you are sure to get the same invariable messes — the same *bouilli* with the same sauce — the same everlasting sponge-cake pudding — the same breaded cutlets — the

same roast veal and fruit, until you cannot bear the look of the disgusting medley.*

Family dinners are not, of course, so lavish as those at the hotels; but generally, in the houses of well-to-do people, these consist of (1), soup; (2), bouilli; (3), sausages and vegetables; (4), kalbfleische and compôte; whilst the professors' families put up with soup and boiled beef only, and those of the very poor people have horse-meat instead of rindfleische for their animal food.

Four o'clock is the hour for the "coffee-drinking;" and of this meal sausages or hard-boiled eggs are often the accompaniments. At the Kermes at Gölz, on the Mosel, we saw the wife of an officer and (we suppose we *must* add) a gentleman, eat no less than four eggs as hard as we give to our canaries, besides a large hunk of *Göttinger-wurst*, and a big wedge of cake—in addition to a "*portzi-ohn*" (portion, so pronounced) of coffee, and a glass mugful of "*Maiwein*," at a little after three one Sunday afternoon.

Lastly, at eight o'clock, occurs the "*Abend-essen*," or supper, for which some of the lucky few who are blest with a sufficiency of groschens have a second edition of dinner,

* It is but just to except here the "*Hôtel de Trèves*," at Coblenz, the "*Hof von Holland*," in Cologne, and the "*Goldenen Stern*" at Bonn, where the best cooking throughout Rhenish Prussia is to be found. The price charged for dinner at the best *tables d'hôte* is 25 gros (2s 6d.) per head, including a pint of tolerable *Tisch-wein*. At the taverns, equivalent to our commercial inns, the charge for dining at the *table d'hôte* is 15 gros (1s. 6d. English). At the "*Restaurations*" the viands are sold by the plate, or "portion,"—mutton costing 2d. the portion and beef the same, whilst a small supply of ham may be had for 1d. Soup, again, is 1d. the plate, and coffee 1d. the cup. At one of the suburban gardens our children and their maid had tea for 3d. (or 1d. per head), which included coffee, sugar, milk, butter, &c. We remember an English gentleman giving a dinner to two others at one of the principal restaurations, the whole expense of which did not amount to 1s., even though three courses were partaken of by the host and his guests. •

even down to hot pudding—on which they sleep. Others, of more limited means, content themselves with soup and bouilli only; and others, of still humbler resources, with merely a bowlful of baked potatoes and black bread.

Such is, we conscientiously believe, a fair and unexaggerated statement of the food partaken of by the middle classes of Rhenish Prussia.

We now come in due course to speak of the habits of the Prussians at table.

Foreigners, generally speaking—even those belonging to “the politest nation in the world”—seem to be less refined in their conduct while feeding than the pair of Chimpanzees that daily dined in public at our Regent’s Park Zoological Gardens.

It is no unusual sight to see a Parisian dandy, while waiting for his soup at a *restaurant*, clean his nails with his fork, or use the same implement as a tooth-pick.

But if Parisians exhibit little delicacy of feeling at their meals, Prussian ladies as well as gentlemen positively appal you, as well as deprive you of all appetite for your dinner, by their barbarous mode of feeding.

The knife is not only used as a spoon, wherewith to scrape up the last drop of gravy from the plate, by even the *élite* of Rhenish society, but thrust half down the throat by ladies who affect the fancied elegance of white kid gloves. So little skilled, indeed, are the people in the use of a four-pronged silver fork, that the wife of a member of the learned professions assured us she preferred the old-fashioned two-pronged instrument; and when we remonstrated, by reminding her that it was impossible to eat peas with a miniature pitchfork, she replied that she “could do *that* quite well enough with her knife.”

The story is told of Beau Brummel, that he once made his appearance in deep mourning, and on being questioned as to the reason, he informed the inquirer that he was in black for his father. "Dear me!" said his friend, "how terribly sudden! I saw Mr. Brummel only yesterday." "Yes," returned the beau, with affected grief, "and I dined with him last night myself; but when I left him to go to the play, he was busily engaged eating peas with his knife, and so I naturally conclude the poor man has cut his throat by this time."

If, however, Prussian ladies have yet to learn the use of the silver fork, they are certainly not a whit more skilful or elegant in handling their knives, for they grasp the blade rather than the handle, and cut up their meat with about the same grace as our ploughmen hack at their hunks of bread and bacon with their clasp-knives. The approved mode of proceeding at dinner—even with the Prussian exquisites—is to thrust the fork into the meat upon the plate, and pinning it there as with a stiletto, to proceed to cut it all up at once, and then to mix the fragments into a mash with the vegetables and sauce—the mess being eaten first with the fork, and the fragments at the end of the operation duly scooped up with the knife, until every portion of the sauce is lapped from the plate: after this the plate is rubbed clean with pieces of bread, and these duly swallowed; whereupon the knife is cleaned with another bit of crust, which, in its turn, is devoured—dirt, grease, and all.

Nor is the scraping process at all times resorted to; for if the dish happen to be inordinately moist, and the gravy or sauce more plentiful than usual, the more tedious operation of *eating* it with the knife is dispensed with,—the plate itself being then raised to the mouth and the greasy liquid *drunk from the edge* of it, even to the last drop.

The story runs, that at an eating-house in the vilest part of London the announcement was made that, "to ensure a supply of clean plates, a Newfoundland dog was kept on the premises." At the first-class Rhenish hotels, however, such an animal would assuredly starve—the ladies and gentlemen there doing the duty of the fabled hound with us.

Now simple, inexperienced people, must not imagine that we are here stretching an isolated case into a type of the manners of an entire nation, or citing the habits of what are called "low people" as an illustration of the ways of gentlefolks. We are speaking of the behaviour of "officers and gentlemen"—of professors and the members of the learned professions—and indeed of those who rank everywhere as the most refined of the middle classes. Often have we seen ladies at table pour the gravy from their plates into a spoon, and thus drink off every drop of fatty moisture that remained from the meat.

Even in the families of teachers, too, who are engaged in forming the habits and manners of the Prussian youth—and in whom, therefore, one would not naturally expect to find any gross violation of decorum—the dish of baked potatoes that forms the supper of the family is placed in the middle of the table, whence all present help themselves to the vegetables with their hands; and at the *tables d'hôte* where the officers dine you will see the *soi-disant* "gentlemen" place themselves before the mirror after dinner, and, pulling a filthy hair-brush from their pockets, proceed to smooth their locks, whiskers, and moustachios with such ostentation, as plainly indicates that they believe they are performing a meritorious rather than an offensive act.

Interpolated Rhinish Scenes.

(4.)

SPEIER.

The “Kaiserdom” (Imperial Cathedral) at Speier, is one of the most notable edifices in all Germany: that of Köln (or Cologne, to adopt the French corruption of the name) is remarkable for the grace of its architecture—that of Worms, for the charm of its associations with the first “decisive battle” of the Reformation—and that of Speier, as being the gaudiest bit of gilt plaster-work in Rhineland.

The little toy Cathedral of Apollinaris-kirche at Remagen (hardly bigger than a park lodge) is, as it were, a mere painted plaything of a temple—a gewgaw model of an ecclesiastical doll’s house built for some puppet saint.

Still the miniature character of the shrine serves, in a measure, to sober the tawdriness of the interior down to something like barbaric prettiness. The gilt walls of the choir and nave, though gay as a harlequin’s jacket with the glitter and many colours of their frescoes, belong to such a mere “*bijou*” of an edifice—a little thing that seems fit as an ivory man-of-war to be put under a glass-case—that they remind one more of the illuminated missals of the old monks than, as the Kaiserdom does, of the savage splendour of an Indian temple beplastered with mud, jewels, and gold.

At Speier, however, the eye is dazzled to surfeit with the acres of gold-leaf and long panoramas of apotheoses in fresco covering the walls; so that what had almost the grace of a cabinet picture at Apollinaris-kirche becomes vulgar as a theatrical pageant at the Kaiserdom: and no sooner do we





gaze upon the Salisbury plains of Dutch metal and stagey paintings than we are set thinking on the wretched paltry tricks which are termed the "external aids" of the religion with which they are connected.

How long, we wonder, will it be before Romanists will perceive, that if converts are to be caught like insects by glitter, the very love of the glare which allures them must ultimately destroy them also? How long will they continue to connect with the worship of the All-Wise the same trashy pageantry as we dedicate merely to the honour of a Lord Mayor? How long will they believe that which is an inward and spiritual grace to be nothing but an outward piece of stage effect and display; or that the reverence of mere gewgaw can be acceptable to Him who taught that Solomon arrayed in all his glory was not comparable to a simple lily of the field? How long, indeed, will the great lesson of Protestantism be wasted on Papists, and priests persist in degrading Religion down to the muck and mire of the world; or in using that which should serve to wean men from earthly things and treasures, that "moth and rust corrode," as a showy snare and instrument of mere worldly power?

Scarcely a Domkirche exists in Rhineland but is half ruins, half scaffolding-poles—the choir crumbling to decay before the towers have been built—and missionaries sent begging from door to door for funds to complete edifices that are tumbling to pieces at one end quicker than the money can be raised to finish them at the other. Such is the case with the Dom at Köln; so it is, too, at Oppenheim; and a like condition obtains at Speier.

No sooner do we set foot on the planted kind of park that surrounds the Kaiserdom than we hear the clink of the mason's chisel, and find the principal entrance latticed rudely

over with scaffold-poles. But here the anomaly of some half-score masons chipping away at fresh blocks, in the hope of removing one day the scaffolding from the face of the at-last-perfect edifice, strikes the visitor the more forcibly from the fact of Speier having been the site of the great "Protest" from which the Reformed creed derives its name. The mind cannot help thinking of the stolidity of the bigot priests who hope, despite such protest, to see their flashy temples once more complete in all the cunning of their ancient pomp, and who believe it to be still possible to hoodwink the world into a superstitious faith in the power of the very fallible "infallible" gentleman at Rome.

Considered as a work of art, rather than an "external aid" to religion, the interior of the Imperial Cathedral (though devoid of all architectural embellishment, and originally depending for its effect on its simplicity and vastness, for it is nearly 450 feet long and 180 feet wide) is now so thoroughly Germanesque in its decorations as to be, at least, curious if not pleasing.*

* The exterior of the Cathedral (see engraving) has little to recommend it, except the two tall square towers at the end next the Rhine, and the semicircular choir—the sole remains of the original building. These towers are in the Byzantine or Romanesque style, with stunted steeples, as it were, raised on quadrilateral gables, and remind one strongly of those of the *Pfarr-kirche* at Andernach, or St. Castor at Coblenz; while the rounded chancel, with its arcade-like cornice of small Romanesque arches, is much in the style of St. Gereon at Köln.

At one side of the glacis-like grounds surrounding the Domkirche, and which formerly constituted the cathedral cemetery, is a curious grotto-like or rock-work mound, set on a six-sided pedestal, as it were, and surrounded with isolated buttress-like columns, that stand at each angle of the hexagonal base. This is called the "*Oehlberg*" (*Mount of Olives*). The huge blocks of stones of which the mound is composed are carved over in places with leaves and flames, lizards and serpents, &c., and piled up to a point on one side; there being a narrow ledge-like pathway cut in the stones, and winding round the pile from the base to the top. Lying about the mound are the remains of statues, but in so headless and limbless a condition, that in their *torsi* state it is impossible to guess to whom they refer. The guide-

The chancel is literally one large sheet of gold, and on this are painted huge frescoes, representing the principal events in the Virgin's life, by one of the finest of the modern German masters, Jean Schraudolph. Along either side of the nave, too, and between the upper arches, there are frescoes depicting incidents in the history of the Saviour. The cupola, again, is decorated with frescoes, on a gold ground, of the "Lamb

books, however, assert that these truncated figures represent the sleeping disciples, and number among them the torso of Jesus Christ. This singular heap is said to be the remains of a chapel that was erected in 1411 in the centre of the ancient "cloister" of St. Germain (long since destroyed), and which was intended to represent the garden of Gethsemane and the capture of the Saviour.

Near the Oehlberg is a large and rude stone bowl, big as a baptismal font, and not unlike the basin of an old dried-up and spoutless fountain. This is the ancient "*Domnapf*" (the cathedral bowl or cup), and formerly stood in front of the Dom, as a mark to indicate the division between the episcopal territory and that of the city. In olden times, the newly-elected bishops, after having promised to respect the privileges of the town and the rights of the citizens, used to have this bowl filled with wine, and the burghers drank from it to the health of the prelate.

At the end of the Domkirche, towards the Rhine, stands a tall square tower by itself, with battlemented corners, and seeming like one of the ancient gateways to the city. This passes by the name of the "*Heiden-thurmchen*" (the Heathen's Turret), and the base of it is said to be of Roman construction, it having originally formed part, perhaps, of the ancient temple of Mercury, on whose site the Kaisendom is said to have been erected. The style of the upper part of the tower, however, would indicate that it had, in the middle ages, been converted into one of the gates of the old town-walls, the remains of which may still be seen girding the cathedral, and with the little ditch-like river Speier trickling (as you see it in the accompanying print) along one side of them.

The "*Antiken-halle*" (Hall of Antiquities), standing on the opposite side of the cathedral grounds to the Mount of Olives, is a small, guard-house-like building, with its ancient treasures ranged under a little railed-in colonnade. Here are old fragments of once square pillars, with the corners chipped off, and broken capitals to columns, and noseless marble busts, and bas-reliefs, with the principal figures deprived, like Roman Miss Biffins, of hands and feet. There are also small statues in red-stone, in the Chelsea-pensioner-like, armless-and-legless style of ancient remains; and Roman tiles and pots, besides lamps, and glass vessels, spear-heads and sword-blades, and eagles that once belonged to Roman legions, together with an infinity of architectural and archæological relics, sufficient to drive a gentleman from the Antiquarian Society, or Wardour Street, fairly out of his senses with delight. These constitute the Roman remains found in Rhenish Bavaria, chiefly at Rheinzabern.

immolated and triumphant;" whilst at the north and south choirs (where there are more frescoes) the subjects chosen are, respectively, St. Bernard preaching the crusade at Speier, and the Martyrdom of St. Stephen. These paintings took, even with the aid of five assistants, eight years to complete. The figures in the majority of them are larger than life, and outlined in that peculiar, hard style, which belongs to theatrical cut-pieces and German painting.

The inner walls of the Dom are painted a rich brown colour, thickly striped with gold, and with gilt capitals to the columns; while the roof is a bright blue, "picked out" with golden stars.

On either side of the stone-canopied altar, in the centre of the transept, between the nave and the choir, are two gigantic statues—the one to the right representing Rudolph of Hapsburg seated on a green marble pedestal, with his sword in his hand and his helmet at his feet; and the other to the left being the figure of Adolph of Nassau in armour, kneeling on a Byzantine sarcophagus of black marble, which rests on four winged lions. This is by Ohmacht, and was erected by the Duke of Nassau; whilst that of Rudolph of Hapsburg is the work of Schwanthaler of Munich, and was set up by the King of Bavaria.

Speier is indeed the St. Denis of Germany, where the Emperors were for many years interred. The site of the Imperial vault is still pointed out, and here once reposed the bones of no less than eight of the German monarchs: Conrad II., Henry III., IV., and V., Philip of Suabia, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Adolph of Nassau, and Albert of Austria. The French troops, however, in 1689, set fire to the Cathedral, and broke open and plundered the Imperial vault, so that it is difficult to say to whom belong the few bones that still remain.

The little outhouse-like chapel of St. Afra (a mere fragment

of the original building) is comparatively plain, with red sandstone pillars, being ornamented with only a gold niche or shell at the end. This is a peculiarly interesting spot, from its having long been the resting-place of the unburied body of the excommunicated Henry IV.—him who was the first royal rebel against the despotic power of the Pope, and whose touching story we read piece-meal, with all the vividness of associated scenery, as we ascend the banks of the Rhine. First we see in the hedge-like walls of the ruined stronghold of Hammerstein, the mountain spot where formerly the crown and royal robes of the German Empire were kept, and where the old monarch was imprisoned by Henry V., his usurper-son, till he consented to renounce them in the youth's favour. Again, at the castle of Marksburg, we behold the cramped dungeon-cell in which the Emperor was previously immured, and where he used to sit hour after hour, envying the liberty of the stream below as he watched through his prison-bars the bright waters dancing in the sunbeams. Farther on, we gaze upon the rude crumbling pile of Klopp at Bingen—another prison-house of the ill-fated, or rather ill-treated king—who, having been enticed up to Mainz by the feigned penitence of his traitor-son, had hardly clasped the rebellious boy in forgiveness to his bosom before the guards of the Papal conspirators and bigot prelates burst into the chamber, and tearing the imperial robes from his shoulders, cast him from the throne into a cell. And here, at Speier, we witness as it were the last scene of the eventful tragedy—the crowning act of the Papal spite, wreaked even against the corpse of the heart-broken monarch—the wretched rotting body itself persecuted for years after the poor unhappy soul had been worried out of it!

The ecclesiastic history connected with Speier is almost as interesting to English minds as that of Worms, and as we

follow in the Rhenish castles of Hammerstein, Marksburg, and Klopp, the several scenes in the history of the first Anti-Papal King, so with the neighbouring Rhenish cathedrals of Worms and Speier are linked the capital events of the great Protestant rising headed by the "heresiarch" monk, Martin Luther.

At Worms the first act as it were of the drama of the Reformation was played, and concluded with the mere empty railing of the Emperor's Edict, placing the heretic Luther under the ban of the Empire, and forbidding all persons to grant him or his adherents either asylum, food, or protection.* This was mere "sound and fury, signifying

* The signing of this edict was postponed till some twenty days after Luther's defence of his doctrines, and was executed by the Emperor, after mass, at Worms Cathedral. "It was a great festival," we are told, "and Charles V. went in state to the Domkirche. When the religious ceremonies were over, and a crowd of people still thronged the sanctuary, Alexander, the Papal Nuncio, robed in all the insignia of his dignity, approached Charles V. He held in his hand two copies of the edict against Luther, one in Latin, the other in German, and, kneeling before his Imperial Majesty, entreated him to affix to them his signature and the seal of the empire. It was at the moment when the sacrifice had been offered, when the incense still filled the temple, and while the sacred chants were re-echoing through its long-drawn aisles, that the destruction of the enemy of Rome was to be sealed. The Emperor, assuming a very gracious air, took the pen and wrote his name. Alexander withdrew in triumph, immediately sent the decree to the printers, and forwarded it to every part of Christendom." It ran as follows :—

"The Almighty having confided to us (Charles V.), for the defence of His holy faith, more kingdoms and greater authority than He has ever given to any of our predecessors, we purpose by every means in our power to prevent our holy empire from being polluted by any heresy :

"The Augustine Monk, Martin Luther, notwithstanding our exhortation, has rushed like a madman on our holy Church, and attempted to destroy it, by books overflowing with blasphemy In a word, not to mention his many other evil practices, this man (who is in truth not a man, but Satan himself under the form of a man, and dressed in a monk's frock,) has collected into one stinking slough all the vilest heresies of past times, and has added to them new ones of his own :

"We have, therefore, dismissed from our presence this Luther, whom all pious

nothing," and in no way respected. The Evangelical Elector, John of Saxony, however, had caused Luther to be carried off on his return from the Diet, and concealed him in the castle of Wartburg, near Eisenbach. Here, in his island of Patmos as he called it, Luther remained for a year, writing treatises against "confession," the "mass," monastic vows and priestly celibacy; and afterwards returned to Wittenberg, where he occupied himself with his translation of the Bible—a work that has done almost as much for the German language as it has for religion.

In the meantime the "heresy" of the Reformation was growing on all sides, so that at length the Emperor Charles V. determined upon a visit to Rome, in order to consult with the Pope, and then to return to Germany for the purpose of restraining the unbelievers, and enforcing the Edict of Worms.

and sensible men must deem a madman, or one possessed by the devil; and we enjoin, that on the expiration of his safe-conduct immediate recourse be had to effectual measures to check his furious rage:

"For this reason, under pain of the penalties due to the crime of high treason, we forbid you (all electors, princes, prelates, and others,) to harbour the said Luther, after the appointed term shall have expired, or to conceal him, to give him food or drink, or to furnish him, by word or deed, publicly or secretly, with any kind of succour whatever. We enjoin you, moreover, to seize him, or cause him to be seized, wherever you may find him, to bring him before us without any delay, or to keep him in safe custody until you have learned from us in what manner you are to act towards him, and have received the reward due to your labours in so holy a work.

"As for his adherents, you will apprehend them, confine them, and confiscate their property.

"And as for his writings, you will burn them, or utterly destroy them in any other manner.

"As for the authors, poets, printers, painters, buyers or sellers of placards or pictures against the Pope or the Church, you will seize them, body and goods, and deal with them according to your good pleasure.

"And if any person, whatever be his dignity, shall dare act in contradiction to the decree of our Imperial Majesty, we order him to be placed under the ban of the empire.

"Let every man behave according to this decree."

The last summons, it was arranged, was to be addressed to the heretics by the Diet of Speier, which was to take place on the 25th June, 1526.

On the opening of this Diet, the first step of the Evangelical princes, after entering the town, was "to ask," say the historians, "for a place of worship." The Bishop of Speier, Count-Palatine of the Rhine, having indignantly refused the strange request, the princes complained of it, as an act of injustice, and ordered their ministers to preach daily in the halls of their palaces, which were immediately filled by an immense crowd from the city and the country, amounting to many thousands.

In vain, on the feast-days, did Ferdinand, the ultramontane princes, and the bishops, assist in the pomps of the Roman worship in the Kaiserdom; the simple Gospel preached in the Protestant vestibules engrossed all hearers, and the tawdry pageant of the mass was celebrated in an empty church.

All the followers of the Evangelical princes in those days wore, embroidered on their right sleeves, the initials V. D. M. I. Æ., that is to say: "VERBUM DEI MANET IN ÆTERNUM" (the Word of God endureth for ever). The same inscription might be read on the escutcheons of the Lutheran princes suspended over their hotels.

In every part of the city, too, hawkers were selling Christian pamphlets, written in Latin and in German, and ornamented with engravings, in which the errors of Rome were vigorously attacked. One of these books was entitled, "*The Papacy with its Members, painted and described by Doctor Luther;*" and in it figured the Pope, the Cardinals, and all the religious orders, exceeding sixty, each with their costumes and descriptions in verse.

But in the interval between the summoning and assembling of the Diet, Pope Clement VII., whom Charles was about to

visit, had, with a strange infatuation, suddenly turned against the monarch ; whereupon Charles turned as abruptly towards the Evangelical princes : “ Let us suspend the Edict of Worms,” he then wrote to his brother ; “ let us bring back Luther’s partisans by mildness, and, by a good counsel, cause the triumph of Evangelical truth.”

What, then, was to be done ? The Edict of Worms could neither be repealed nor carried into execution. So strange a predicament led of necessity to the desired solution — Religious Liberty.

“ In one place,” said the deputies of the cities, “ the ancient ceremonies (of the Church) have been preserved ; in another they have been abolished ; and both parties think they are right. Let us allow every man to do as he think fit until a council shall re-establish the desired unity of all by the Word of God.”

The “ recess ” of the Diet, dated the 27th of August, 1526, decreed, therefore, that a national free council should be convoked within a year ; that they should request the Emperor to return speedily to Germany ; and that, until then, each State should behave in its own territory in such a manner as to be able to render an account to God and to the Emperor.

Thus matters continued — the Reformation still increasing, under the authority of the law as it were — until the 29th June, 1528, when a peace between the heads of the German Empire and of the Roman Church was concluded at Barcelona, based on the destruction of heresy ; and in November of the same year another Diet was convoked to meet at Speier, on the 21st February, 1529.

“ Never did the sacerdotal party appear in the Diet, we are told, in such numbers, or so powerful and decided, as then.”

On the 5th March, Ferdinand, who was the President of

the Diet, the Dukes of Bavaria, and lastly, the archiepiscopal Electors of Mentz and Trèves, entered the gates of Speier, surrounded by a numerous armed escort. On the 13th March came John the Elector of Saxony, attended only by Melancthon and Agricola. But the Lutheran Philip of Hesse, faithful to his character, entered the city on the 18th March, to the sound of trumpets, and with two thousand horsemen.

The divergence of men's minds soon became manifest. A Papist did not meet a Lutheran in the street without casting angry glances at him, and secretly threatening him with perfidious machinations. The Elector-Palatine passed the Saxons without appearing to know them; and although John of Saxony was the most important of the Princes-Elector, none of the chiefs of the opposite party visited him.

On the assembling of the Diet, the Papal party called for the execution of the Edict of Worms, 1521; and the Evangelical party demanded, on the contrary, the maintenance of the Edict of Speier, 1526.

But the majority of the members of the Diet, rejecting the demands both of the priests and the Lutherans, came to a resolution, on the 15th of March, 1529, that "every religious innovation should continue to be interdicted in the places where the Edict of Worms had been carried out."

A declaration, however, was drawn up on the 19th April by the Elector of Saxony and his allies, and this declaration was the famous "*Protest*" that henceforward gave the name of "*Protestant*" to the renovated Church*—a protest which raised the power of the conscience above that of the ma-

* This Protest was as follows:—

"Dear Lords, Commons, Uncles, and Friends,

* * * * *

"We cannot consent to the repeal of the last recess of Speier (1526), because it concerns the glory of God and the salvation of our souls, and in such matters we ought to have regard above all to the commandments of God, who is King of

gistrate, and the authority of the Word of God above that of a mere Church—the great Bill of Religious Rights as it were—the Magna Charta of the Conscience.

These memorable Diets were held at the ancient imperial palace of Speier, called *Retscher* (probably a corruption of "*Hradschin*," the name of the castle of Prague) and of which now only an old half-hidden wall exists by the side of the bare Methodist-chapel-like Protestant Church in the "Enge Gasse" (Narrow Lane).

Nor is the civic history of Speier less eventful than the part it has played in the ecclesiastical revolutions of the world.

kings and Lord of lords, each of us rendering him account for himself, without caring the least in the world about 'majority' or 'minority.'

* * * * *

"Adhesion to your doctrine would be to act against our conscience to deny our Lord Jesus Christ, to reject His Holy Word, and thus give Him just reason to deny us in turn before His Father, as He has threatened.

"What! shall *we* ratify this edict? Shall *we* assert that when Almighty God calls a man to His knowledge, this man cannot however receive the knowledge of God? Oh! of what deadly backslidings should we not thus become the accomplices, not only among *our* subjects, but also among *yours*!

"For this reason we reject the yoke that is imposed upon us.

"Moreover, seeing that there is no sure doctrine but such as is conformable to the Word of God; that the Lord forbids the teaching of any other doctrine; that each text of the Holy Scriptures ought to be explained by other and clearer texts; and that this holy book is in all things necessary for the Christian, easy of understanding, and calculated to scatter the darkness: we are resolved, with the grace of God, to maintain the pure and exclusive preaching of His only Word, such as it is contained in the biblical books of the Old and New Testament, without adding anything thereto that may be contrary to it. This Word is the only truth; it is the sure rule of all doctrine and of all life, and can never fail or deceive us.

"For these reasons, most dear lords, uncles, cousins, and friends, we earnestly entreat you to weigh carefully our grievances and our motives. If you do not yield to our request, we PROTEST, by these presents, before God, our only Creator, Preserver, Redeemer, and Saviour, and who will one day be our Judge, as well as before all men and all creatures, that we, for us and for our people, neither consent nor adhere, in any manner whatsoever, to the proposed decree in anything that is contrary to God, to His Holy Word, to our right conscience, to the salvation of our souls, and to the last decree of Speier."

The Romans are said to have founded the city, and when Tacitus wrote it formed one of the strongest defences as well the most splendid of all the towns on the banks of the Rhine. It was called by them "*Augusta Nemetum*" and "*Noviomagus*," but later, "*Spira*."

A Roman temple to Mercury, we are told, existed on the present site of the Domkirche, and the heathen shrine was originally converted into a Christian Church by Dagobert II. Conrad II. (called the Salic) founded the present Cathedral, in 1027, as a place of burial for himself and his Imperial successors.

In the time of Charlemagne, Speier became the seat of the Germanic Diet, and the ancient Franconian and Suabian kings made it their place of residence, raising it to the dignity of a free city of the Empire.

In 1111, Henry V. granted it the monopoly of the carrying-trade up and down the Rhine, and it then became the centre of a flourishing commerce. The citizens had conferred upon them, at the same time, the right of destroying any baronial castle which might be built within three miles of their gates.

During the middle ages, Speier was alternately the scene of Imperial festivity within its walls, and of violent feuds and battles without—the citizens being then as well versed in the use of arms as in the arts of trade, and battling at one time with some neighbouring town, and at another issuing forth to punish the rapacity of some feudal baron who had plundered their merchants on the high-road. Occasionally, too, Speier was besieged by the collective armies of the barons and cities with whom they had been at war, and though the united force against them, at one time, numbered 20,000 men, the enemy was repulsed, history tells us, by the bravery of its citizens.

Nor did these struggles between the citizens and the "robber-nobles" cease until the enactment of the celebrated Edict abolishing the right of private warfare (*Faust-recht*—literally, "club-law"); and after that time the Imperial Chamber (*Reichs-Kammergericht*), for enforcing the mandate, sat at Speier for upwards of 200 years.

But the town was no sooner freed from the disaster of private warfare than it became the prey of foreign enemies. In the 14th century the population of Speier, like that of Worms, was nearly 30,000, which is about threefold what it is at the present day. In the 17th century, however, the trade and prosperity of the city began to decay; and in the year 1689 its ruin was completed by the French, during the "*Mordbrenner Krieg*" (Incendiary War) of the "Orleans succession."

The town then fell into the hands of the French, who commanded the people to betake themselves, within six days, to Alsace, Lorraine, or Burgundy, and not to recross the Rhine, upon pain of death. At the expiration of the term, one of the French provosts, the story runs, entered the city, followed by forty executioners, having a gallows and a wheel, the emblems of their profession, embroidered on their dress. By these officers the people were driven out of the city by the roll of the drum, like a horde of criminals. Then, at the orders of the French Commander, Montclair, piles of combustibles were stacked in the houses and fired, so that the "seven-and-forty streets" of which Speier was then composed, were quickly in flames. The houses continued burning for three days and three nights, during which time miners were engaged in blowing up the stronger walls and cloisters, in order that not a stone of the place might be left standing.

The enemy had promised to respect the Cathedral, and the citizens had, therefore, filled it with their goods previous to

quitting the neighbourhood; but the French, instead of fulfilling their pledge, first plundered the goods, and then used them as fuel for the destruction of the edifice. It was at this period that the ancient cupola, nave, and choir, were destroyed, and the two towers alone left standing out of six that formerly graced the pile. It was at the same time, too, that the graves of the Emperors were broken open, and their bones scattered abroad; and though before this siege the city boasted five suburbs enclosed within its ramparts, and no less than 13 gates, and 64 towers of defence provided with artillery—all of these, with the exception of the ancient gate called the "*Altpörtel*," were levelled with the dust, the town remaining for many years a mere heap of rubbish.

This ancient gateway still stands at the end of *Maximilian Strasse*, and is merely a huge square turret, tunnelled, as it were, with an archway at its base, and surmounted by a tall roof, that reminds one forcibly of the immense slate pyramids piled on top of the wings of the Tuilleries.

After the destruction of the town in 1689, Speier was long before it was rebuilt; and even when the city was reared anew, it never regained its former prosperity; but was in the year 1794 again attacked by the French army, who, after six different assaults, carried it once more by storm, and re-enacted all the brutal scenes that their compatriots had perpetrated in the preceding century.

In the year 1816 Speier came into the possession of the King of Bavaria, and at his cost principally the Cathedral has been since restored.

III.

CLASSES OF AMUSEMENT.

§ 1.

SENSE OF COMFORT AND LUXURY—IDEAS OF “HOME”—CASINOS,
CONCERTS, AND “KERMESES”—WINE-GARDENS—SHOOTING-
FEASTS—DRINKING AND SMOKING.

THE pleasures of a people are a delicate test of the national morals.

All labour is performed and all business pursued merely to obtain a supply of articles of necessity, comfort, or luxury. An article of necessity is that which, like bread, tends to remove a physical *pain* or want; an article of comfort, on the other hand, that which serves to relieve a mere *uneasiness* or inconvenience (as baths, beds, carpets, &c.); while an article of luxury is what confers a positive *pleasure* (as jewels, wines, music).

Now of these three kinds of commodities, into which the produce and riches of every country are divisible,* it is

* Not only is the produce of every country divisible into articles of necessity, comfort, and luxury, but according as the capital is devoted, in a greater or less proportion, to the production of one or other of these three classes of commodities, so is the happiness of the people more or less general: or, in plain English, so is their condition more or less necessitous, or more or less comfortable, or more or less luxurious. In young countries, for instance, the greater part of the wealth set aside for future production is applied to the increase of articles of necessity; and hence food becomes plentiful and cheap, whilst articles of comfort and luxury are correspondingly scarce and dear, so that the people

evident that the luxuries are those which can be the most easily dispensed with by the community, and which, when indulged in, form a safer criterion than either of the others as to the tastes or propensities of the individuals.

generally, under such circumstances, are far removed from want, and there is but little difference between rich and poor. In more advanced nations, however, the various arts come to be practised, and a considerable proportion of the capital devoted to their production ; consequently, there being comparatively less wealth applied to the increase of the articles of necessity, and more to those of comfort and luxury, the former become gradually scarce, and the latter abundant. The natural result is, that whilst articles of luxury and comfort are being inordinately cheapened, the necessities of life are growing regularly more and more costly ; so that the poor, under such circumstances, become continually poorer, obtaining less and less for their money, whilst the rich, on the other hand, get gradually richer, securing more and more comforts and luxuries for the same amount of expenditure ; hence the nation comes, ultimately, to be divided into two extreme classes,—the very rich and the very poor.

That such has been the case in our own land there cannot be a doubt. Every article of luxury has of late years been greatly reduced in price. We have, nowadays, cheap watches and cheap gold chains, cheap silks, carriages, pianos, furniture, pine-apples, ices, concerts, and operas ; whilst bread, and meat, and rent, have all been as gradually augmenting in money-value.

Every man among us knows that the great alteration in this country within the last century has arisen from the vast development of our manufactures, our mines, and our means of intercommunication ; but while this great change has been going on, and our population extending itself at a most rapid rate, the production of the *necessaries* of life has hardly been augmented among us,—the inclosure of waste lands having been comparatively trifling ; and thus, while we have cheap cloth, and shirts, and stockings, and crockery, and glass, and hardware, the price of bread is considerably dearer than it was before Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Merthyr Tydfil, &c., sprang into existence. Hence we have, at frequent intervals, the social anomaly occurring among us of too many shirts and too many shirtless ; and this owing to the simple fact that there is not sufficient “ purchasing power ” in the community at such times to cause a demand for the surplus manufactures : or, in less technical terms, the people have no surplus food to exchange against such commodities, *i.e.* no funds wherewith to purchase the stock on hand, and contribute toward a fresh supply.

Such likewise appears to be the case with Rhenish Prussia, for there the production of wine is annually increasing, and that of corn as gradually decreasing ; so that wine becomes more plentiful for the rich and food scarcer for the poor, and while the vineyards are becoming more numerous, even black bread is growing to be a luxury, and the consumption of potatoes and the number of out-wanderers (emigrants) getting greater every year.

The mere satisfying the cravings of hunger, or the protection of the body against the agony of cold, affords us no clue to the idiosyncrasy of a particular people; whereas the indulgence in habits of cleanliness, as well as a love of cosiness and tidiness at home, together with a liking for the tranquillity of the family fireside, betray not only a considerable amount of refined sensibility on the part of a nation, but imply a sedateness of character, and a development of those tender and affectionate graces of human nature, which are termed the domestic virtues. But, on the other hand, a taste for luxury, or a predilection for mere pleasure, being a positive rather than a negative enjoyment,—a feeling prompted merely by the recollection of some past delight, instead of by the sense of some present unpleasantness, and for which, consequently, there is no physical excuse,—exhibits a gross oftener than a refined nature, especially when the pleasures are merely sensual ones, and they are sought after at the expense of comforts.

To delight in gaudy clothes, for instance, and yet be callous as to the annoyance and offensiveness of an unclean person, is distinctive of negroes; and to find enjoyment in drinking stimulating liquors whilst we are insensible to the charms of a wholesome, snug, and neat dwelling-place, is to be on a level with savages. The lowest and most undeveloped of human beings can appreciate the coarse pleasures of luxury, but it requires an educated and refined nature to be alive to those delicate gradations of feeling which an Englishman comprises under the term *comfort*—even as the uninformed eye can perceive the barbaric beauty of lustrous metals and vivid colours, whilst it needs the organ of a Rembrandt to feel the higher and softer charms of the “clear obscure.”

The various articles of comfort which now form part of our every-day life seem to come so natural to us, that we

can hardly imagine the time when they were unknown in the land: and it is only the learned who are aware how comparatively recent has been the introduction of the majority of those things which now appear to be absolutely indispensable to human existence in a civilised state.

Even beds are almost modern inventions: our forefathers having slept upon litters of loose rushes and heather, rather than couches of feathers; indeed, it is only three-and-a-half centuries since straw was discarded from the royal bed-chambers of England. Shirts, again, were not worn till the reign of the third Henry, when they were first made by the Flemish artisans who took refuge in this country at the time of the religious persecutions; whilst, as regards stockings, even Henry VIII. had only cloth hose to cover his legs; and Stowe tells us that one William Rider, a London apprentice, seeing some knit worsted stockings from Mantua at the house of an Italian merchant, in 1564, ingeniously worked a pair like them, which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke; and they were the first of the kind, he adds, "ever made in England." Silk mantles were first worn in England in 1286, by some noblemen's ladies, at a ball at Kenilworth Castle; but the fabric remained an expensive article of foreign produce till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was first manufactured in this country. Moreover, Catherine Howard, queen of Henry VIII., is said to have first used brass-wire pins, previous to which time ladies' dresses were fastened with skewers; and, further, needles were not manufactured in this country till the reign of "Bloody Mary," when they were made for the first time in Cheapside, by a negro from Spain.

Again, chimneys to our houses date only as far back as the year 1200; before which period chafing-dishes were in use; and even in the year 1300 the family used to sit round

a stove, the funnel of which passed through the ceiling: whilst the candles common among the people at the same date consisted of splinters of wood fatted—gas, it is needless to state, being an invention of the present century.

Nor had we such things as glass windows to our rooms till the beginning of the twelfth century, and even then the material had to be imported from Italy. Further, carpets were articles of extreme luxury down to the same period; and it is mentioned by old historians, as an instance of Becket's splendid style of living, about the year 1160, that his sumptuous apartments were every day in winter strewn with clean hay or straw. Indeed our Kidderminster and Wilton manufactures are the growth of the last hundred years.

The plates and dishes, too, on which the food was formerly served, were unglazed, being more like pantiles than our present crockery, up to the time of Palissy the potter, who discovered the art of giving a glassy surface to earthenware, towards the middle of the sixteenth century: whilst forks are an Italian innovation, not having been known among us more than two hundred and fifty years; for one Thomas Coryate, writing in 1608, tells us that at Venice it was the custom then to provide each person at dinner with a fork to hold the meat, besides the ordinary knife and spoon—it being considered ill manners there to touch the viands with the hand; and he adds, "I myself have thought it good to imitate the Italian fashion since I came home to England."

Then, even as regards the majority of our eatables, the same account must be given. The principal vegetables that are now sent to table with our meat were brought from Flanders in the reign of the eighth Henry; for, previous to 1509, we are told that sugar was generally eaten with animal food, "to correct its putrescency." Even cabbages, salads, and gooseberries, were unknown among us till the year 1520, and apples

first cultivated in this country in 1525; whilst currants, or "Corinthian grapes," as they were called, were not planted in England till 1533; nor apricots till 1540; neither did we know the flavour of beans, peas, or lettuces, till the year 1600.

Nor is it more than two centuries since tea was originally brought to England, by my Lord Ossory, from Holland; when the flavour being admired by persons of rank, it began to be regularly imported, the price at first being as much as sixty shillings the pound.

With respect to books, again, it should be remembered that the invention of typography dates only from the fifteenth century, the first book having been printed in England in 1474, previous to which it was customary for copies of celebrated works to fetch double or treble their weight in gold: a homily being exchanged for two hundred sheep and five quarters of wheat; and King Alfred, in 872, having given, it is said, a large estate for a copy of a treatise on cosmography.

Watches, too, properly so called, (for that used by the Emperor Charles V. is said to have been a small table-clock rather than a pocket-timepiece), have been manufactured only two hundred years: for one of the first ever made was presented by Dr. Hooke, the inventor, to our Charles the Second, and this bears the date of 1658.

Carriages, we may add, are but a hundred years older than watches, for in the middle of the sixteenth century there were but two coaches in Paris, one of which belonged to the Queen, whilst the first carriage seen in England was manufactured in 1553; previous to that period monarchs travelled on horseback, princesses were carried in litters, and ladies rode a-pillion behind their squires. Hackney-carriages, however, were not introduced till nearly a century afterwards—the first having been licensed in 1662, and the earliest stand set up at the Maypole in the Strand, by St. Clement's Church;

whereas mail-coaches, for the rapid conveyance of letters and passengers, were not established till the end of the last century, the plan having been devised by Mr. Palmer of Bath, and the first put into practice at Bristol in 1784—prior to which the letters were conveyed by one-horse carts, or by boys on horseback.

Now by the above brief chronological catalogue it will be seen, that most of the appliances of modern civilisation have been introduced into Europe within the last three centuries; and it should be noted at the same time, that many of the foregoing social refinements have not even yet become *general* among continental nations. Stockings, for instance, can hardly be said to be common among the people of France: many a middle-class French dandy wearing under his patent leather boots nothing but a roll of rags, instead of hose. In Germany, too, the families still sit round a stove with the funnel thrust through the wall, the same as our forefathers did five hundred years ago. Further, the chambers, even of the wealthy Germans, remain uncarpeted to this day; preserved fruits, too, are eaten with the meat instead of vegetables, as sugar was by our ancestors in the year 1500; whilst the people in general hardly understand the use of forks.

Indeed it is admitted by all, that whilst a love of luxury is distinctive of the French character, comfort is essentially an English enjoyment,—foreign languages possessing no equivalent for the idea: for when the people of other nations have learnt from us to have a faint notion of the physical and social delights included under the term, and have transplanted our word into their vocabulary, they misapply it so ridiculously as to prove to every English mind that they still have no definite knowledge either of the feeling or the meaning of the expression. “Comfortable pastry” we once saw announced

at a confectioner's in Paris; and the Germans fancy our term to be synonymous with *solace*,—using the word “*Trost*” in its place.

A love of comfort, however, comes from a love of home, so that those nations who make no verbal nor mental distinction between the home and the house in which they happen to live, and whose very dictionaries prove that they have not yet learnt to appreciate the tranquil joys of domestic life, cannot, of course, be expected to comprehend that *comfortable* state of mind which is the consequence of an agreeable abiding-place.

Further, civilisation and politeness, in their literal and derivative meanings, signify simply that refinement which arises from the dwelling in cities, as contradistinguished from that rougher and boorish nature which is induced by agrarian habits; and as the living in houses is the main point which distinguishes the settler from the wanderer,—the civilised man from the savage, so does the development of the domestic feelings,—the exaltation of the mere dwelling-place into the almost sacred character of a home—display a higher grade of civilisation, a more steady and sedate character, on the part of a nation.

Tried, then, by these indisputable principles, it is evident that no country rivals England in the civilisation of its people, since in no other nation are the home-feelings and the home-virtues so highly developed, whilst the sense of comfort remains unawakened in almost every other land.

On the Continent, the middle and lower classes live chiefly out of doors. A Frenchman reads his morning paper at his *café*, dines at his *restaurant*, and passes his evenings either in playing dominoes at the neighbouring *estaminet*, or at the theatre or some “*café chantant*,” or else among the dancing *grisettes* and *lorettes* at one of the public gardens. His home

is merely the place for himself and his wife and children to sleep in, and certainly *not* the spot in which all his affections are centered.

In Prussia the same thing holds good, though hardly to the same extent; for society, in the Rhenish capital at least, is upon the same low and degraded footing as it was with us some hundred years ago, when even our gallants and our wits spent the night at taverns, and scarcely a husband or a father throughout the nation dreamt of passing the evening among the members of his own family.

These remarks upon continental habits and manners, it should be added, refer only to the middle classes, for with what are termed "the higher," we profess no acquaintance. Moreover, the middle class of every country affords the fairest notion as to the state of the nation; for not only are all commodities reducible into necessities, comforts, and luxuries, but the several classes of society admit of being divided in the same manner,—into the necessitous, the comfortable, and the luxurious: so that, by attending to the middle state, we are enabled to discover the real amount of civilisation and refinement in the land, the extremes giving us no more idea as to the social condition of the race than the hottest and coldest days afford us as to the average temperature of the climate.

The Prussian homes we have already shown to be no very inviting places; hence it is not astonishing to find the people indulging in those gross customs which prevailed with us before the houses of our merchants and tradesmen had been rendered more attractive and agreeable than many a continental palace—viz. of retiring, almost as soon as the day's business was ended, either to some tavern-club or favourite beer-shop, to smoke and drink away the evening. In England, however, such habits appertain nowadays only to working-men and the

small retail dealers, who, possessing no place of their own worthy of the name of a home, fly to the nearest tap-room or bar-parlour, as the cosiest possible substitute.

The Coblenz "Casino," to which the majority of the people betake themselves at dusk, is, when the title is rendered into English, dignified by the name of a Club; but it is no more like our "Athenæum," or "Reform," or "United Service," than "Codgers' Hall" resembles the House of Commons. Perhaps the style of English institutions to which it bears the closest similitude is "the Eagle Tavern," or "Highbury Barn;" for there are gardens fitted with tables for *alfresco* refreshments, and large rooms for smoking and drinking in, to the occasional accompaniment of music; though the grounds are by no means so extensive, nor the rooms so well appointed, as the sixpenny suburban retreats popular among our chandlers and artizans. The drinking and even dining-chambers of the so-called Coblenz Club are quite on a level with those of any English public-house tap, and certainly far inferior, both in furniture and refinement, to our "Albion Tavern," or the "Scotch Stores;" for the tables are unpolished, the boards uncarpeted, and the refreshments served with no more style than at what we term a "slap-bang." There are, moreover, reading rooms after the manner of our Mechanics' Institutes; and balls, for the wives and daughters of the members, about equal in elegance to those of the defunct "Whittington," and "all for the small charge" of 1s. 6d. per month.*

At these dances the English visitor will obtain a lively

* If the Coblenzers have much to learn from us in the appointments and conduct of their clubs, we might nevertheless take a hint from them, and permit the members of our "Carltons" and "Travellers" to have unsophisticated wine sent home from the joint-stock cellars to their own residences at the wholesale prices. Nor would it be unadvisable, now-a-days, to apply the same principle to such articles as tea, sugar, coffee, &c., and thus avoid not only the exorbitant profits, but also the poisonous adulterations, of the retailer.

notion of the state of female cleanliness by the colour of the ladies' flannel petticoats, for as the waltzers twirl round and round, under-garments will be revealed to the sight rivalling in tint the habiliments of a *Schornstein-feger*. The greater part of the gentlemen, moreover, will be found dancing ungloved, whilst many a fair creature who has retired to the tranquillity of the supper-room will be seen smoothing her hair over the sumptuous pennyworth of cherry pie that her partner has commanded to be placed before her.

Those who are not members of the Casino frequent some beerhouse in the evenings (the hotels and more decent taverns being too expensive for a Prussian's pocket). Here the natives smoke, and drink the extract of taraxacum called "*Baierisch-bier*," and the officers occasionally (for the places swarm with such folk) indulge, by way of supper, in a three-halfpenny plate of hot mutton, or a twopenny plate of ham, or a raw "*neue Häring*," or a potato salad, with the potatoes in a like crude condition.

In the neighbourhood of every town there is always a thick sprinkling of wine-and-beer-gardens, some of which are immediately outside the gates, (to avoid the town-dues,) and others about a league distant from the city. These are after the fashion of our humblest tea-gardens, rather than being emulous of the sylvan beauties of "Madrid" in the Bois de Boulogne, or the "faster" glories of our own Cremorne or Rosherville. Indeed, to whatever establishment you go in Rhenish Prussia, the two things that first strike you are the want of capital and the want of enterprise on the part of the penniless and phlegmatic proprietor.

The *Wein-gartens* at Moselweis and Horchheim, and those on the banks of the (certainly not blue) Mosel, are all, more or less, of the grubby, scrubby, shrubby character, being laid out

with no more taste than our kitchen-gardens; whilst the places called "*Rheinlusts*" are small wildernesses near the summit of one of the hills overlooking the river, and fitted with some two or three huge straw parasols nicknamed summer-houses.

At one and all of these resorts the coffee has the true Prussian smack of acorns, and the wine, if neutralised with carbonate of soda as before recommended, continues to effervesce to a degree that is perfectly alarming, as indicative of the amount of vinegar it contains. To such places, nevertheless, come the tradesmen and officers, on a Sunday, to drink their "*Essig*," nicknamed *Zeltinger* and *Piesporter*, and eat their uncooked sausages.

Further, many of the Coblenzers betake themselves, by way of an afternoon's pleasure, to the mild excitement of the Cold-water Establishment at Laubach, and there strive to cheer themselves with glasses of raspberry vinegar, or an infusion of cherries squashed in water; whilst those who are more fashionable retire to the medicinal gaieties of the Baths at Ems or Bertrich, where they sip their hot salts in public, indulging in the refreshing glass of warm Epsom or Glauber in the dog-days, with as much gusto as we do "Sherry Cobblers" or iced "Cliquot."

Now at all these kindred establishments (for it is almost impossible to discriminate between the medicinal waters and the so-called refreshments, the wines having all the acidity of fever-draughts, and the beer all the apothecary-like smack of tonics,) a band is usually provided, as an extra inducement to the bibbers. "GROSSES CONCERT U. BAIERISCH BIER" is the usual announcement; so that you drink your taraxacum (beer) at Texas to the excitement of a "*Frei Concert*," or pickle yourself with acetic acid (wine) at Moselweis, to the tuneful jerkings of one of Labitsky's polkas, or else you in-

dulge in your alkaline antidote to all the vinegar you have previously swallowed, under the name of "*Stieger*," or "*Braune-berger*," to the sound of a brass band at Ems.

Around Coblenz there were some dozen of these "*Wein-gartens*," and the little play-bill of a daily paper was usually half-filled with these advertisements of "GARDEN CONCERTS" and "GARDEN HARMONIES"—the said concerts being, as with our "Canterbury Halls" and "Effingham Saloons," merely extra attractions to induce extra drinking.*

Moreover, every village has its annual "Kermes," or Sunday Fair, in honour of the saint after whom the parish church is christened; and this again is an excuse for the people flocking in unusual crowds to the "*Wein-gartens*," and

* We append a few advertisements, cut at random from the Coblenz paper, in illustration of this part of our subject:—

To-day, Christ's Ascension,
GARDEN-CONCERT,
Executed by the Hartmann Society,
whereto (the public) is most respectfully invited.

J. Z——, at Güls.

MOSELWEISS GARDEN.
To-day, Thursday (Christ's Ascension),
CONCERT,

Executed by the Band of the 25th
Regiment of Infantry. Open at half-
past Three. Admission for Gentlemen,
2½ sgr. (3d. English).

TEXAS.
To-day, Thursday, 1st May, 1856.
GRAND FREE CONCERT.
Open at half-past four.

To-day, 1st May,
HARMONY,
At Fellingner's.

To-day, Thursday,
CONCERT
(At the Tavern bearing the sign of)
"THE PENINSULA."

To-day, Thursday,
GRAND CONCERT,
Executed by the Band of the 25th
Regiment of Infantry. Open at half-
past Three. Admission for Gentlemen,
2½ sgr. (3d. English).
G. T——, at Pfaffendorf.

OBERLAHNSTEIN.
To-day, Ascension Day, if favourable
weather,
GARDEN HARMONY
(At the Tavern bearing the sign of)
"THE LAHNECK MOUNTAIN."

LAUPUS'-GARDEN.
This Evening, at Six o'clock.
FREE HARMONY.

“*Weinwirthschafts*” of the place, to discuss their “*Maitrink*” or “cardinal,” and eat their “*Wurst*,” hard-boiled eggs and cake; whilst for those who are fond of dancing there is always at such times, on the first floor of the chief tavern, a band and a ball, at which the soldiers and the *Mädchens* with the “*Haar nadeln*” form the principal couples.*

Then almost every village and small town has its “*Schützen-fest*,” (shooting-feast), once in the course of the year; whither the *Schützen gesellschaft* (the foresters’ club) go in procession, and full jagers’ uniform, to exhibit their skill and costume. This feast is usually held at one of the largest wine-gardens in the neighbourhood, the grounds being fitted with booths, as at our fairs, for dancing and refreshments, and the sports generally lasting for upwards of a week. The fête commences with target-shooting for prizes, which are given not only by the club, but often by the king, prince, or other distinguished persons, and concludes with firing at a huge carved spread

* There are also Sunday dances, at which the citizens, soldiers, and servant-girls, love to congregate; as witness the subjoined advertisements:—

To-day, Sunday, 20th January,
DANCE-MUSIC
 At H. Hürter’s,
 With a powerful Orchestra, composed
 of Hartmann’s Band.

To-day, Sunday,
DANCE-MUSIC
 At Fellingner’s.
 Open at half-past Four.

We remember once, whilst prosecuting some inquiries at the east end of London, being assured by an observant Police-Inspector that the system of Public-House Concerts had tended to *decrease* drunkenness, and the officer accounted for the apparent anomaly by saying that, though the people went to such places to drink, the music had the effect of making them forget their glass for the time being, and so causing them to take less than they otherwise might. Our own opinion, however, is, that though such institutions may lessen the extent of *individual* drunkenness, they certainly tend to increase the gross amount of *general* drinking among the people—numbers being thus attracted to the public-house who would otherwise keep away from it; and the drinking statistics of Germany, where musical beer-houses flourish to an inordinate degree, would appear to bear out the opinion.—*Vide foot note*, p. 111–12.

eagle raised on a flag-staff, and made out of the hardest wood—the forester who brings down the last fragment of the bird being the king for the ensuing year, and carried home in triumph at night with music and torches.*

Another festive custom with the Coblenzers consists in passing the night on the summit of the “*Kuhkopf*,” so as to see the sun rise, on the morning of Whit-Monday. In the year 1855, the proprietor of one of the “*restaurations*” provided a supper and breakfast on the hill-top for the ephemeral mountaineers, and the night was passed, we were told, in riot and drunkenness.†

It is but fair, however, to state, that whatever may be the national failings of the Prussian people, intemperance *appears* to be far less common with them than with us—that is to say, drunken men are seldom or never seen in the streets.‡

* Here is the advertisement for the entertainment:—

SHOOTING-FEAST AT COBLENZ.

Monday, 30th June, at Three in the Afternoon.

CONTINUATION OF THE

TARGET-SHOOTING FOR ROYAL HONOURS AND PRIZES,

Accompanied with GRAND HARMONY, and a BALL in the Evening in the Shooting Tent, in addition to a display of
GRAND FIREWORKS.

At the conclusion of which the Name and Titles of the distinguished Patrons will be splendidly displayed in brilliant fire.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE COBLENZ SHOOTING-SOCIETY.

† Here is an advertisement of a similar festivity in Sayn:—

Whitsuntide, Sunday and Monday.—HARMONY and DANCING, with Refreshment, on the Summit of Freidrichsberg. Commended to the notice of the Public.

P. BALL, Tavern-keeper in Sayn.

‡ This surface-sobriety, however, is mere *appearance*, after all, for statistics prove the Preussen to be just four times as drunken as our own people. The annual consumption of spirits throughout Prussia amounts to between 40 and 45 million gallons English, whereas the entire quantity of British and foreign

It is true, history tells us that drunkenness was, in olden times, a marked characteristic of the several Teutonic tribes; at the present day, however, there is certainly less patent intoxication in Germany than in England; and from the police-regulations forcing every wine-and-beer-shop to be closed at eleven, it is of course impossible that late drinking can be indulged in.

The more enlightened Prussians, however, informed us that their compatriots are still far from being temperate over their cups, and assuredly at their wedding-feasts, called "*hochzeit*," (literally, high time,) gorging and guzzling are indulged in among middle-class people—even by the bride and bridesmaids—to an extent that has hardly any parallel amongst the most bestial of Englishmen.

It is a great question, however, whether drunkenness is really a test as to the drinking-habits of a nation. Paradoxical as it may sound, we believe that intoxication, so far from being a sign of habitual indulgence in liquor, is precisely the contrary; being, indeed, a strong proof that the inebriated individual is *unused* to stimulants. Your experienced toper is never tipsy, simply because, from long custom, he is enabled to stand such a quantity of strong waters as would madden or stupefy some half-dozen really sober men. At supper-parties the young hands are always the first to find "the

spirits entered for home consumption in the United Kingdom is, on the average, only 25 to 26 million gallons—and this though the population of Great Britain and Ireland is nearly double that of Prussia. Dividing, then, the quantity consumed by the number of people in each country, we find every one in the United Kingdom drinks, on an average, three quarts of spirits throughout the year, whilst each individual in Prussia—including men, women, and children—swallows no less than 4 times that quantity, or three gallons per head. The relative consumption of beer, also, is said by Mr. M'Culloch to be equally excessive on the part of the Prussian people; and yet in England the country resounds with the declamation of our teetotal societies against the drinking propensities of the people, whilst in educated Prussia not one voice is raised against the vice!

lobster" disagree with them; whilst your two-and-three-bottle men can sit till morning, and even then walk home without deviating from the cracks in the pavement.

So with Continental nations there is less drunkenness than with us, simply because the people abroad are more given to drinking than our own countrymen; for, let us explain it as we may, still the fact exists that the Germans drink four times as much as we, and yet appear less drunken. Those who know the habits of the French, know well that "*petits verres*" are tipped at the *cafés*, the *cabarets*, and the wine-shops, at short and regular intervals, continually throughout the day, from the morning *goûte* down to the nocturnal *bonnet de nuit*. In Holland, the English chaplain at one of the principal Dutch towns assured us that the same series of drams is indulged in, the people dodging into the nearest "*wijn huis*," like bees in and out a hive, all the day long; whilst in Germany the "*Gasthauser*," "*Weinwirthschaften*," and "*Restaurations*," are as regularly and frequently visited by the "*Leute*."

At the "*Specerei*" (grocer's), over which our rooms were situate, and which, being close to the theatre and the parade-ground, was a place of popular resort, we had ample opportunities for witnessing the drinking-habits of the Rhenish race. From the taking down of the shutters to the putting of them up, the people kept dropping in as fast as at a pawnbrokers' on a Saturday night.

"*Guten Morgen! Ich hätte gerne ein Schnäppschen*" (literally, I would fain have a little snatch), one would say as he approached the counter. "*Was für Schnäppschen?*" (A snatch of what?) the mistress of the shop would inquire. "*Sie kennen mir als etwas Pfeffermünze gäben*" (You can give me some peppermint), was generally the answer—for this seemed to be the favourite liquor.

Others would exclaim as they entered, "*Ich wünsche ein*"

Glas Branntwein " (I wish a glass of brandy). "*Von welchem branntwein?*" would be asked in return; and the reply would be either "*Korn-branntwein*" (rye brandy), or "*Kartofle*" (potato), or "*Zwetschgen*" (prunes), or "*Trester*" (grape-husks), or "*Bitter*"—according to the taste of the customer for the time being.

To this same shop many of the people used to come for their breakfast also, and then, after the customary "*Ich hätte gerne ein Glas Pfeffermünze,*" or "*Rhum*" (rum), as the case might be, they would add, "*Sie kennen mir als ein Weck dazu gäben*" (You can give me then a roll, too); "*und für zwei Pfennige Käse darauf geschmiert*" (and with a pfennig-worth of cheese smeared over it). *

The "*Käse*" eaten by these folk at such times was of somewhat the same consistence as our cream-cheese, but more like dirty white paint in complexion, and equal to the most foetid common sewer in odour; so partial, however, were the Germans to the high flavour of it, that it was not unusual for some to enter the shop and say, "*Oh, Frau R——, den Käse den sie mir geschickt haben hat nicht genug gestunken*" (Oh, Mrs. ——, that cheese you sent me did not stink enough!)

Moreover, with even the better class Rhenish "merchants" and tradesmen it is usual to visit a *café*, either to play billiards or cards, or else merely to smoke and drink, for some hour or two after dinner in the middle of the day; so that (what with the number of meals and the four hours passed at

* Such a meal as the one above described costs about three farthings altogether; the "*Schnäppschen*" coming to two pfennigs (less than a farthing), the "*Weck,*" or water-roll, together with the "*Käse,*" to six pfennigs (a halfpenny). The cost of the "*Branntwein*" is, for the commonest kind, one groschen the half "*Schoppen*" (*chopin*, or pint), or four gros (5*d.*) the quart bottle; but this the people describe as being merely "*Pfeffer und Wasser.*" The price of the better sort of spirits, however, is from seventeen to twenty-five groschen (1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*) per bottle, whilst beer is sold ordinarily at eighteen pfennigs (1½*d.*) the pint glass, and three gros (3½*d.*) the bottle.

the Casino every evening, in addition to the two hours at the *café* every afternoon) at least two-thirds of each day are consumed in eating and drinking by these people. The wonder to an Englishman is, how the business of the country can be carried on in such a manner, and by what means the men are able to find the money even for a glass of potato-spirit.

As an illustration, moreover, of the Prussian love of animal pleasures in preference to intellectual ones, we may add that we asked a Coblenz schoolmaster whether he had ever seen the interior of Stolzenfels:—"Vot! and five groschen give to feed my eyes!" was the exclamation in reply. "Foolish tings! foolish tings! For five gros I can eine flasche of goot vine get, and dat smecks me viel besser. Nein! nein! Stolzenfels is for die Engländer and die pig fools. You say a pig fool, or a large fool, or extensive fool?"

But the most savage and selfish of all a Prussian's animal enjoyments consists in his overweening indulgence in the pipe. If he do not publicly intoxicate himself with his snatches of rye-brandy, he openly reduces himself to a half-comatose state by the fumes of tobacco; for the experiments of Orfila (made in connexion with the celebrated poisoning case in Brussels with the oil of tobacco) have proved to the scientific world that "nicotine" produces paralysis of the liver, and so prevents that purification of the blood which is necessary for thought and action; since it is a well-established physiological fact, that if carbonised or venous blood (and the liver is one of the great outlets for surplus carbon in the system) be sent to the brain, a state of lethargy and inertia is the consequence.

Now, a Prussian by nature is not blessed with a *superabundance* of energy, for he moves, while at his work, at a pace that half maddens an impatient Englishman to contemplate. A German is wont to travel at the same sleepy rate as the

oxen in the wagons, and even the stone-breakers at the roadside throughout Rhineland hammer away at the lumps of basalt with about the same energy and rapidity as the automaton figures strike the time at old-fashioned church-clocks, giving but one or two feeble strokes every quarter of an hour. Indeed, we were assured by one of the Directors of the German Railways, that though English labour is more than double as dear as the work of the natives in Germany, it is in the end half as cheap again as the German "*Arbeit*,"—one of *our* navvies being equal to nearly three of the *Deutschers*.

For such people, therefore, to indulge in sedatives, is about as rational as it would be to administer laudanum to a sloth.

But it is the selfishness displayed by Prussians over their pipes that, to persons of refinement, constitutes the most objectionable part of their inveterate habit of smoking; for it is well known, that though the love of tobacco rises to an indomitable passion with some people, both the smell and taste of it are absolutely nauseous to others whose nostrils or palates are unused to the weed. Among the latter unsophisticated class some of the Prussian ladies may still be ranked: though, perhaps, from Prussian gentlemen in no way consulting them as to the noxiousness of their tobacco clouds, they have become so far barbarised by the universal practice as to find as much delight in the odour as Indian "bibbies."

Nevertheless, at *tables d'hôte* there are occasionally gentlewomen present, whose nerves have not yet been deadened to the natural offensiveness of nicotine: still, a true-bred Prussian shows no more regard for their presence, and no more consideration for their feelings, than might be expected from a London cabman; for immediately the dessert is placed upon the table, the unmannerly Preusse lights his cigar without even so much as a hope that it will not sicken the lady who may happen to sit next to him.

Now as politeness consists merely in acts that imply a regard for the feelings of others, and as even the least civilised nations acknowledge that some deference is due from men towards those whom Nature has not formed in so rough a mould as themselves, surely such Prussian habits display an amount of rudeness that would disgust even the semi-humanity of a Satyr.

But those who have not yet visited Germany are blissfully ignorant as to what an offensive extent an artificial appetite may be carried. Prince Carl of Prussia, we were credibly told, has become so thoroughly brutalized by this indulgence in tobacco, that he has lost all power to dispense with his pipe, even during meal-times, and takes now a mouthful of meat and then a whiff of his meerschaum; next a taste of fish or pastry, and after that another puff at his "k'naster."

Nor is it only among the idle and unemployed that the habit prevails; for not a stroke of work is done without a huge china bowl hanging from the mouth; not a government official do you see without the same unofficial-looking appendage oscillating from between his lips; nor does a shopman serve you, but he has first to put down his cigar.

Indeed, almost everybody smokes almost everywhere. We have seen soldiers at it while on their march; undertakers' men indulging in it in the midst of a funeral procession; and policemen while on duty. The postman, too, who brings the letters to you at breakfast, fills your rooms with clouds from his morning pipe. Peasants plough with their china meerschaums, as long as an elephant's proboscis, dangling at their mouth; beggarmen ask for charity with a "dudeen" between their lips; and aristocratic footmen puff their cigars while walking behind their royal mistresses.

Nor do German monarchs differ from German flunkies in this respect. At the palace of Stolzenfels the royal spittoons

may be seen in the corner of the state apartments; and at Rheinstein (the Rhenish residence of one of the Princes Royal) the chambers reek of stale tobacco-smoke like a taproom.

True, the custom of smoking has not yet been introduced into the churches, though it certainly has found its way into middle-class ball-rooms, for at the Bertrich baths we saw several gentlemen smoking while the ladies danced. Smoking in bed, again, is a common custom; and in the window of every pipe-shop you may see wire cages, made for indulging in the beastly habit without fear of setting the clothes on fire. Children of ten years old smoke (though the natives declare there is a law against youths indulging in the habit under fourteen years of age), and greybeards, too, of eighty; thus showing you that the practice is older than the present generation. Indeed, the first breath an infant draws on entering the German world is sure to be three-parts tobacco-smoke, and the last gasp a man gives for air, fetches only the fumes of Dutch k'naster in return. Not a German sitting-room but reeks of tobacco-oil like a pothouse in the morning; you catch the same stench, too, in the women's hair as they sit beside you at dinner; and the public newspapers smell of it as strongly as a bit of sea-weed does of the beach; whilst if you receive a letter from a German family, you require to deodorize it before it is readable.

Nor should innocent Engländerers imagine that the odour of the weed which the Prussians delight to inhale is equal even to that of our penny "Pickwicks," for the *best* German Havannas are grown and dried in Holland, and sold at the rate of three a-penny; whilst those of a commoner kind may be had as low as four for a halfpenny: so that even our full-flavoured rhubarb cheroots are positive nosegays to the finest Dutch cabanas.



Interpolated Rhénish Scenes.

(5.)

HEIDELBERG.

Heidelberg is the Rheinfels of the Neckar. It is the site of an ancient "*Schloss-Festung*," as the Germans call it, or Palace-fortress as we should say in English.

But grandly as the Rhine-ruin is set amid the brown and precipitous cliffs of St. Gear, with the great German river walled in by the huge pyramids of the rocky masses, that blacken the water alongside them with their shadows, till the stream has almost the aspect of a pool or crater-lake; and with the yellow and roofless façade of the tottering stronghold cresting its green truncated mountain-cone close beside the stream—the sky shining in bright blue patches through the jagged window-holes and empty embrasures, and the walls standing in fragmentary plates almost like the tall isolated stones of some old Druid temple,—grandly as this rock-girt pile strikes the mind, and vast as its proportions appear in the desolateness of the abandoned citadel, nevertheless it dwindles into the ugliness of a mere monster dungeon when compared with the still-perfect architectural graces and rich red colour tinting the ivy-curtained walls of the eight palaces that make up the mountain-castle of Heidelberg.

The Neckar ruin, indeed, is set sublimely on a shelf of rock, half-way up one of the huge mountains between which the meandering river pushes its way, and with a pedestal of cannonless ramparts descending in steps almost to the water-side; and with the long, single street of a town that stretches at its feet, filmed over with the smoke steaming up from below, and the green sward of the mountain mass

that slopes at its back contrasting finely with the pale coral tint of its windowless and roofless walls, bastioned at intervals with their high, battered towers; and with the dark cumulus clouds of the surrounding trees rising in dense and solid fumes, as it were, about its lofty sides, and the little many-arched bridge spanning the fretting stream at its base; and with the monster earth-billows that make up the mountain-chain of the Oden-Wald swelling up, like immense volcanic "land-bubbles," along the opposite shore, and the bright tints of the sunshine, as it falls in a golden flood upon their vine-clad sides, staining the river like a rich oriel window; and the distant Neckar, seen at the far end of the narrow mountain vista, thin almost as the trickling of a spring, shining down amid the darkness of the chasm in silver flashes, like a glow-worm at the bottom of some steep bank;—all these adjuncts conspire to render the Castle of Heidelberg at once the grandest and the most beautiful ruin, perhaps, in the world—the Alhambra, as it has been termed, of Germany, though the old Moorish pile sinks to the elaborateness of filagree beside it: the one being pretty and light as a cluster of icicles sparkling in the sun, the other sublime and massive as an iceberg towering out of the sea.

Such is the exterior of Heidelberg; still, the interior is infinitely more graceful. "Here art," says Goethe, "borrows beauty from nature, and nature returns it with interest;" for the charms of ornament and the architectural delicacies, that are utterly lost in the grandeur of the mass viewed from a distance, positively enrapture the eye, when near, with the very luxury of decoration; while the pleasing incongruities of the ruin seize upon the mind with all the force of contrast: the moats changed to a wilderness, with their tangle of brambles and trees—the ramparts bristling with wild firs

rather than cannon—the portcullis immoveable with rust—the embrasures choked and wattled over with ivy a hundred years old—the royal nuptial-chambers without a roof—the *salle à manger* of the Princess of England with trees sprouting from the floor—the gorgeous *Ritter-saals* (Knights' halls) without windows or floor—and *Restaurations* (“*et de bonne bière*,” adds M. Boedeker,) and boarding-houses (with “good *table d’hôte* at 1,” says Mr. Murray) dispensing the hospitalities of the Castle instead; and, indeed, the fortress that was intended, with its ball-proof bastions, batteries, and ramparts, to resist the cannon and shells of the enemy, crumbling slowly away before the silent attacks of the wind and the rain—and the “triumphal arches,” that were raised to perpetuate some great glory of yore, now telling only of misfortune and human vanity.

Let us mount the hill. There are two roads from the town to the Castle—the one from Karlsplatz, a mere foot-path, leading by terraces and garden-slopes up the Castle-hill side to the part of the ruin facing the Neckar; and the other a steep carriage-way, extending from the *Klingelthor*, and bringing the stranger to the back of the building.

Pursuing the latter route we enter the Castle-gardens, that are still laid out with broad walks, and exquisitely shady and cool with their long arcades of interlacing boughs above—the sun-beams trickling, as it were, in large *gouttes* through the leafy lattice; and the veiled light as it descends stained a pale green, as if it had permeated some painted window.

Here, before reaching the gate that leads to the quadrangle of the Castle itself, we turn into the *allée* to the left, and thus come to the “*Elizabethen Pforte*” (Elizabeth Gate)—a handsome triumphal arch, in red sandstone, with wreaths of oak-leaves sculptured up the pillars, and the gate itself half curtained with ivy,—the graceful lines of the architecture

being beautifully varied and broken, and the ornaments half hidden by the boughs of the parasitic plants hanging from the pediment. The arch itself is set almost in a bower of foliage, and the rich red of the embossed stone-work is in exquisite contrast, not only with the dark beetle-green of the ivy that droops in festoons about it, but with the softer colours of the now autumn-tinted trees surrounding it.

This arch is interesting to our countrymen, not alone for its intrinsic beauty, but from its having been built for the Princess Elizabeth Stuart (the grandmother of our George I.) by her husband, the Elector Frederick V., to celebrate his nuptials with the daughter of James I. the English king. It then led to the flower-garden which the Prince-Elector had laid out for her, and which to this day still remains one of the loveliest walks in the world; commanding, as it does, a vast view of the exquisite scenery of the Neckar, with the Schwarz-Wald lying far behind, and the Oden-Wald towering high in front; and looking deep down into the little town at its feet, with the pigmy people dotting its public places and its streets, and the cradle-like craft drifting down the stream, whose course the eye can track twisting through its mountain channel far away to where the hazy line of the Vosges looms like a long cloud upon the horizon.

But the arch of triumph, and the flower-garden, and the new nuptial palace, that were all devised in exultation at the good fortune that awaited the betrothed prince, now remain only splendid examples of the vanity of human hopes; serving but to recall to the mind, with all the vividness of dramatic force, the words of this arrogant Princess, who, when her husband hesitated to accept the crown of Bohemia, declared that she would rather eat dry bread at a king's table than feast at the board of a Prince-Elector; and who, with a fine retributive destiny, came in the course of years, not

only to *eat* dry bread as an exiled queen, but to have to *beg* it first.

At the end of the flower-garden, and at the corner of the "English Palace" facing the Neckar, is to be seen the well-like stump of "*der dicke Thurm*" (the thick tower), which, though the walls are twenty-two feet in thickness, was battered down almost to the root by the French in 1689. This was formerly the hall in which the fêtes of Frederick V. were given, and the statue of the Elector, with that of his brother Louis V., are still standing in the niches, half-covered with ivy.

Continuing the path towards the court-yard of the Castle, we pass the principal gateway, with the red rusted teeth of its portcullis still peeping from below the arch.

And no sooner do we enter the quadrangle than we stand environed with palaces; built by as many different Electors as there are wings, and all displaying the various tastes of their founders, as well as being enriched with the architectural graces of successive centuries. Here the walls are as red almost as cornelian, and the fretted and sculptured façades, the work of which is nearly as sharp as if it were finished but yesterday, are an encyclopædia of the several styles of the ages in which they were respectively erected; and even though the courtyard is now like a heath, and each red palace is but an open shell of walls, it could hardly have appeared more beautiful or more grand when it was fresh from the mason's chisel; for there is always a half pathos about a ruin, that (even if the breaking up of the outlines, and the mellowing of the tints—together with all the startling antitheses of peace and war, pomp and rubbish, which time links together in such a place—did not serve to lend it extra beauty in decay) would at least make it at once interesting and impressive as a monument of the mere changes of fortune since the laying of its first stone.

On entering the spacious quadrangle, the façade facing us is that of the palace of Frederick IV.—that to the right belongs, on the other hand, to the palace of Otto-Henry—that to the left, again, is part of the English Palace built by Frederick V.—whilst the more ancient structures behind us are the portions that were constructed by the first Electors, Rodolph and Ruprecht.

At the last-mentioned of these we see the Imperial eagle over the escutcheon of the Palatinate, and above the door is a crown of roses borne by two angels—probably some masonic symbol.

The façade of the palace built by Frederick IV. (*Freiderich's-bau*) is almost overlaid with ornament, and revelling in all the luxuries of design. It is surmounted by two handsome pediments, and its walls niched with rows of statues representing the ancestors of the Electors-Palatine, from the time of Charlemagne.

In the first row from the top we perceive the Emperor Charlemagne and the three Counts-Palatine—Otto de Wittelsbach, Lewis of Bavaria, and Rodolf the First.

Along the second line may be seen the two Emperors, Lewis of Bavaria and Rupert II., and the two Kings, Otto of Hungary and Christopher of Denmark.

Below these, on the third rank, are found four more Counts-Palatine,—Rupert the Ancient, Frederick the Victorious, Frederick II., and Otto-Henry.

Whilst the fourth and lowest series is composed of another quadrate of Palatines,—Frederick the Pious, Lewis, Jean-Casimir, and Frederick IV.

In front of this part of the Castle is a broad stone balcony (*“der Altan”*), or rather terrace, looking out on the river below, and presenting a scene of grandeur and beauty that is not to be paralleled in Europe.

The façade of the Palace of Otto-Henry, forming the

west wing, or that facing the upper part of the Neckar, is the most remarkable of all the buildings for the exquisite taste of its design and the richness of its architectural embellishments. It is in the best Italian style, called "*cinque cento*," and of the noblest proportions, having been designed, it is said, by Michael Angelo. Here the doorway is a choice bit of beauty, with its caryatides and embossed entablature, and the windows are finely pedimented and elaborately fretted with decorations; whilst the niches which indent the walls are filled with statues of the heroes of mythology and ancient history, both profane and sacred,—Hercules, Mars, Nero, Samson, Venus, Joshua, Brutus, &c., being ranged one beside the other in a curious historic and mythic medley.

At the south-eastern corner of the Castle, and at the end of the broad walk by which we first entered the ground, is seen the split tower, that was undermined and blown up by the French (*der gesprengte Thurm*). This originally formed one of the bastions of the Castle, and was 70 odd feet in diameter and 150 feet high; but the walls were so massive and the masonry so sound, that though the tower was split down, and a "vertical section," as it were, made of its construction by the explosion of the powder—leaving the vaulted casemates of the interior exposed to view—the enormous fragment, instead of crumbling to pieces, merely slid down into the moat below in one solid mass, where it still remains inclined against the wall like a huge splinter of rock, with the fir-trees sprouting from its embrasures and crevices, and the wild thicket that has sprung up in the dry moat half hiding it from view.

Almost at the cross corner to the "Sprung Tower," that is to say, at the north-western part of the building, there is a cave beside the English Palace, containing the enormous Heidelberg Tun—which is the largest wine-cask in the world, and capable of holding 800 hogsheads, or very nearly

300,000 bottles, but still of little better than half the capacity of one of the monster porter-vats of our London brewers.*

At the first glance, this huge cask strikes one like the hull of some unweildy Dutch barge resting on its stocks. Upon its head it bears an escutcheon carved on the staves. A broad staircase runs up alongside of the beam of the vessel, as it were, and leads to the deck-like platform with which the top of the gigantic tun is covered. Here the Elector Charles-Theodore (the last princely occupant of the Castle) was wont to assemble the *élite* of his court, and to give a supper and ball on the completion of the vintage, when it was filled with its river of wine—the annual tribute of the vineyards of the Palatinate.

The history of the Castle is replete with vicissitudes.

Its origin is coeval with the Counts-Palatine themselves, having been founded by the first Pfalzgraves. Otto of Wittelsbach is said to have established his residence at Heidelberg, and made the town the capital of the Palatinate; and his son Lewis IV. of Bavaria (surnamed “the Severe”) who was son-in-law to Rodolph of Hapsburg, is thought to have founded the present Castle, towards the end of the 13th century, on being invested with the dignity of Count-Palatine, and coming into possession of the manor of Heidelberg.

The Elector Rodolph I. added the royal nuptial apartments to the Castle, and in them celebrated his marriage with the daughter of the Emperor Adolphe of Nassau—he whose tomb is seen in the *Kaiserdorn*, and who fell at the battle of Speier.

The oldest portion, however, at present standing, was built,

* The Heidelberg Tun is 36 feet long and 24 feet high, and contains 250 fudders (800 hogsheads), or precisely 230,000 bottles. A large London porter-vat is said to contain 3000 barrels, of 36 gallons each = 108,000 gallons; and reckoning 6 bottles to the gallon, 648,000 bottles in all!

in the year 1400, by the Count-Palatine and Elector Ruprecht III., surnamed "the Red;" this part of the ruin is called to the present day "Ruprecht's building" (*Ruprecht's-bau*).

The Elector Frederick I., however, added largely to the structure, and after his time magnificent wings were built by the Electors Lewis V., surnamed "the Pacific," and Otto-Henry, and Frederick IV. and V., the last being the unfortunate King of Bohemia, and husband to Elizabeth Stuart, who, as we have said, was the daughter of our James I., and grand-daughter of Mary Queen of Scots.

The first of these princes erected the portion of the Castle known by the name of "*Ludwig's-bau*" (Lewis' building), together with the tower called "*Der dicke Thurm*," A.D. 1553; the second constructed the west wing, styled "*Otto-Heinrich's-bau*" (Otto-Henry's building), A.D. 1556; the third raised the north or front wing, christened "*Freidrich's-bau*" (Frederick's building), A.D. 1607; and the last added the part denominated the "English Palace," as well as the "*Elizabethen Pforte*" (Elizabeth's Gate), A.D. 1607. Indeed, the Castle of Heidelberg comprises within its trenches no less than eight different palaces, built by as many different princes.

But, if nearly half-a-score of the Counts Palatine were concerned in raising the structure, assuredly it required the cannons and bombs of many armies, as well as the bolts of Heaven itself, in order to destroy it; for it has thrice suffered from fire, and ten times experienced the horrors of war; and yet, though reduced to a mere carcass, the greater part of its adamantine walls remain to this day as solid and ornate as when they were first erected.

During the Thirty Years' War great ravages were made in the building, and the Elector Charles-Lewis the Wise vainly attempted to restore it; for he had incurred the displeasure of Louis XIV., who, in 1674, sent his troops into the Palatinate

to lay waste the country before them, with slaughter, fire, and rapine. Charles-Lewis, unable to oppose the French with an equal force, shut himself up in the Castle, and saw with anguish the flames rising from the surrounding villages and towns. But, being eager to avenge the wanton cruelties of the French General, he resolved to challenge Turenne to single combat, and addressed him the following letter:—

“It is impossible that his Most Christian Majesty can have commanded you to lay waste, as you have, my country. I must therefore attribute such barbarous conduct to personal enmity on your part. But it is unjust that my poor subjects should suffer for any feeling that you may entertain in your heart against me; and, therefore, I propose to terminate our difference on your naming the hour, the place, and the arms that you would choose.”

The French General, however, did not deign to accept the challenge, and a few years afterwards, Louis XIV. (on the death of the Elector) laid claim to the Palatinate on behalf of the Duke of Orleans, and in 1688 sent another army up the Rhine under Mélac—a general whose brutality and atrocities surpassed those of the previous leader, and who, contrary to the conditions of the recent treaty, blew up the Castle of Heidelberg.

In 1693, again, the devastation was continued, and even to a greater extent than before; for then, at the siege under Chamilly, the troops were guilty of excesses, equalled only in enormity by those of the French Revolution. The Castle being surrendered, or rather betrayed by the Governor, the citizens who had taken refuge in it were slaughtered without mercy, and the building itself reduced to ruins.

Its ultimate destruction, however, had yet to be achieved; for though it was once more restored, and almost to its former splendour, by Charles-Philip, in 1716, and remained intact until

1764, then the "octagon tower," at the corner next the viaduct-like "terrace," was struck by lightning, and the interior of the Castle entirely consumed by fire, as the Elector Charles-Theodore was returning to it from his residence at Mannheim.

Since then it has never been restored or occupied, and it now remains a mere shell of red-stone walls, having been roofless for nearly a century; still it is one of the most interesting ruins in Europe, not only on account of its varied fortunes, but for its picturesque situation, as well as its vastness and its architectural riches, exhibiting as they do the styles of different centuries and the taste of its different founders.

The town of Heidelberg contains little to attract the stranger. It is, as we said, one interminable, narrow thoroughfare, as long as our Oxford Street, and extending from the railway station to the handsome gate of Carl-Theodore. The line of houses is squeezed in between the "Castle" mountain (*Schlossberg*) and the Neckar, and is broken by the clumsy, bulbous tower of the Church of the Holy Ghost (a most accommodating and Christian edifice, being used by Catholics and Protestants by turns), the square turret of the Church of St. Peter (against whose door Jerome of Prague, the noble friend of Huss, nailed his theses, and in whose pulpit he afterwards defended them), and the Temple-Bar-like front of the Jesuits' Church (a heavy marble affair, in the usual Jesuitical style of church architecture). The *Haupt Strasse* (High Street) of Heidelberg is, comparatively speaking, busy with passengers—the University students, with their gay-coloured cloth caps and striped watch-ribbons, composing the greater number of the pedestrians, and the shops being more like those of Paris and London than the ordinary sleepy-looking "Magazins" of a German town. Indeed, the whole place has the look and bustle of a thriving community. The University, however, is very much like a

huge model lodging-house in a bad state of repair, being merely a large, plain, stucco building, at one side of a bare open Platz, and appearing almost as desolate as Gray's Inn Square on a Sunday.

The environs of Heidelberg, however, are full of beauty—every different road revealing some fresh charm. There is the lovely ride to Wolfsbrunnen, with its Swiss-châlet-like restaurant and black pools of water; and the exquisite mountain-walk up either to the *Königstuhl* (King's Stool)—the immense hill swelling up immediately behind the Castle, or else up the ravine of the still loftier *Heiligenberg* (Holy Hill), on the opposite side of the river, along the exquisitely thoughtful Philosophers' Way (*Philosophs Weg*). Here, too, at a little distance up the valley that leads to the mountain-pass, you come to the small inn called *Hirschgraben*, where the college-boys fight their duels, and the tables are scored over with students' names. The room in which the encounters take place is a little square one, and partakes of the character of a country casino (or dancing-saloon), having a tin hoop of candles dangling from the centre of the ceiling. On the floor here the would-be men, having stripped themselves to their shirt-sleeves, thrust at one another with their "*Schläger*" (rapiers) until blood is drawn, while the spectators (for the public are admitted to such displays) sit round on the benches against the wall, as if it were some rat-fight that was going on.

"Would the Herr like to see a duel?" said the barmaid to us as we inspected the apartment. "There was one here about two months ago, and we expect another in about a fortnight; we should be happy to send word to the Herr's hotel a day or two before."

Some twenty to thirty such affrays take place here in the course of each season, and occasionally terminate fatally—a boy from Hamburg was killed on the spot the year before our visit.

§ 2.

THE ABSENCE OF ALL ATHLETIC SPORTS — LOVE OF MUSIC
— THE PARADE-GROUND ON A SUNDAY — GAMBLING —
“ COFFEE-DRINKINGS ” AND BALLS.

No athletic or manly games are known among the inactive adults and hardly less inert youths of the country.

The healthful exercise of cricket would require too much exertion to be popular among a race who delight in crawling about at the pace of reptiles rather than men. For the same reason the people never indulge in the vigorous recreation of football or hockey. Nor are any such sports as those of rackets, or bowls, or quoits known to the slow *Deutschers*.*

* We are inclined to believe that the habitual inactivity of the Prussian and Rhenish races proceeds from some organic defect peculiar to the people; or, in other words, that their extraordinary want of energy has an *internal origin*, being merely increased rather than produced by such *external* causes as the immoderate use of tobacco and living in undrained houses and close unventilated rooms.

The *Deutschers* are content to pass their lives in such places, because they have not naturally sufficient energy to clean and purify their dwellings; and they smoke to an inordinate extent, because smoking is essentially a sedentary amusement, affording the mind just enough occupation in idleness to prevent absolute vacuity. Hence the Prussians are accustomed to fetid rooms and tobacco clouds because they are naturally inert, and they are rendered more inert than they are by nature, owing to their indulgence in such narcotic poisons.

Now we would suggest, that the internal cause for this natural lack of energy on the part of the Germans may probably proceed from defective organisation in that portion of the brain, whither all the motor nerves of the body are traceable. It is well known to anatomists, that at the base of the cerebrum lie two large masses of nervous matter, called the *corpora striata* and the *thalamus optici*; and that the track of sensory nerves is found to end in the one, and that of the motory nerves in the other. Hence it may be presumed that, according as the one or the other of these bodies is fully or imperfectly developed, or more or less perfectly supplied with arterial blood, so must the sensory or motory functions of the individual be more or less lively.

By such means we are enabled, not only to account physically for the

The Germans, when rated upon this score, tell you that they consider such sports childish and unworthy of grown men, even though they pass several hours in the course of the week engaged in the *manly* pastime of dominoes!

Moreover, from the presence of two large rivers almost at the very doorsteps of the Coblenzers, one would naturally have imagined that the schoolboys in the town would have been as remarkable for their aquatic propensities as our Westminster or Eton lads. But, no! rowing being rather more laborious a

sensibility of some characters, as well as the gross want of feeling displayed by others—the difference between a poet and a butcher—a Percy Bysshe Shelley and a Jack Ketch, for instance—but also to explain why it is that some individuals have such an excess of muscular irritability as to be incapable of sitting still or remaining in the same place, or even attending to the same subject, for two minutes consecutively; while others are listless and inactive as idiots.

The love of hunting, of walking, of travelling, and among the poorer class of vagabondising, would appear to be referable to such an organic cause; for we must all admit some difference, either of organisation or habit, in order to account for the differences of character: and perhaps characters never vary so much among individuals as in their capacities and desire for muscular exercise.

How comes it that one man or one nation is distinguished for its activity and another for its indisposition for physical exertion? What innate peculiarity is it which induces "the London Sparrow" to prefer picking pockets to using his muscles honestly for his living? and what organic idiosyncrasy makes Captain Barclay so fond of walking that he ultimately accomplishes his 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours? Is it not well known, too, that extravasation of blood upon the *thalamus* or the *corpora striata* produces either paralysis of feeling or motion, according to the nature of the nerves affected? and that in somnambulism the walking during slumber arises from the fact of the *motor* nerves being imperfectly asleep, while the sensory ones are comparatively deadened?

If, then, we admit a physical cause for the more or less perfect privation of the functions of sensation or action, surely it is but extending the same principle to refer the differences of character among human beings, as regards their sensibilities and energies, to a greater or less development of the sensory or motory organs.

Following out this same theory, therefore, we are led to believe, that if the brains of a large number of Englishmen were to be compared with those of the Prussians, the *Deutschers* would be found to have the motor ganglion at the base of the cerebrum imperfectly developed.

pastime than smoking, your young *Preusse* takes a pull at his pipe in preference to the oar. The Rhenish boats, moreover, are still as rude as our punts, being more like small coal-barges than wherries; whilst the oars in use are exactly of the shape of bakers' peels, and formed merely out of a small piece of board nailed to the end of a pole. Hence a six-oared turnout, after such a style, would cut even a more barbarous figure on the water, in the 19th century, than a Madras catamaran.

From a like cause yachting has never even been heard of by these European backwoodsmen; so that to them the sight of any craft more elegant or more fast-sailing than a Dutch barge would be a point of such extreme novelty and wonder as to bring all the wiseacre professors down in a crowd to the shore.

Again, from the greater part of the carts being drawn by oxen, and the trucks by men, women, and boys, even horses are comparatively scarce, and equestrian exercise indulged in only by the cavalry and general officers; whilst carriage-airing is confined to the "*eine und zwei Spanner*," (literally, hackney-cabs with "*one or two pullers*,") to be found on the stands, which last only during the summer, for the accommodation of the foreigners visiting the town. Seldom, however, will a Prussian's purse allow him to know even this recreation; though occasionally the stranger *may* see some half-dozen of the more prodigal of the officers indulging in the rarity of a ride to Stolzenfels and back, and thus reducing the eighteen-penny fare, by the principle of association, to threepence a-head. Then, certainly, there are the penny-steamboats—little things built out of sheet-iron, so thin that they are no stronger, and hardly more durable, than a tin saucepan; and by these some of the very restless Coblenzers *do* manage

to get as far away from home as Vallendar or Winningen (about the distance of Chelsea from London).

In fine, such is the indisposition of a thorough-bred German to stir hand or foot, that even a kite is a rarity among the boys, and such active exercise as "prisoner's base" unknown at the schools; whilst among the grown men, we have been credibly informed, many have not yet had energy enough even to mount to the summit of the neighbouring fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

Hence it will be idle to inform the reader that such enterprising and exciting sports as hunting and racing and steeple-chasing are never carried on in the vicinity of the Rhenish capital,* and that pedestrianism and running-matches are feats of agility seldom or never performed by the Preussen.

* It may sound somewhat extravagant to refer the development of railways and electric telegraphs throughout the world to the English love of horse-racing, but those who have traced the gradual extension of the facilities of intercommunication can hardly come to any other conclusion.

Racing was a popular sport in England from the earliest times. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the days of Henry II. (1154-89), mentions the delight taken by the citizens of London in the diversion. Charles II. patronised the sport, and gave a silver cup of the value of 100 guineas to the owner of the winning horse; whilst William III. not only added to "the plates," but founded an academy for riding. All this necessarily tended to direct public attention in England to the improvement of the breed of horses generally, so that after the introduction of "Godolphin," the English racers rose to such perfection that "Flying Childers" (in 1720-30) was universally allowed to be the fleetest horse that had ever been bred in the world, running 4 miles in 6 minutes and 48 seconds, which is at the rate of $35\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, or nearly as fast as an English express-train. Then English gentlemen got to feel such pride in the swiftness of their racers that, in 1739 an Act (13 Geo. II.) was passed for suppressing "races by ponies and weak horses;" and subsequently, in 1760, the celebrated horse "Eclipse" appeared on our courses, and he, though *not quite* so fleet as "Childers," was never beaten by any racer of his time.

Such wonderful development of the horse's capabilities, as regards speed, naturally made the nation disgusted with the old method of carrying letters in carts, at the slow rate of some five miles per hour, and thus prepared the government to adopt the plan of Mr. Palmer of Bath, who, in 1780, first proposed to establish fast coaches or mails, for the conveyance of letters and passengers,

A very few of the natives, certainly, fish; and in the winter an equally small number have just sufficient life left in them to try a day's shooting. At some of the schools, too, gymnastic games have been introduced, but at these the lolloping, loutish young *Deutschers*, are not half so nimble as the bear-cubs in climbing the poles at the Zoological Gardens. Indeed, the sole amusement of the German boys seems to consist in calling after the English lads in jackets, — "*Engländer Stumpf-schwanz*" (*i. e.* English Crop-tail), and in striking the little girls they may meet in the streets; for your young German is a perfect specimen of the genus coward—lads of 18 and 20 howling like infants

throughout the kingdom,—a plan which has since been taken advantage of by every civilised state in Europe.

This of course led to the general improvement of English stage-coaches, so that, up to the year 1830, the style and speed of our public conveyances, especially those on the Brighton Road, were admitted by all foreigners to be the perfection of taste and convenience.

All these things, therefore, naturally fitted the public mind for the reception of an entirely new and still more rapid mode of locomotion, *viz.* the railway: an invention which is so thoroughly English that, even supposing it likely to have occurred to any slow Prussian brainlet, it would still have been impossible to have found any other nation (excepting perhaps America) with spirit or capital sufficient to have afforded the plan a trial.

Still, the rapidity of the railway served to inflame rather than satisfy the English mind. Dear postage was as serious an obstacle to rapid communication as even slow-coaches, (a phrase, by the by, that has grown into a term of opprobrium with us); consequently, the next step was to reduce the tariff on all home letters to a penny; and thus, commercially and intellectually speaking, to bring our Land's End within the same distance of the capital as even the metropolitan suburbs; to place Liverpool in the same close proximity with London as Hammersmith itself, giving it, like the cockney neighbour, its two or three deliveries of London letters per diem. Again, England had to thank no foreign mind for all this; but, on the contrary, France, and other enlightened countries, seeing the social good of drawing the half-civilised people who exist at the remote part of every nation into closer communion with the more refined and enterprising spirits of the capital, availed themselves of the measure, immediately we had proved it to be practicable.

Further, even cheap postage, with its three deliveries daily in towns that once took a fortnight to reach, was insufficient to satisfy the impatience and activity

on being made to enter the water; and even young Dutch Goliaths being scared by the mere sight of the fists of some English David.

It is but justice to the people, however, to add, that none of those brutal amusements which at once degrade and deprave our own lower orders—such as dog-fighting, prize-fighting, rat-killing, and badger-baiting, &c.—are ever indulged in even by “the dangerous classes;” and though such sports are forbidden by the police, we were assured that scarcely a man would frequent them, were any such exhibition announced to take place in the town.

But have the Prussians, it will be asked, no other amuse-

of Englishmen. It was still possible to transcend all they had previously done, and to avail themselves of a means of intercommunication as rapid as even the lightning, and by which it was proved to be possible to outstrip Time itself; so that a message could *arrive* at a place some minutes *before it had left another*. We allude, of course, to the Electric Telegraph,—an invention incontestably English, for though Ampere years before had proposed to employ electricity for telegraphic purposes, it was Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke who really rendered the plan feasible, and laid down the first electric telegraph, in 1837. Such an invention, doubtlessly, could never have been carried out but through the agency of the railways; and as these were essentially English in their character, requiring English capital and English enterprise to develop them; so assuredly the electric telegraph could never have been brought to its present perfection, even if invented in any other country.

The land telegraph, however, not only belonged to us, but, as if we would admit no rival to the honour of advancing the civilisation of the whole human race, the plan for carrying the messages of Europe under the sea was likewise born of Englishmen, fostered by Englishmen, and successfully carried out by them, for the first time, across the British Channel, in November 1851.

Now let any one who has dwelt for a length of time among the Prussians endeavour to conceive the possibility of their ever doing any such things as the above,—slow Prussians, who are not yet used to the rapidity of horses, and who, in these days of rapid locomotion, still carry their goods to market in wagons drawn by oxen almost as sleepy as the drivers themselves,—phlegmatic Prussians, whose letters are still conveyed in clumsy coaches, that are so heavy as to require more horses to pull the carriage than to draw both passengers and mail-bags, and whose average speed is considerably less than that of our furniture-vans.

ments than eating, drinking, and smoking? Are there no Exhibitions, no Museum, no Galleries of Art, no Public Lectures in the Rhenish capital, by which to give taste and refinement to the people? The answer is — None! In winter there is, assuredly, a theatre, about as elegant as our Bower Saloon, and where the pit is without seats — the prices ranging from one-and-sixpence to the boxes to about fivepence to the gallery.*

Then, occasionally, the town is visited by some "*Grosse Menagerie*," with about as many animals as one may see in a London furrier's shop;† or some wandering show of waxwork, with the dingiest collection of dolls representing the principal Generals in the Crimea, will halt at the city; or maybe a

* Coblenz Theatre, Sunday, 2d December, 1855.

PROLOGUE

UPON THE EVE OF THE BIRTHDAY-FEAST OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCESS LOUISE.

Composed by the Director, Philipp Walburg Kramer.

Spoken by Herr Henry Hierauf.

LA MUETTE DI PORTICI,

Grand Opera in Five Acts by Auber.

Masaniello	Herr Dr. Rademacher,	} Their first appearance.
(The Royal Swedish Opera-house Singer from Stockholm.)		
Pietro	Herr Thümmel,	
(From the Town Theatre of Cologne.)		

Admission:—Gallery, 4 sgr. (4½d. English); Stalls, 10 sgr. (1s. English); Pit, 7½ sgr. (9d. English); Front Boxes, 15 sgr. (1s. 6d. English); Side Boxes, 10 sgr. (1s. English).

† THE GRAND MENAGERIE

Of the wonderful Beast-tamers, KREUTZBERG, is daily patronised by the Public: nevertheless it is open only for a short time.

Every Afternoon, at Five o'clock precisely,

GRAND ASSEMBLING AND FEEDING OF THE WILD BEASTS IN
THE CENTRE CAGE.

First place, 10 sgr. (1s. English); second, 5 sgr. (6d. English); third, 2½ sgr. (3d. English).

THE BOOTH WILL BE WELL WARMED.

huge sturgeon is caught at St. Goar, and brought down to Coblenz for exhibition; or a "gigantic potato" with a hundred bulbs to one stem may be shown at one of the neighbouring villages.

At the time we are writing, too, HERR FINN, "*aus London*," holds a shilling *soirée* for the performance of experiments in "Galvanismus," "Elektricitat," &c., "*never before seen in Coblenz*."

Then, during the carnival time, there are trumpery masked balls at small pothouses;* and, at Christmas and Easter, fairs, covering a space of ground about as large as one of our bowling-greens, whilst at the latter season some two or three booths are generally fitted up for the exhibition of a "*Mekanische theater*," or "*Elephanten*," or else for a troop of hackney-coach horses and mountebanks in a tent under the nickname of a Circus.

To do strict justice to the Rhenish people, however, we should add that there is one amusement which the people indulge and delight in to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other nation, viz. music; indeed, so general is the cultivation of musical taste among all classes in Germany, that it is as unusual to find a Deutscher unskilled in the art as it is to

* BASSENHEIM HOUSE.

Sunday: Harmony. Open at Four o'clock.

Monday, 21st January, 1856.

FIRST GRAND

MASQUERADE À LA ÉLYSIUM.

Open from Eight till Twelve, accompanied with Military Music by torchlight, and the "Cat's Dance." Admission, 2½ sgr. (3d. English) for each person. A Glass of superior Beer for 18 pfg. (1½d. English).

(CHARACTERS IN MASKS AND DOMINOES ADMITTED FREE.)

With this view a Wardrobe of Fancy Dresses will be opened in the Costume-chamber at the principal entrance, where handsome Masquerade Attire of a good quality may be had cheap.

W. KRUEWIG.

meet with an Englishman who is in the least acquainted with it. Almost every waiter at the "*Gasthofs*" can play upon one or two instruments; and at the feast of one of the "*Gesellenvereins*" (journeymen's unions), at which we were present, we heard some quartettes sung by working tailors, shoemakers, and blacksmiths, that would have satisfied even the critical daintiness of the connoisseurs at our own Philharmonics. It must in fairness be confessed that in this respect the Germans are immeasurably our superiors, and that their poorer classes are thus enabled to obtain an elegant and inexpensive means of enjoyment that is utterly denied to our own people.

It has long been a creed of the writer's, that of all persons who need to have their perception of the beautiful developed, that class requires it the most to whom the luxuries and, indeed, the comforts of life, are mostly forbidden; since, owing to the very poverty of the masses, the pleasures they fly to for recreation must, in their present untrained condition, necessarily be of the grossest animal description. There is, however, no form of delight so pure, so exquisite, and so harmless, as that which arises from the exercise of the æsthetic faculties: nor any so *cheap* either; the whole of physical creation, if rightly viewed, being but one vast treasury of the most cunning art, the finest harmonies, and the choicest graces—and a treasury, free and unlimited to all who desire to avail themselves of it.

Moreover, there is no function of the human constitution so thoroughly distinct from brute nature, and which shows such lavish bounty on the part of the Creator, as this same sense of the picturesque, the harmonious, the fit, the good, the noble, and the grand. It is the development of this function of moral and intellectual taste (the "æsthetic faculty," as it has been called,) *i.e.* the power of appreciating the admirable in nature, art, and human conduct, that makes the capital

difference between nations and individuals,—the prime point of distinction between the mean and the noble—the gross and the refined—the really high and really low—the gentleman and the blackguard; and there is no valid reason why the faculty should not be educated in all alike, and life, even with the very poor, be thus rendered a grace and a dignity, instead of being as now, with so many, a horror and an infamy.

In the present state of things, what mere beasts of burden are a large proportion of our working men, and what an utter blank is the world and life to them, owing to this faculty remaining dormant and callous in their breasts! If we hear of certain charities being misapplied; of the poor being cheated of a large amount of wealth that had been bequeathed for their special benefit; how indignant do we feel at the injustice, and how eager are we to have the funds devoted to their original purposes! But think of the infinite riches of form, light, colour, sound, perfume, thought, action, and affection, that encompass even the meanest among us! Yet how little, if any, the better are the great mass of people for the benevolent endowment of this vast fund of beauty,—this, the most lavish gift of all, except Christianity—and the utter waste of which is positively as wicked as the waste of bread. Surely, the harmonies and graces, the dignities and glories, of external and internal nature, are the sweetest of all food for the troubled soul,—a very manna dripping from the stars and the air, and treasured in every flower-cup for the particular comfort of the forlorn and the wretched in the great wilderness of modern society.

Pleasure of some kind or other is a *necessity* of our nature, recreation being the best form of rest. And according as the faculties of enjoyment developed in a people are of a gross or refined character, so will their evenings and holidays be passed

in brutal and degrading sensualities, or in enlightened and elevating arts. If the purer sources of delight are undeveloped in the poor, surely *they* are not to be blamed that their pleasures are on a level with those of the polype,—creatures in which the stomach is the chief organ, and whose anatomy exhibits not even the rudiments of a brain or a heart. Those who have never known the bodily fatigue of a hard day's labour,—the aching of every limb, the painful stiffness of each muscle, and the utter exhaustion of all bodily power, which follow upon severe toil,—cannot tell what inducements there are for workmen to find greater enjoyment in stimulants than in contemplating the wonders of nature, or the tasteful and graceful excellences of art. Nor can we wonder how a man whose home affords him no comfort and but little peace,—whose sitting-room does duty at once for kitchen, scullery, bedroom, nursery, and washhouse,—flies in preference to the more cosy and sociable accommodations of the taproom. Hence such people require a long course of training before they can be taught to experience greater pleasure from the refined charms of the concert-room, the picture-gallery, or the free library, than from the coarser and stronger gratifications of the public-house.

In Germany, however, the musical taste is educated even in the “elementary” schools, the youngest and meanest children being all taught to sing; so that the ear being trained from very childhood to the nice perceptions of harmony, the individual in after years gets to find more delight in the exercise of this sense than in that of the palate. The consequence is, that one of the most exquisite and elevating modes of amusement of which human nature is susceptible is brought within reach of the poor. To tickle the gustatory nerves with either dainty food or drink costs *some* little money; but to be able to reproduce the harmonious combinations

of a Beethoven or a Weber, or to make the air tremble melodiously with the sweet plaint of some simple ballad; or even to recall the rich and sonorous solemnities of some prayerful chorus or fine thanksgiving in an oratorio—is not only to fill the heart and brain with affections and thoughts that are too deep and touching for words, and to bathe the spirit in a soft æolian dream of enchantment; but it is to be able to taste as high a pleasure as the soul is capable of knowing, and yet one that may be had positively for *nothing*.

In Germany, as in France, the military bands are used at once to educate and indulge the musical passion of the people,—playing in public some two or three times weekly. Moreover, at each of the beer-and-wine-gardens music generally forms part of the entertainment; and music, too, of no inferior or commonplace kind, the quality being as different from those of our publichouse concerts as the performances at our Sadler's Wells Theatre differ from those of our “penny gaffs.” Nevertheless, it is easy to tell by the marking of the time by the greater part of the assembly, and the applause meted out to the most erudite pieces, that the poorest people have not only learnt to appreciate but to know almost every note of the compositions of even the profoundest masters.

Now, from the above impartial, and we believe, complete, list of intellectual and animal amusements, it will not require much shrewdness to perceive that *poverty* is as prevailing a characteristic of the Prussian gentry, as is their love of eating and drinking, and their aversion to active muscular exercise. Indeed, the other German tribes invariably describe the Prussians to you as “*Hunger-leute*” and “*Lumpen*,” (hungry wretches and ragamuffins); and at the hotels you

hear from the native Rhinelanders how a Prussian Captain, ambitious of treating his brother-officers, will, in his most extravagant moments, call for a bottle of champagne and eighteen glasses. There is, in fact, a violent feud for ever raging between the Rhinelanders and the half-foreign *Preussen*;—under the latter head being included the civil and military government officers, and the police agents, who mostly come from Brandenburg, and are regarded as interlopers by those born and bred in the Rhenish provinces.

Of course poverty is no disgrace, though it assuredly becomes more laughable than pitiable when it starves itself for the mere sake of dressing up in the costume of the rich; and this these same "*Hunger-leute*" love to do to a most comic extent. Again, foppery—especially when combined with frippery—is at all times more absurd than imposing. "For shame!" said Charlemagne (the story runs), to one of the court popinjays of the eighth century; "dress yourself like a rational creature; and if you would be distinguished, let it be by your merits and not by your garments."

The love of display, however, is the one great social mania raging throughout all "polite society." No human faculty has of late years been so fully developed as the desire for admiration, and the consequence is, a positive *furor* for praise has settled upon the higher and middle classes of every civilised community. But the misery is, that while the desire to obtain admiration has been considerably intensified, by all manner of social training, the capacity of appreciating what is *really* admirable has been utterly uneducated, so that the public vanity is directed only to the lowest forms of excellence—such as dress and wealth; while the more intrinsic graces of a chivalrous nature are regarded as barbaric virtues, and even honour and moral dignity thought to be far less enviable possessions than a carriage or an estate.

But this rage for display is never so contemptible as when it descends to the meanness of "borrowed plumes," or what amounts to the same, to indulge in finery beyond either the station or income of the individual, and to which, therefore, the swaggerer is not honestly entitled. Hence, when we know that the showy Sunday clothes have been purchased solely by living on soup, and black bread, and "*Nudeln*" (hard dumplings), all the week, and putting up with a styre instead of a human habitation, it is impossible to have any feeling but that of indignant contempt for the very poverty which otherwise would command our compassion.

Thus viewed, the Sunday promenade during the parade at Coblenz is one of the most melancholy exhibitions of swaggering squalor to be seen anywhere. From eleven till twelve the band plays, and at the sound of the kettle-drums the elegant *Deutschers* come pouring out in a body from their "flats;" and then no one ever saw so much dowdy and trumpery finery congregated together outside of our Rag Fair. The array of book muslin and satin ribbon almost amounts to the cheap display of the *coryphées* at the Drury-Lane Italian Opera; while the black net shawls spread over the backs of the young ladies are about as elegant as would be so many dyed anti-macassars. At such times, too, damsels indulge in the flimsy ostentation of black transparent dresses, with white calico slips showing beneath them, and "fancy straw" bonnets smothered with flowers as thickly as a triumphal arch; so that the people one meets impress English minds with the same sad feeling as we have at the sight of our "my lady" at the chimney-sweepers' show on May-day.

That sweet creature, so intensely "*geputzt*," (cleaned or polished up,) in the white cashmere cloak, rebakes the refuse coffee-grounds for her servant's breakfast and tea; that speci-

men of the “*élite*” in the pink silk mantilla and grubby white kid gloves, dines off horseflesh in the winter; and that little girl in short sleeves and lace drawers, and large flapping Tuscan hat, has the dirt showing through her yellow hair (for we noticed her but yesterday playing on a door-step), positively as thick as the crust upon an old Stilton cheese.

Again, those who can pinch a sufficient number of groschens out of the stomachs of themselves or their servants, retire to the saline gaieties of Ems, and there they walk bareheaded about the streets at noon, with their hair dressed as if for a ball; or else they dine at the *table d’hôte* with bare neck and shoulders, at one in the day, and having shaken their stiff-starched muslin flounces to the sound of the band among the gay invalids in the gardens by the Colonnade, betake themselves in the evening to the play-table, to risk their couple of shillings at the wretched avarice of roulette: for the habit of gambling, that even in Paris was confined to professional “lorettes,” is in Germany indulged in by people who are said to rank as “ladies” in the land.

Indeed it is an apt illustration of the state of civilisation in Germany, that gambling, which is forbidden by England and France, is not only permitted by the German authorities, but even encouraged by some of the beggarly princes, who dine at the *tables d’hôte*, like arch-tempters, to seduce people to their “hells.” In all the *cafés* and beer-houses, cards are in no way prohibited; and even at the hotels, *écarté* or *piquet* are commenced the very instant the dessert is placed on the table.

Now there are but two ways of making money in the world, the slow and the quick,—the former is the process of patient industry, the latter that of hasty speculation; and it is the rule, that whereas the one *almost invariably succeeds* in compassing

its end, the other *almost as invariably fails*; since it is but one speculator or gambler in a thousand that wins what he plays for. Hence every government that has the well-being of its people rather than itself at heart strives to foster the one and to discourage the other habit; for it is a well-known fact, that immediately a man believes it possible to obtain wealth by a lucky *coup*, he will never be able to give himself up to the more tedious though far more certain process of getting money; and thus many, whose industry should be steadily increasing the riches of the community and themselves, are withdrawn from the producers of the country, and taught to live in idleness, while they are continually endeavouring to become rich by the ruin of others, though generally falling a prey to the tricks of greater knaves than themselves.

Every enlightened nation, therefore, seeks now-a-days to encourage the industry of its people — to impress them with a deep sense that assiduity and frugality are the sure, though slow means to riches — and to remove every obstacle that may interfere with the development of the energies of the nation.

In “educated” Prussia and the other German States, however, the very opposite principle is acted upon, for there industry is not only encumbered with all kinds of restrictions, and the interchange of commodities, even when produced, rendered as difficult as possible, but, owing to the government upholding the gaming-tables and lotteries, the people are led to believe in the quick and hazardous method of gaining money, and so to become more and more disgusted with the slow and sure one.

What care the authorities of Nassau for the morals and welfare of the community they rule over, so long as the ducal hell-keeper can sack his 75,000 dollars from the roulette table every year?— for that is the amount lost annually at Ems alone. Is it a matter of moment, think you, to the Prussian govern-

ment, if peasants and servants come to want in their old age by risking all their savings in the lottery?—since there are no poor-laws in the country, and it is a crime to beg; and the revenue is a million dollars richer each year by such means.*

The only other sources of amusements, beyond what we have already particularised, are those of literature and the social gatherings called “receptions.” Of the former we shall have to speak at some future time; we will therefore conclude this section with a brief account of the German coffee-drinkings and other “parties.”

A coffee party is, in plain language, a scandal party, for on these occasions more slander is discussed than Mocha—ladies only being invited to the entertainment, since even the gentleman of the house is instructed to absent himself from home on the occasion. For a wretch in pantaloons to obtain admission to such an assembly, is as impossible as for him to see what is going on in a harem. We *did*, however, indirectly worm our way into one such muster, whereat the conversation was of course about as intellectual, and displayed about as much loving-kindness, (though the ladies were mostly of an ostensibly “religious” turn of mind,) as the chatter that goes on in the monkey-cages at the Zoological Gardens.

First it was whispered that FRAULEIN KRUMMBEIN had been seen walking arm-in-arm with HERR KEINGROS, and this was unanimously declared to be highly indecent on that young lady’s part unless she were betrothed, which all the ladies

* It is forbidden in Prussia for the people to play in any other lottery but that of their own government. The Frankfort lottery, however, takes a much lower per-centage off the winnings, and is therefore preferred by many of the gamblers; but if it were known that a Prussian had gained a prize in that or any other state’s lottery, the authorities at Berlin would immediately confiscate the gains, and fine the lucky individual some 200 or 300 thalers besides. A Prussian gaming-table exists at Aachen.

were sure she was not, and never would be if she went on in the way she did.

Then one of the party informed the rest, that she had actually heard that impudent Engländer "*dat-en*" (*tu-toi*) FRÄULEIN ROTHESHAAR; at which the united hands and eyebrows were thrown up, and the religious and lady-like assembly one and all blasphemed.

After this another lady told her sisters that some lately-married couple had been blessed with a beautiful little boy; whereupon the lips of the ladies all went to work in silence, for they were evidently engaged in a little bit of mental arithmetic concerning the calendar, and when the calculation was ended they severally tossed their heads and cried "*Lieber Gott!*"

Next the news was circulated that the Provisor at the Apotheke's was going to be married again, although his wife had been dead only three weeks; but then it was universally allowed that there was a great excuse for the poor man, as he had a large family—though, to be sure, not one of the children was a bit like him.

Presently the ladies began to compare notes as to their servants, and then each pronounced *her* "*braves Mädchen*" to be the very worst in the town. One of the ladies declared her girl was too grand to eat apple-parings done in fat for her supper; another vowed that hers had been very impudent, and had threatened to go to the police if she would not let her have a fire to sit by, though she was sure the winter was *very* mild.

And when such subjects had been exhausted, the lady of the house, as a great treat, produced her new bonnet, that had been made and trimmed exactly after the Princess's last; for the head-woman of her Royal Highness's milliner was closely related to her, and so she could always depend upon having the most stylish things.

The supper-parties that are occasionally given are but little



more refined or amusing than the above — the style of entertainment being about as elegant as those cheap and not particularly toothsome meals furnished at our *à-la-mode*-beef houses.

Dinner-parties, such as are usual in England, are never indulged in; for an entertainment like our Lord Mayor's banquet would reduce the Prussian government itself to bankruptcy.

Private balls are almost unknown — a few only being given between Christmas and Lent.

The "Commandirinde-General," however (being allowed a small sum for official entertainments), has a few "receptions" in the course of the year. The style of such parties may be judged from the fact, that on one occasion, when *the* cake was brought into the room, the servant accidentally let it slip from the plate: whereupon the pieces were duly collected from the uncarpeted floor, and the dirty fragments handed round to the company.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(6.)

STRASBURG.

The Alsatian capital is a kind of hybrid town—a sort of civic cross between German and French, with a slight sprinkling of Dutch canals flowing through its veins of streets.

Though belonging to the French, Strasburg is no more like France than the Channel Islands are like England; and, though part of Rheinland, it is as different in character from the other Rhenish towns as the Protestant cantons of Switzerland are dissimilar from the Catholic ones.

Here the chequered railings and sentry-boxes peculiar to the German States are no longer to be seen, and the monster fishing-rod-like turnpikes have vanished from the outskirts of the town. Here, too, the spikey "*pickel-haube*" (Prussian helmet) disappears from the heads of the soldiers, and the paper-knife-like "hair-needles" and gold-embroidered half-caps from those of the peasant girls.

Though the traveller were to fall asleep in the train and to get "shunted" into Strasburg by mistake, while he fancied himself still in Germany, he would only have to open his eyes to be immediately undeceived as to the Teutonic genius of the place; for in the capital of Alsace the vision is greeted once more with the sight of the baggy sealing-wax-coloured trousers and wasp waists of the French officers; and there are our old friends the little spinach-green *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, with their large carving-knife-like swords, in the place of bayonets, at the end of their podgy muskets; and the clumsy-legged French cavalry, with one half of their trousers blacked like their boots.

Here, too, the public offices and town-gates have all the tricolor flag drooping in front of them; and there are the same gilt gingerbread kind of lamp-posts round the principal places, as on the *Place Carrousel* at Paris; and the same smell of hot chestnuts and of coffee-roasting to tickle the nose at the corners of the streets, as in the French metropolis; and the same huge placards, too, of "CHOCOLAT DE SANTÉ" and "ROB" painted high up on the sides of the houses.

Further, we are again in the land of omnibuses ("*les Alsaciennes*"), with the same periwinkle-capped conductor, and the penny-pieman-like dial beside the door; and of huge, cumbrous cabriolets, with hoods as big as the awnings to bathing-machines; and of policemen in cocked hats and aiguillettes, and with swords like scythe-blades under their

arm; besides students in fluffy white beaver hats and dress coats, and schoolboys dressed up in uniform, with the peculiar little French military caps, in shape like half a raised pie.

Then the Strasburg shops, too, are of the unmistakable French character,—for there are bright polished steel steam-engines in the windows of the chocolate shops, working away at the brown clay-like paste; and *cafés estaminet*, with their marble-topped tables, and thick white coffee-cups, the place resounding as you pass with the click of dominoes, as well as being foggy with the fumes of tobacco; and there are the glovers, with their red tin boxing-glove-like signs hanging over the doorways; and the cheap clothing-shops, christened “AU PROPHÈTE,” and “DOCKS DE LA TOILETTE,” with their headless dummies dressed up in showy, frogged, and scarlet-lined dressing-gowns, and others attired in “coachmans,” or cloaks with great jelly-bag hoods; not forgetting the tobacco-shops, with the monster tin Havannah, illuminated inside with a little night-light, flanking the door-posts, and the tide-waiter-kind of boxes, styled “CABINETS DE LECTURE,” with the outside stuck over with illustrated lithograph posters of the last new novels—“L’EMPOISONNEUSE INTÉRESSANTE,” “LA LORETTE AUX VIOLETS,” &c. &c.

Still, on looking further into the town, there are sufficient evidences of the German origin of Strasburg to convince the stranger that he is still in Rhineland, if not strictly in Germany; for the same ox-wagons are to be seen about the market twice a-week, and the peasant-women that enter the city wear the same high, black-ribbon bows, and have the same look of the Indian chief about them, as the ladies of the Schwarz-Wald on the other side of the Rhine. Then there is the usual religious distinction about the female costume that prevails all along the banks of the great German

river. At Coblenz the creed was indicated by caps—there being Papist and Protestant head-dresses; but at Strasburg the faith breaks out in petticoats—a scarlet jupe standing for Romanism and a green one for Lutheranism. Moreover, at the time of our visit we saw a crowd of countrymen in fur caps (like the Lord Mayor's sword-bearer) and black canvas surtouts, and others in three-cornered Greenwich-pensioner-like hats, grouped round a German copy of the Emperor Napoleon's speech on the closing of the French Exhibition, that was placarded against the government walls in the Place Kleber, and beginning—

**“Französisches Kaiserreich
Schluss der Universal-Ansstellung
Rede**

**Dr. Majestät des Kaiser
Meine Herren,”**

&c. &c. &c. &c.

And concluding, in a spirit of fine Imperial puffery, with,—

**“Diese Rede wurde mit dem grössten
Enthousiasmus aufgenommen.”**

At some parts of the town, again, it is almost impossible not to believe that you have somehow been carried back to Holland,—for the river Ill meanders through the city in long embanked canals or quai-like streets, that are edged with tall houses, the water being crossed by line after line of little bridges, and there is a like vision of women eternally wringing short, thick cables of wet clothes, down at the bottom of the steps by the quai side.

Indeed Strasburg is an odd medley of civic peculiarities—a kind of mongrel colony, with now a public Platz that reminds you of Paris,—now a market that seems a little bit

of Köln,—and now a canal-street that looks like a thoroughfare taken from Rotterdam.*

The great sight, however, of Strasburg—the architectural “lion,” as it were, of the place—is the cathedral, or *Münster*.

The cathedrals bordering the Rhine are nine in number, and admit mostly of being ranged in couples as regards their main points of attraction. Those of Worms and Constanx, for instance, are interesting principally for their associations with the Reformation—the one the scene of Martin Luther’s trial, the other the site of John Huss’s martyrdom; those of Bonn and Mainz, on the other hand, are remarkable for the quaintness, if not ugliness, of their structure—that of the former town having a huge stone spike for a steeple, and the other an enormous stone pumpkin for a dome; those of

* The principal Rhenish cities are of Roman origin. Köln, Bonn, Remagen, Andernach, Coblenz, Boppard, Oberwesel, Bingen, Mayence, Worms, Spires, are all known to have been Roman stations. Strasburg is equally classic in its foundation. It was the *Argentoratum* of the Cæsars, and even in those days was renowned as a flourishing city, embellished with noble edifices, among which a temple dedicated to Hercules is specially mentioned.

Attila, the leader of the Huns, is said to have destroyed the Roman city; but its situation was too important for the town to remain in ruins, for it was then the centre of three great highways that radiated from it—the one leading to Milan, the other to Trèves, and the third into Belgium. The Franks, accordingly, rebuilt it in the 4th century, and changed its Roman name for the more appropriate one of “*Strato-burgum*,”—that is to say, the City of the Highways.

Strasburg was one of the most eminent of the free Imperial German cities up to 1681; and in the Middle Ages the German empire had not a more secure stronghold. But on the 30th September in that year, Louis XIV. attacked it, most unwarrantably, during the peace, and obtained possession of it. He then caused the fortifications to be reconstructed after the most impregnable plans of those days, under Vauban, who added a citadel (*à cinq angles*), and had engraved over the citadel-gate the inscription, “SERVAT ET OBSERVAT,”—that is to say, it “Guards and Regards.” Strasburg was formerly the capital of Lower Alsace, and is at present the head-quarters of the French “*département du Bas-Rhin*,” and one of the most important fortresses of France, occupying the third place on the list. It is about a league distant from the Rhine, and is traversed by the waters of the Ill on its way to empty itself into the German river.

Basel and Freiburg, again, are "sight-worthy," as the Germans say, for the delicate tracery of their open steeples; and that of Speier standing alone for the barbaric splendour of its gilt and painted interior; while those of Köln and Strasburg are renowned for the exquisite "pure Gothic" character of their architecture.

But beautiful as is the chancel of the Dom at Köln, with its "glory," as it were, of flying buttresses, radiating as if from the centre of the choir,—and with the fretted pinnacles rising about it like a cluster of monster stalagmites springing from the floor of a cavern,—and the finely-massive proportions of the entire building; still the beauty of Strasburg Münster is of a wholly different kind: there it is not the mass that charms the eyes with the harmony of its arrangement, but the wondrous delicacy and luxury of the detail.

The western front, above which the tower rises, is a very feast of the choicest taste. The façade itself, with its slender fretted colonnades before the windows, and delicate arcades above the "*rosace*," seems as it were to be trellised over with a Gothic net of stone, as light as a bit of Parian lace-work veiling some statuette: indeed, the open filagree of the screen before the elaborately-wrought mullions reminds one of the curious Chinese carving of one ivory ball within another.

The doorways, too, are so exquisitely embossed, and the red-stone has been toned by age into such a deep brown, that the sculptured chasing of the arches looks more like old oak carving than stone-work; while the pinnacles, bristling up on either side of the gable fronts, as it were, of the porches, seem like a sheaf of spear-heads above the doors.*

* The History of the Cathedral tells us that the first sacred edifice at Strasburg was begun in the reign of Clovis, at the beginning of the sixth century, and finished under Charlemagne. This building, however, was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed on the 24th June, 1007; and though partly reconstructed a year or two afterwards, it was pillaged and afterwards burnt by the troops of the Duke

Then the renowned "rose" or "marigold-window" (43 feet in diameter), above the principal entrance, is so rich in tracery, spreading in mere fibres from its centre, that one might fancy it a garden-spider's web spun in stone; whilst

of Suabia. The Bishop Werner, of Hapsburg, founded the present structure in 1015. But the Bishop, who is said to have been a kind of ecclesiastical Admirable Crichton—a skilful architect, a gallant soldier, a devout prelate, and a keen diplomatist—all rolled into one—was (fortunately for the Cathedral) despatched as ambassador to the Emperor of the Greeks, who detained him as prisoner, so that he ultimately died at Constantinople. After this, the Bishop Conrad of Lichtemberg undertook the completion of the edifice, and entrusted the work to Erwin of Steinbach—an architect so called from the little village of Steinbach, in the vicinity of Baden, where he was born, and where a monument has recently been erected to his memory. The choir was already finished; but to Erwin was confided the construction of the designs for the façade, the tower, and the spire. The original plans of Erwin are still preserved in the town, and he worked at the structure for forty-three years. He died, however, in 1318, before the building was half finished; after that his son John continued to superintend the construction of the spire, and when he died, Erwin's daughter Sabina undertook the completion of the work, and enriched the façade with several of its most delicate bits of sculpture. The remains of the architectural race are interred in the little court behind the Chapel of St. John, where may still be seen the gravestone of Erwin and his wife and son. After the death of Sabina the work again stood still; and when another century had elapsed, John Hülz, the architect of Köln, was summoned to Strasburg to finish the tower, which was not completed till 1439—or 424 years after the church had been commenced.

Still the other tower, which is found in the original designs of Erwin, is wanting. As the Cathedral at present exists, however, it contains fine specimens of the different periods of Gothic architecture, viz. from its origin in the last epoch of the Roman style (as seen in the lower part of the church and the choir, which is said to be of the time of Charlemagne), the purity of the Gothic style in its perfection (of which the upper part of the building is a fine instance), as well as the same style in its decline.

But the Strasburg Cathedral has had many narrow escapes from destruction since its completion. During the French Revolution, towards the end of the last century, it was positively condemned, in the epidemic madness of the time, to be beheaded. At one of the sittings of a "committee of public welfare" (*comité de salut public*) in those days, a member of the council, named Téterel, rose and demanded the parole upon a motion "in the highest degree interesting to public order and republican morals."

"Citizens," he began, "there is a monument in this town which offends the sight and irritates the mind of all good patriots. I refer to the 'ex-cathédrale,' the spire of which elevates itself so haughtily into the air. *This spire is an*

the vandyked edging round the rim, with the pierced pieces at the sides, give one the notions of so much open embroidery-work fashioned in biscuit-ware.

But the principal feature of all is the tower that rises on one side of the front—for the fellow-turret has never

aristocrat (!) It violates the laws of equality—in exceeding the height of the citizen's houses. Should such an odious privilege be preserved in the monument of that superstition which has so long imposed upon the people? No, citizens; it is sufficient that such an abuse should be pointed out to you in order to be immediately put an end to. *I demand then that the 'ci-devant cathédrale' of Strasburg be decapitated, (!) and that its excised spire may prove that the republican axe, ever inflexible in its work, knows how to deal justly with things as well as men.*"

This speech was received with enthusiasm, and the poor spire's condemnation was about to be pronounced, when a member of the committee (who was an hotel-keeper, and, therefore, loth that the city should lose any of its attractions), demanded that the matter should be discussed; whereupon "mine host" spoke as follows:—

"Assuredly, citizens, there are none but the friends of equality here, and I, above all, am a man of the axe. I admit that the steeple of the Cathedral is much higher than the houses of the city; but is it the fault of the building that it was constructed so? Because the fancy of the architect chose to push it to so high a point, will you construe *that* into crime on the part of the Cathedral? Good republicans should not have two weights and two measures wherewith to deal out justice. Monuments merit the same consideration as men. If, for instance, a citizen who has had the misery of being born of an aristocratic family—an unfortunate whom nature has ill-treated, even to the point of making him of noble and titled extraction—if such a one comes and casts at your feet all the vanities of the times which are no more, and approaches you with his heart full of patriotic sentiments, as well as the *bonnet rouge* on his head, you admit him among your ranks, and treat him as a brother. Your sense of justice then ignores all the wrongs of birth and the errors of the past. Well, we ask the same justice for the 'ci-devant cathédrale.' Already it has been stripped of the altars of an abolished religion, and now, instead of having its tower cut off, let us dress its head (*coiffons-là*) with the *bonnet rouge*, and then the elevation of the monument will cease to be an insult, but serve rather to exalt the glorious sign of liberty more than ever, and to cause it to be seen from afar."

A thunder of applause followed the proposal, and, thanks to the "coiffure," the spire was allowed to continue on the shoulders of the tower, while the decorations of the façade were preserved by covering them with a boarding, which was used to placard the decrees and "ordonnances" of the republican government upon.

been raised, and the place where it should have stood is now occupied by a low shed which might be mistaken for a photographic studio, but which is really the residence of the watchman, who, in true German fashion, sits perched up in the steeple, on the look-out for fires.

The tower consists of a tall octagonal turret, pierced with open, "lancet-shaped" windows, through which the light shines in long white streaks, and from each of the four corners of whose rectangular base springs a high thin tube of stone, open at the sides, and with a spiral staircase seen winding up the centre,—thus giving an exquisite lightness to the structure, and delighting the eye with the fine variety of the octagon set within the square colonnade.

Above this, again, rises the open spire, arranged in steps, like a tall, narrow pyramid, and ornamented at the base with an exquisite "*cornice à l'aiguille*," which at the height looks positively as if it were a mere balustrade of needles.

The Strasburg spire is hardly so open, or so much like antique point-lace work as that of Freiburg, still the light sparkles through it as if it were a basket of stone; and such is the extreme height of the tower, that the lighthouse-like top looks hardly bigger than the stamen to a lily.

Those who delight in mere exaggerations of size, and find beauty in unusual vastness or height, admire Strasburg principally because it is the tallest bit of mason-work in the world—with the exception of the pyramid of Cheops, though it is only nine feet less than this, and just one-third higher than our own St. Paul's.*

* For the convenience of comparison, we subjoin a list of the heights of different monuments in Europe :—

	French Feet.					
Pyramid of Cheops	449
Tower of Strasburg	440
Steeple of St. Etienne at Vienna	425

The ascent of this tower is said to require no ordinary nerve and steadiness of head. For ourselves we must confess such games, as the French say, "*ne valent pas la chandelle*," or, literally speaking, do not pay for the fat they consume; and we must say we have little respect for the "kids" who delight in clambering up mountains and scaling steeples where there is nothing but the power of boasting of the feat to reward them for the undertaking. Moreover, a glance up at the open sides of the Strasburg steeple, seeming, as it does, to be a

					French Feet.
Dome of St. Peter at Rome	406
Steeple of the Cathedral at Antwerp	401
Steeple of St. Michael at Hamburg	394
Pyramid of Cephrennes	389
Steeple of the Cathedral at Rouen	380
Do. of Metz	375
Dome of St. Paul at London	338
Dome of Milan	336
Hôtel de Ville at Bruxelles	334
Hôtel des Invalides at Paris	323
Steeple of St. Denis	317
Belfry of Bruges	267
Cathedral at Rheims	250
Do. at Bâle	230
Panthéon at Paris	243
Westminster Abbey	226
Mast of an East Indiaman	224
Towers of St. Sulpice at Paris	216
Cathedral at York	213
Notre Dame at Paris	203
Monument of London	200
St. Sophie (Constantinople)	178
Leaning Tower of Pisa	173
Colosseum at Rome	117
Arc de Triomphe at the Barrière de l'Etoile	135
Column in the Place Vendôme	127
Column at the Barrière du Trône at Paris	100
Ordinary height of a Palm-tree	100
Bell Rock Lighthouse in Scotland	93
Pompey's Column	88
Paris Observatory	75

mere tangle of slender spars of stone, is quite sufficient to assure one that the adventurer must feel himself when up there to be suspended in a mere cage over the city. Nor do we need the guide-books to inform us, as we behold the patches of light shimmering through the interstices, "that if the foot were to slip the body might *possibly* drop through the open fret-work."

Within the Cathedral itself, a fine effect is produced by the light, or rather the darkness, pervading the place, the whole of the nave being veiled in an exquisitely rich *clair-obscur*. On entering the aisle, you literally cannot see two paces before you; for so little light leaks through the stained-glass windows (and there are none others), that you involuntarily stretch out your hands to grope your way.

At the far end, however, you perceive the choir, as if you were looking at it in a black mirror, with the communion-table and the tall candelabra, and the priest in his embroidered "*messe-gewand*" bowing before it, with the incense-boys beside him, as if modelled out of red sealing-wax; while the walls resound with the deep sepulchral chanting of the mass, and the whole place seems to tremble with the melodious thunder of the organ above.

After a time, however, the darkness seems to fade like a fog from before the eyes, and then you begin to make out, bit after bit, of the sculpture about the exquisite stone pulpit, that projects like a little battlement from one of the pillars, and is embossed all over with figures, as if it were an ivory "*hanap*" carved by Cellini himself.

The stained windows here, too, are the very glory of colour. Indeed, no gems ever shone with such vivid tints—no flower-bed was ever so gorgeous in its hues; nor did the kaleidoscope ever arrange such exquisite chromatic forms. Richer than any

Indian shawl—purer and yet brighter than the most splendid Persian carpet: and yet in the chastest taste. For, though dappled over with the brightest ultramarine, and ruby, and emerald, and amethystine purple, and topaz yellow, there is nothing like vulgar glare about them; and as the light struggles through the panes, the dyed beams fall on the pavement in many colours, till the stones seem covered with the fragments of some broken rainbow.

The new stained windows at Köln Cathedral are mere vulgar bits of gew-gaw in comparison with these; for there the colours are in immense gaudy sheets rather than in mere gem-like specks as here; so that the eye is cloyed to surfeit with the bright tawdry glare at the one place, and tickled with the exquisite chromatic variety at the other.

Still, how strange it is that the educated retina should delight in neutral colours, from which all positive tints are effaced (such as browns and greys), and yet be pleased with such intense bits of vividness as these. Nevertheless, so little can the refined sense bear of positive colour, that, were it not that the tints of the Strasburg windows are broken up and scattered about like flowers, the optical palate would be offended rather than gratified by the sight of them; for here, indeed, no one colour predominates, and as in a perfect tint all others are mingled (your browns and greys being but combinations of the three “primitives” in different proportions), so, at Strasburg, the stained panes being too small for the eye to notice each isolated speck of colour, the general effect is a gorgeous blending of all the loveliest hues, rather than a tawdry exhibition of any one brilliant tint.

The other great feature of Strasburg Cathedral is the Puppet Clock, that performs a variety of mechanical movements at every hour, and more particularly at noon each day.

But though it is mainly the toy character of the time-piece that attracts the "children of larger growth" in such crowds every mid-day to see it strike twelve, nevertheless, the clock is something more than a mere collection of moving figures. It not only tells the ordinary, or mean time, as well as the day of the week and month, but it indicates sidereal time, the phases of the moon, eclipses to come, and all the revolutions of the stars and planets; besides marking the different *fêtes*, or feast-days, and computing the Golden Number, Dominical Letter, &c.*

The case of the Strasburg clock is a stupendous affair, being literally as big as a house. The pedestal of the case, so to speak, is like a monster wardrobe, and above this rises, in the centre, a tall square turret of wood, reminding one of the gawky clock-cases that used to stand in gentlemen's halls, but being of gigantic dimensions. On one side of this turret is an isolated spiral staircase, and on the other a smaller square turret, with the figure of a cock, the size of life, cresting the top.

The wardrobe-like base is divided into three compartments. In the centre is an enormous dial, with a huge, full-length figure at either side—one pointing to the day of the month, and the other to the name of the Saint whose *fête* is celebrated on that day. In the compartment to the left of this there is a

* There was a clock of this kind at Strasburg in the fourteenth century, but the wheels ceased to work, and no mechanics could be found sufficiently expert to set them going again. At length, however, three ingenious "artistes" resident in the town undertook the task, which was completed in 1574 by the brothers Isaac and Josias Habrecht of Schaffhausen. Their work lasted for upwards of two centuries, and the clock continued going till the year 1789. Then, however, the machinery came once more to a stand-still, nor was its reconstruction attempted till 1838, when the Municipal Council of Strasburg voted that the task should be confided to M. Schwilgué of that city, and he, in the course of six years, perfected the present wondrous piece of mechanism, which is almost entirely new—only a very small portion of the old works having been used in it.

series of wheels for calculating the different ecclesiastical problems, such as the Dominical Letter and the Golden Number, &c. ; while the compartment on the other side is devoted to an apparatus for solving lunar and solar equations.

Immediately over the central dial is a small semi-circular table, like the half of an enormous tambourine, projecting from the pedestal cornice, and on this are seen the chariots of the gods and goddesses who have lent their names to the several days of the week—the god of the day for the time being occupying the centre place. Above the chariots, again, there is an ordinary clock-dial, marking the “mean time,” with the figure of a winged boy, the size of life, on either side; one holding a bell and hammer, and the other an hour-glass.

This completes the work of the pedestal, so to speak: that of the gigantic clock-case standing above it consists, first, of a dial, as large as the one below, and devoted to the purposes of an orrery, bordered with the zodiacal constellations, and indicating the place of the sun and planets. Over this is a sphere set amid clouds, and representing the phases of the moon for the time being. Surmounting this again are two other compartments, filled with two different sets of mechanical figures; the lower one of these consists of a puppet skeleton with a bone in his hand, standing beside a bell, and surrounded with a series of small mechanical figures illustrative of the four ages of man, one of which comes forward as another retires at each quarter of the hour; whilst the uppermost compartment of all is fitted with another series of little clock-work puppets, representative of Christ and the Apostles.

This marvellous piece of horological machinery is situate in the southern part of the transept; and it is curious, as the hour advances towards noon, to see the peasants and Sisters of Charity, and soldiers and priests, and strangers and citizens with young children, that come streaming in at the side-door.

Then the beadle proceeds to keep back the crowd, who stand with open mouths and upturned faces watching the minute-hand move slowly on,—the fathers with the children perched on their shoulder, and the mothers telling the little things what to look at first, and crying “Now watch well,” the moment that the hand is on the stroke of twelve.

The words are no sooner uttered, than—clink-clank! goes the little gilt angel at the side of the dial which marks the “mean time,” as he is seen to strike the bell he holds, while the other turns the hour-glass in his hand; and immediately afterwards the little skeleton figure of Time up above is observed to sound the remaining quarters—tink-tink!—by striking with his bone against the bell: whereupon a whirr of wheels is heard, and the old man that typifies the passing hour glides from his place in front of the skeleton, and the little child that indicates the new-born one advances to the spot the other has left.

Then, as the huge cathedral bell is heard to thunder forth the hour without, one of the puppet Apostles moves past the figure of the Saviour, and as each different stroke booms through the aisles, Christ turns towards the passing figure, and places his hand upon his head. While this is going on, the great cock, surmounting the turret at the side, flaps his wings thrice, raises his head, and crows so lustily that the transept rings again with the sound.

And when the crowing has been thrice repeated, the beadle knocks with his staff on the stones, after the fashion of the old Liverpool policemen, and the crowd immediately disperse; for the marvellous bit of clock-work has performed its chief wonder for the day.

There is but one other sight in Strasburg worth the mentioning: and that, though disfigured by faults that serve to

render a fine work of art almost ludicrous in effect, has nevertheless sufficient beauties about it, at least to tickle, if not to satisfy, the taste. This is the tomb of the *Maréchal de Saxe* (the masterpiece of the sculptor *Pigalle*), in the Protestant Church of *St. Thomas*.

The monument consists of a white marble figure of the *Maréchal* in armour, the size of life, and with his *bâton* in his hand. He is in the act of descending some steps that lead to a large half-open tomb below, the white stone drapery from which hangs partly over the green marble sides of the sarcophagus; but a bending female form at his side detains him, while she leans forward and strives to drive away the veiled figure of *Death*—who stands, with the hour-glass run down in his bony hand, at the head of the tomb, waiting to receive the soldier. At the other end of the tomb the figure of *Hercules* is seen, resting on his club; and beside the female is a *Cupid*, or *Hymen*, weeping, with his arch turned down, and a group of fluttering banners at his back; while on the other side of the *Maréchal* are ranged various wounded animals, as types of the countries he has conquered, and with a sheaf of broken standards at their feet cast to the ground.

The monument is a work of striking genius but marked by glaring faults. The figure of the *Maréchal* is full of fine calm dignity and gentle action, while the face is stamped with the marks of death, mingled with a noble expression of heroic resignation. The figure of *Death*, again, is exquisitely rendered, the impert being made to conceal all the physical grandeur of the skeleton, the bony hand and face only being visible—as hints of the character. The half-open tomb, moreover, is beautifully suggestive; and the attitude of the hero as about to descend the steps, displaying as it does a half-reluctance to enter it, is a masterly method of portraying the courage of the soldier. Further, the design is artistically pyramidal,

without being formal, and the blending of the dark green with the pure white marble cleverly managed.

But here the praise must end. The allegorical figures (and allegories at best are sad burlesque affairs) are all absurd, because they are one and all—even down to the emblematical beasts themselves—represented as being racked with emotions that are utterly inconsistent with mere abstract types. The female who is trying to stay the Maréchal with one hand and ward off Death with the other (and who is evidently, from the *fleur-de-lis* on her dress, intended for the figure of France) has an agony in her features and an energy in her action that—coupled with her extremely *décolté* attire—strike one as being rather more theatrical than pathetic. Then Hercules, with his hand to his forehead, grieving for the hero, seems to be afflicted with a severe headache rather than absorbed in grief. The little blubbering Cupid, too, is making the same wry face as he would if about to be compelled to swallow a dose of physic; whilst the notion of the capsized eagle (“typical of the taking of Prague!”), and the panther sprawling on his back (the latter being indicative, it is said, of the “victories over England at Fontenoy and Laffelt”), and the lion, yelping like a cur that has been well kicked—are simply the violent absurdities of allegorical farce.

Frenchmen, however, are in ecstasies at “the completeness of the allegory.” Hercules, we are told, could not help rendering homage to the Maréchal, whose powerful hand was able to double up a horse-shoe and crumple together a shield of six pounds weight; and who, by the mere strength of his fingers alone, could twist a rod of iron into the form of a corkscrew.

The God of Love, too, M. Eugene Guinot informs us, was bound to pay his sad tribute to the loss of a hero who always worshipped him so fervently—for the great Maurice signalled himself as much by his prowess in his engagements with the

fair sex as in those with the enemy—in a word, he was at once gallant and gallant. “It was love,” adds the Frenchman, “who gave him for a father Augustus II, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, and for his mother, Aurora, Countess of Königsmarck.”

When he was only twelve years of age, the young Maurice saw actual service as a soldier, at the siege of Lille. In later years (though a married man), “his passion for the ladies (*sa passion pour les femmes*) equalled that of his passion for *la gloire*.”

“Born of royal parents,” continues the writer, “and illustrious by his conquests (both among women and men), young, handsome, and amiable, Maurice saw no limit to his ambition, and hoped to get elected to the Duchy of Courland by wedding the Duchess Anna Ivanowna, daughter of Ivan I.” The Duchess encouraged him, but the Czarina, Catherine I, opposed his wishes, and sent the Prince Menschikoff to attack the Marshal in the fortress of Mitau, whither he had retired for protection. Maurice had not the means of sustaining so unequal a struggle, “but he had left behind him at Paris a tender souvenir in the heart of the celebrated actress Adrienne Lecouvreur; and she, hearing of his difficulty, sold her diamonds and plate, and drawing out of the bank forty thousand *livres*, sent the whole to the soldier,” adds the French scribe, with a fine national insensibility as to the indignity of a Marshal receiving money from one of his mistresses.

Despite, however, of the Czarina (and the little intrigue with Adrienne), the marriage, after many vicissitudes, was arranged to take place. “The Duchess Anna being deeply enamoured of Saxe, summoned him to her court; but Maurice,” says our sympathising French friend again, “not content with the happiness that was offered him, and still led by his inconstant ardour, fell in love with one of the maids of honour, and

indulged in an intrigue with her by night that recalls the adventure of Enginhart with the daughter of Charlemagne"—with this difference, however, that at Ingelheim, the young lady carried the gentleman upon her shoulders, so that the footsteps of her lover should not be left printed in the snow; whereas, in the gardens of Anna, Duchess of Courland, it was the Maréchal who bore the maid of honour in his arms, so that the snow might tell no tales on the morrow. "The precaution was good," writes the French biographer, "but, unfortunately, Maurice was surprised in one such excursion, and the Duchess, in her indignation, broke off the marriage, and banished the deceiver for ever from her presence." This misadventure cost the Maréchal not only the duchy of Courland, but also the chance of becoming Emperor of Russia when Anna succeeded to the throne of the Czars, as she did in 1730.

"There!" concludes M. Guinot, with a fine theatrical "tag" to his *histoiette*, "that is what Maurice de Saxe gained and what he lost through love; and that is the reason why the Cupid weeps over the tomb of the hero." *

"And now," says one of the foreign guide-books, after

* It was during the general European war which began in 1740 that Maréchal Saxe gained the triumphs by which he is best known. He commanded the French army at Fontenoy in 1745, and won a memorable victory over the English and their allies, which he followed up by the conquest of all Belgium. At this period he was lying ill at Paris—suffering under a severe attack of dropsy. He was tapped only five days before the battle was fought, and, spite of the remonstrances of his physicians, went to the field, where he was carried about in a litter during the engagement. In 1747 he gained a second victory over us at Laffelt, and died in 1750, loaded with honours by the French; "who were indebted to him," says Professor Creasy, "for the two chief of the very few successes they have ever had in fair pitched battles against the English." If he had not been a Lutheran, it is said the Maréchal would have been buried at St. Denis—in the royal vaults—at the side of Turenne, who, though "born of the Reformed religion," was converted to Romanism by Bousset (and the prospect of a royal funeral, perhaps?). For the same reason, we are told, Saxe could not be decorated with the "blue ribbon"—the "Order of the Holy Ghost" being essentially a Catholic honour!

describing the monument of the Maréchal,—“now that you have contemplated death in its majesty—in all its monumental splendour—you can step into an ante-chamber at the same church, and see it turned into a mere show, and human remains that are generally held to be sacred exhibited with no more respect than if they were wax figures or stuffed crocodiles.”

At the moment when you are about to quit the Church of St. Thomas, the sacristan opens the door at the side, and invites you to enter,—“*Il ne coûte que 50 centimes pour les bourgeois ; et Messieurs les militaires ne sont pas taxés,*” he says. From the great drama of death you are about to pass to the mere parade.

Here you are shown two figures in zinc coffins, with glass lids. In the larger one of these you behold all that remains of the Count of Nassau-Saarwerden, with his brown sheepskin-face glazed and varnished, and his mouth and nostrils stopped with pitch. He is lying on his back, dressed in a plain brown doublet—such as the Roundheads wore—with a dove-coloured silk ribbon round his neck, and a large white collar edged with lace. He has a new pair of yellow ochre gauntlets and knee breeches, with cotton stockings and high-heeled shoes—the latter spotted white with mildew.

The Corpse has been newly dressed (with the exception of the shoes) to tickle the diseased palates of strangers and visitors. The varnish on his face, however, is recent, so that the body may keep longer, and a few more sous be turned out of the ghastly show.

The smaller glazed sarcophagus contains the dressed skeleton of a little girl, said to be the Count's daughter. Here the skull is all crumbling away like worm-eaten paper, and yet the wretched mouldering skeleton is dressed up in an old-fashioned silk gown and lace, and has a ring on the bony fingers, and a bracelet on the bony arm.

These bodies are said to have been discovered some few years since in the vaults of the chapel, and they have not been re-interred, on account of their being, it is urged, "natural curiosities." It is hardly credible, however, that such utter disrespect to the dead should be permitted.

The spectacle itself is simply disgusting, and should be avoided by all who are anxious to discountenance this tricking out of skeletons in new clothes, as a means of turning a few pence by the odious exhibition.

The other pieces of sculpture at Strasburg—such as the statues of Gutenberg the first printer, and Kleber the republican warrior—are unimportant as works of art. That of Gutenberg, in the *Place ditto*, is by no means comparable to the fine figure of the printer by Thorwalsden at Mainz.

The Strasburg statue is represented in a long flowing robe, holding a printed sheet in the hand, and with the press and forms of type on one side at the foot. The figure, however, wants dignity; it seems to have no sense of the grandeur of the discovery, and to clutch the first printed sheet with no more pride of power than if it represented a "flying stationer" hawking a halfpenny murder. Hence the story has to be made out on the pedestal; and this is accordingly set round with a series of rude bas-reliefs, in the regular French *intense* style. Here we have a crowd of philosophers, poets, and historians from all countries—each with their names engraved under them—such as Tasso, Cervantes, Milton, Buffon, Erasmus, Voltaire, Racine, Molière, Shakspeare, Corneille, D'Alembert, Rousseau, Lessing, Leibnitz, Kant, Copernicus, Newton, Goethe, Schiller, Watt, Papin, &c. &c.—and all grouped round Descartes (of all men in the world!), who is resting on a pillar, with a press at the top. Then another metal tableau represents all the foremost American heroes—

such as Jefferson, Washington, Lafayette, Rush, Adams, Bolivar, &c. &c.; the whole encircling Benjamin Franklin, who is holding up a printed sheet in the midst of the group. A third subject shows the principal anti-slavery advocates, as Wilberforce, Clarkson, Condorcet, &c., hugging slaves and breaking their chains, with the press again forming the central object: while the fourth and last design portrays Sir William Jones, Dupéron, Anquetil, "Rah-macum Roy," &c. &c., distributing tracts to the Chinese and Indians, and with the press once more constituting the centre of the design.

The statue of *Kleber* is in the "*Place*" of that name, and on the pedestal is the following inscription:—

TO KLEBER.

HIS BROTHERS IN ARMS, HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS,
AND THE COUNTRY GENERALLY,
(HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT.)

1840.

ALYEN KIRCHEN, 19 JUNE, 1796.

HELIOPOLIS, 20 MARCH, 1800.

This figure is in bronze, and stands in a half-defiant attitude, with one hand on the sword-hilt at its hip and the other grasping a roll of paper. It is dressed in top-boots, crumply neckcloth, body-coat, and knee-breeches, with a cloak hanging on one shoulder, and no hat on the head. Though why the bronze tops and leathers should have been given and the beaver omitted (especially when it was thought necessary to add a cloak to complete the walking costume), we cannot possibly divine. Surely, if it were a nice regard to the picturesque that made the artist omit the hat from the outdoor dress, the same lively sense of the beautiful might have induced him to have applied an ideal "jack" to the metal top-boots (not to speak of the bronze "smalls")—since such

articles of apparel can hardly be considered either artistic or classic.*

* Strasburg makes a very convenient starting-point for a rapid Rhenish tour, being readily reached now by means of the excellent arrangements of the South Eastern Railway Company in 38½ hours from London. From Strasburg the tourist may ascend by train to Basel, and then descend by the Baden rail to Freiburg. Thence he can pass, *viâ* Baden-Baden and Carlsruhe, down to Heidelberg, and thence again to Mannheim. From this point he can cross the Rhine and continue his journey by the Bavarian railway to Mayence, calling at Speiers by the way if he please. From Mayence he can run up to Frankfort by rail again, and then, *viâ* Wiesbaden, back to the Rhine at Biberich, where he can take the steamer, and descend the river in less than half the time that would be required to ascend it, and thus see all of the river scenery that is worth looking at. In the course of his voyage he can call at Coblenz, see Stolzenfels and Ehrenbreitstein, and if he be able to spare the time, run over to Ems. From Coblenz he must travel by water to Rolandseck, and thence by rail again to Bonn, and so on to Cologne; whence he can take a through-ticket home, *viâ* Calais and Dover. This journey may be accomplished easily in ten days, and need not cost more than 10%.

IV.

FORMS OF ETIQUETTE AND MANNERS.

§ 1.

“RED EAGLES,”—TITLES—AND MODELS OF LETTER-WRITING.

THE key to the manners of the Prussians—apart from their behaviour at table and their utter want of decency and refinement at home—is to be found in the fact that they are a people only just emerged from “predial slavery.” Even as recently as 1807, none but nobles or other privileged persons could acquire property, it being impossible till then for tradesmen and peasants to possess even the smallest portion of a landed estate in their “own right.” Those plebeians who occupied farms then, did so by the favour of their “lords,” and were bound in return either to help to till the lord’s own land, or else to give him as much as *half* of the produce of theirs—though many were compelled to do both the one and the other. Nor was it till the year 1811 that the peasants and merchants were allowed to become the unconditional proprietors of the lands they held; and to obtain this privilege, they had to surrender to the lord one *third* or one *half* of the entire estate, according as they had been previously bound either to do services or to pay rent for the same.

In a nation, therefore, in which the great body of the people, only forty odd years ago, existed in a state of serfdom, we can hardly expect to find much liberty or independence of feeling; for it is the peculiar character of slavery, that the condition is

scarcely so intolerable to the slaves themselves as it is to the members of free and enlightened communities. Who, for instance, are so proud of their liveries as footmen? and as Jeames believes his crimson plush to be a dignified rather than degrading costume, even so do the half-feudal Germans see no moral debasement in the slavish forms to which they have to submit when addressing princes and graffs, who, as regards either landed possessions or intelligence, are not comparable to our yeomen.

At the court of Siam his barbarous majesty expects every one who enters his presence to prostrate himself on his stomach at the foot of the throne, and Englishmen alone have had spirit enough to break through the custom; whereas in Great Britain nothing is so hateful to the members of the aristocracy as to hear themselves beslavered with the repetition of their titles at each sentence. It is the mark of a true gentleman, indeed, to desire to raise others to his own dignity, and to behave towards all persons as if they were on an equality with himself: whilst it is the act only of a titled tom-fool, that some crowned head has been pleased to nickname noble, to conduct himself with arrogance towards those whom he fancies to be his "inferiors."

During the Congress at Vienna, where all the foreign ambassadors appeared in a blaze of stars and garters and "orders," the English minister presented himself in the unpretending costume of a simple gentleman. "*Il n'a pas de décoration,*" whispered one of the envoys to Prince Metternich, on learning from him the dignity of the potentate in plain clothes. "*Ma foi!*" replied the Prince; "*c'est bien distingué.*"

At a recent concert of Jenny Lind's at Ems, however, almost all the Germans occupying the front seats came placarded with their rank, their coats being decorated with stars like the front of a tradesman's house on an illumination night. But as it is a very bad portrait of a "Red Lion" that requires to have

the title affixed to it before it can do duty as a tavern sign, even so he who must have his nobility branded always on his breast cannot but be a very poor specimen of the species—as if your peers required, like magnums of fine old Port, to have a label hung about their neck, marked “VERY SUPERIOR;” and assuredly, had the trumpery princes, present on the occasion above alluded to, come *unticketed*, we should have found great difficulty in taking them even for gentlemen.

A gentleman has remarked, that “the height of human happiness consists in having 1000*l.* a-year and a toady;” and toadyism, doubtlessly, is particularly sweet to the toadied. Your German Princes, indeed, seem to think it as great a delicacy as the French do frogs’ legs, and appear determined, even if they cannot boast the thousand *per annum*, to take out in sycophancy the amount of happiness which they are unable to make up in cash.

As an illustration of the servile tone in which the nobles of Deutschland require others to address them, even when soliciting the most paltry favours at their hands, we may cite the following literal translation of a letter that was sent to a Rhenish Prince for permission to enjoy a day’s fishing on his estate:—

Most Illustrious Prince,

Most Gracious Prince and Lord!

With the most thorough humility (*ganz unterthänigst*) I beg that your High and Princely Serenity will most graciously allow me to dare to fish with a rod for one day in your equally Princely (*hochderselben*) pond at ——

In the deepest awe I expire (in tiefster Ehrfurcht ersterbe
ich),

Your High and Princely Serenity,

Your most submissive servant,

The length of the vertical line separating "Your High and Princely Serenity" from "Your most submissive servant," marks the extent of the assumed inferiority of the writer to the person he is addressing; and such people as would debase themselves to an unusual degree extend the line to an inordinate length, taking care to prolong their letter so that the conclusion, as here printed, may fall upon a fresh page, and thus leave them an entire side of appropriate foolscap to indicate how much lower they consider themselves than the noble to whom they are writing.

Now, it is easy to make allowance for the wretched vanity of the Emperor of China, when, to mark his fancied superiority to his earthly subjects, he translates himself titularly to the Heavens; and in proof of his celestial nature declares that he is "brother of the sun" and "grandfather of the moon." But if a sense of human frailty teach us merely to smile at such fanatical conceit on the part of his lunatic majesty (for self-love lifts us all, more or less, to the seventh heaven of our own admiration), we can but feel an indignant contempt for those poor abject toadies who, without the excuse of self-esteem, are mean enough to apply such monstrous terms of adulation to a being like themselves.

We are taught, however, to regard the Chinese as a barbarous nation; whereas the Germans are ambitious of being ranked as a thinking race, and pretend to look beneath the surface into the "*essences*" of things, setting themselves up as the "Critics of Pure Reason," and reducing the understandings and consciences of all men to an abstract psychological "oneness." And yet in this same nation, which assumes to be civilised, and aspires to be rational and conscientious, we find the great body of the people—professors and philosophers included—so deficient of all sense of real human dignity—so utterly wanting in independence of spirit on the one hand, and

generosity of nature on the other—that the so-called nobles are as arrogant as dunghill-cocks, and the people as fawning and servile as hounds: the one class exacting an amount of sycophancy from the other that would be absolutely nauseous to every right noble nature (as if your true German Prince, boa-like, could swallow nothing but what was well covered with slaver), and the other ready to stoop to an act of self-degradation, against which even an educated negro would rebel.

How different is this arrogance of the titled “*Hunger-leute*” of Deutschland from the unassuming dignity of our own monarch, who, though Queen of the richest and greatest nation in the world, can yet afford to be addressed as simple “Madam;” as if among enlightened people there were really no title higher than that of *gentlewoman*! How different, too, on the other hand, is the sycophancy of the German people from the manliness of Englishmen, who, while maintaining the *social* distinctions of Majesty and Nobility, yet do not attribute to them any *moral* or *intellectual* superiority; so that each member of the State, asserting his own innate dignity as a gentleman, does not hesitate to apply the same language, even to the head of the nation, as he would use to any and every person of a refined and honourable nature.

Indeed, the parade of mere nominal titles throughout Germany is not only offensive to every unprejudiced mind, but we are happy to add it has already begun to appear ridiculous even in the eyes of the solemn natives themselves. What a profound insight into the apishness of human nature did the First Napoleon exhibit, when he invented a little strip of red ribbon for the would-be ennoblement of French government-clerks and tradesmen! Monboddo thought that the human race had a brace of baboons for their original ancestors; and assuredly, if mankind *had* been descended directly from the simian

species, we could not have been more fond of indulging in the monkey mimicry of the manners of others. A Chinaman is in the very elysium of delight if he can only be allowed to wear a peacock's feather, because, poor human mandrill! (rather than mandarin,) some harmless idiot before him thought it a sign of moral greatness to do so. In like manner the Red Indian Chief, "Thunder Cloud," scores his cheeks after the fashion of our legs of roast pork, carving his fancied nobility upon his face, as young people cut their title on the bark of trees; and then immediately all the other red-faced apes proceed to disfigure their countenances, in the hope of being thought better than their neighbours.

But as the homely proverb tells us, "good wine needs no bush," so a really great character requires no bit of red ribbon on his coat to ruddle him with the mark of a superior breed. Arago had ribbons enough to decorate a May-pole rather than a man, and yet he could afford to appear in public with nothing but his brains and his worth to distinguish him from the ordinary run of humanity. In Prussia, however, no person could venture to make the same sacrifice, for with the *Preussen* it is mostly the same as with our booths at a fair,—the external decorations are of the showiest kind, whilst the interior is of the meanest and dirtiest character. Spies are decorated—postmen are decorated—policemen also belong to the distinguished classes—whilst turn-pikemen and tax-collectors can hardly avoid the vulgar honour of ribbons. "Two things," says the "*Eckensteher*," "are inevitable to a Prussian government officer—death and the third class of the 'Red Eagle';" for medals that seem equal in costliness to new halfpennies are distributed to the "*beamte*" as plentifully as silver pennies to our old women on Maunday-Thursday: so that it is no extraordinary sight to meet an official with a row of coins displayed upon his coat as

thick as “bachelors’ buttons” on a sheet of paper. It is merely by such means that the rickety state is kept from falling to pieces; for the Prussian government is very much like the chickens popular at English supper-parties — the several members being held together merely by ribbons.

Not only, however, are “Red Eagles” more plentiful than “*Groschens*” in the land,—a Preussisch *Ritter* often having a greater supply of coins on his breast than in his pocket,—but titles are as common as nicknames among our thieves and beggars.

However paltry the government post that a person may happen to fill, the denomination of his office is used upon all occasions as a “handle” to his name; and this, with the ordinary prefix of “Sir,” tends to make such a title as “HERR PRIVAT-BRIEF-ERÖFFNER SCHLEICHER” sound almost as imposing as that of “LORD HIGH-CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.”

Indeed, nearly every person belonging to the middle classes (with the exception of shopkeepers) has some long-winded official addition to his patronymic. A petty clerk of the works, for instance, is “HERR BAU-INSPEKTOR DUMMKOPF,” and a mere tide-waiter, “HERR ZOLL-EINNEHMER KEINSTRUMPFE;” then the law-stationer to the Courts is addressed as the “HERR GERICHTS-SCHREIBER NUDELNFRESSER;” whilst the book-keeper at the garrison has the outlandish designation of the “HERR RECHNUNGSRATH-UND-GARNISON-VERWALTUNGS-DIRECTOR VON RÜCHZUGFÜHRER;” and, to crown the whole, the principal police agent is for the future, it is said, to be styled—we *must* have an entire line for the euphonious appellation—

“HERR ANDERN - MENSCHEN - GESCHÄFTEN - NASE - DARINSTECKER
SPITZBUDE.”

Now these Ojibbeway-like, crackjaw titles, if rendered into

English, would sound about as rational to plain British ears as would the designation of “MR. PURVEYOR-OF-ASSES’-MILK-TO-THE-ROYAL-FAMILY DAWKINS,” or “MR. DUST-AND-RUBBISH-COLLECTOR-TO-THE-UNITED-PARISHES-OF-ST.-PANCRAE-AND-MARY-LE-BONE GORE.

Even a German writer—though the people are sad, dull dogs at a joke, being about as funny as mutes—has endeavoured to show the absurdity of the practice by the invention of such a denomination as,

HERR HÜHNERAUGEN-UND-UEBERBEINEN-VERTREIBUNGS-MITTEL-LEHRBUCHS-STÄMPEL-KOSTEN-ERSATZ-BERECHNUNGS-KOMMISSIONS-ASSESSOR SCHMIDT ; *

which, literally translated, means—

MR. ASSESSOR - OF - A - COMMISSION - FOR - ESTIMATING - THE - AMOUNT - OF - COMPENSATION - DUE - FOR - THE - COST - OF - A - STAMP - ON - A - SCHOOL - BOOK - CONCERNING - THE - MEANS - OF - ERADICATING - CORNS - AND - BUNIONS SMITH.

The death-blow to the Bloomer agitation for universal pantaloons, was the introduction of some fair damsel in inexpressibles behind almost every public-house bar ; as well as a like means of attracting custom being adopted—“to extend the cause,” as the announcements ran,—at each of the more enterprising eel-pie shops and sweet-stuff establishments throughout the metropolis ; for such bigots to “fashion” are mankind, that the sure way to blight even a far more righteous object than the attainment of trowsers for the ladies, is to put the taint of vulgarity upon it. Hence, as titles have got to be “low” in Germany, we may soon expect to see every real gentleman in the land (for such prodigies must spring up shortly—even among their Teutonic “Excellenzes” and “Magnificenzes”) begging to be allowed to bear a name as plain and unadorned

* Jean Paul Richter—but with a slight alteration, for the sake of decency.

as Adam himself; since in a country where even the royal diligence conductor ranks as a state-dignitary, and the head watchman has some polysyllabic titular prefix to his name, it is evident that mere *nominal* nobility itself must soon come to be regarded as ignoble, and that none but those who are reckless of reputation will, eventually, consent to suffer the indignity of having any social dignity thrust upon them.

Titles for the million are like pine-apples for the same multitudinous class,—the increase in the quantity of the article is accompanied with a proportionate decline in “the quality;” and in illustration of the point we may add, that at the time of the last Coblenz Schützenfest (shooting-feast), one of the little beer-and-sausage booths outside the grounds was kept by the HERR BARON VON ELLENWURST.*

“Great judgment,” says Otto Friedrich Kammler, in his “*Universal-Briefsteller und Musterbuch*,”† “is required in addressing people of rank—German titles being very critical things to deal with. Many persons, for instance, pretend to be of higher birth than they really are; consequently, it is necessary to be very careful when speaking with such arrogants. Though there are some who have little or no title-vanity, there are others, again, with whom the passion is so extravagant, that they would feel insulted if one were to make the slightest mistake as to their social dignity.” The same author farther assures us, that if a letter beginning with “Most gracious Lord,” were to end with “your most *devoted* servant,” instead of “your most *submissive* ditto,” it would be highly improper; the term “gracious,” he tells us, is applied only to the characters and acts of “kings, emperors, and princes,”

* A fact—of course, with the exception of the name.

† We quote from the edition of 1846, by Dr. Wilhelm Hoffmann—this being at present the work of reference upon all such subjects at the principal Prussian schools.

and the proper designation for *ourselves*, in juxtaposition with such personages, is "most submissive," or "most humble."

Kammler, moreover, favours us with several curious specimens of the various modes of addressing the different grades of rank, "*down to our own equal*"—as he says, with exquisite snobbishness.

To a prince, he tells us, we must begin by saying, "The great Benevolence and Grace with which your Serenity has favoured me," &c. &c., and wind up our epistle by protesting (even though we be in the most robust health at the time) that we "die," or are "extinguished," "with the deepest awe, submissiveness, and humility,"—for the groschenless nabob.

To lesser nobles, such as barons, &c., we are, however, to write, "I shall be proud to follow the commands with which your high-and-nobly-born-ship," or "your high-and-well-born-ship," or else "your (mere) high-born-ship (as the case may be)—has deigned to honour me;" and to conclude with, "I commend myself to the high kindness and condescension of your nobleness, and remain, with the deepest regard," or "tremendous respect," or "with the highest consideration, Your devoted," &c. &c.

To our equals and relatives, however, we are to begin with, "Honoured, true, and never-altering friend," and finish by remaining "with the sincerest," or "unchanging," or "ever-enduring esteem," &c. &c.

Again, under the head of "State-titles," the same epistolary authority informs us, that in writing to a high military officer we should address him as "*Dread*," or "*Most powerful Mr. Lieutenant-General*" (even if the bugaboo have never been exposed to any fire severer than that of his own pipe).

The Rector of a University is, on the other hand, to be styled "*Magnificent*;" and even the burgermeisters of the cities to be dubbed "*Your Magnificences*" also.



W. Foster

A. Wilmore

Finally, we learn, "that well-to-do merchants and manufacturers," &c. (though their grandfathers, maybe, had their ears cropped for giving short weight), are, among others, to be denominated "Most *high-born* Sirs."

So necessary, too, are the professional titles considered by the supreme Snob of an authority from whom we quote, that he tells us, "if the family or birth-titles were to be abolished, still the professional ones *must* be retained, in order to show the occupations to which the people belong." So that, even among informed Germans, there is a vulgar belief extant, that it is impossible for society to be carried on without indulging in such absurdities as giving even to the editor of a paltry provincial newspaper the Chrononhotonthologos-like appellation of "HERR HERAUSGEBER-DER-COBLENZER-PAPILLOTE LANGSAM-KUTCHE."

Interpolated Rhinish Scenes.

(7.)

FREIBURG.

"By a remarkable symmetry," says a French topographer of the Rhine, "the extremities of the Grand Duchy of Baden are occupied by two towns, famous alike for their relics, their wars, and their colleges,—*Heidelberg* (once the capital of the Palatinate), and *Freiburg*, (formerly the *Haupt-Stadt* of Breisgau)."

Between these distant points lie the cities of Carlsruhe and Baden-Baden; the former being the "*Badische-Hauptstadt*," and built with the same unpicturesque eye to "system" as Mannheim—with the blocks of houses arranged in the form of a half wheel, like the wings of a model prison; and the latter

being celebrated for its lovely environs, its fashionable company, its splendid *Trink-halle* and *Conversations-haus*, as well as its far-famed gaming-tables; or, in other words (if we may be allowed so strong an expression), being the most perfect "hell upon earth."

The city of Freiburg stands some dozen miles from the Rhine side, nestled in one of the prettiest spots on the outskirts of the Black Forest. It is set, as it were, at the crown of the large prairie known as the valley of the Dreisam, and ringed in by the jagged mountain chain of the Schwarz-wald, the steep green sides of which rise like an enormous earth-work immediately at the back of the town, while the "*Kaiserstuhl*" towers far away in front of it; so that, seen from a distance, the dark mountain escarpments form, as it were, a fine foil to the beauties of the graceful red spire of the Münster, whilst the silver ribbon of the pretty little river comes sparkling across the broad velvet plains in a bright zigzag line.

Excepting the Cathedral and the old *Kaufhaus*, Freiburg, despite its ancient origin, has but few relics to interest the stranger; for, as usual, the French have repeatedly laid waste the town, more particularly in the Thirty Years' War, during which it was taken and sacked by the troops of the "God-gifted" Louis XIV.: again, in 1713, it was besieged by the same sanguinary power under Villars; once more in 1745; and finally rased almost to the ground in 1747 by the aforesaid lively nation, under the command of Maréchal de Coigny.

The city, it seems, was founded by the Princes of Zähringen, the ancestors of the reigning family of Baden, and for three centuries formed part of the Austrian Empire; the whole of the province of Breisgau having formerly been styled "Anterior Austria." Towards the close of the 17th century, however, it was ceded to the French at the peace of Nimegen, but was

given back to Austria at the peace of Ryswyk. After that it was twice recaptured by the French, and twice more made over to the Austrians by different treaties. In 1806, however, at the peace of Presburg, it was transferred to its original possessors, the Grand Dukes of Baden—to whom it at present belongs.

The construction of the town itself has little worthy of remark, with the exception that the streets (which are mostly broad and trottoired, and in places bordered with a kind of mosaic pavement, done in black and white pebbles) are generally channeled by “runlets” of the Dreisam river, or rather brook. These runlets are boarded over, and are like large mill-shoots sunk in the ground, “affording,” says the author of one of the French Guide-books—with a fine national love of gutters,—“a refreshing coolness during summer,” (to say nothing of winter,) “and contributing greatly to the cleanliness” (and let us add, sloppiness) “of the place.”

But far better, and infinitely more pleasing to the eye than these “runlets,” are the street-fountains of Freiburg, which are erected at intervals along the principal thoroughfares—a pretty enough custom, borrowed from the neighbouring Swiss. Some of these fountains are in the very best taste—more especially the one at that part of the Kaiser-strasse which is intersected by the Münster-gasse. This reminds the English visitor somewhat of the crosses in many of our old towns, being in the fretted Gothic style, and consisting of a small telescopic rhomboidal pillar, ornamented with statues at the thicker part of the shaft and statuettes at the thinner, and with the figures set in gabled niches, while the crown of the column finishes in a fine porch-like four-sided pinnacle, that serves as a canopy for the smaller and upper images. To these fountains come men and women, carrying huge wooden grape-tubs (in shape

like chiffonier-baskets) strapped to their back, and having filled these with the spring-water, wend their way with their heavy liquid load, bending their bodies almost double.

Some of the town-gates, moreover, are sufficiently peculiar to claim a line or two of notice. These are merely tall square turrets, like the towers to our village churches, standing alone in the roadway, and with a little arched entrance below.

St. Martin's Thor, at the end of *Kaiser-strasse*, has a large rude fresco on its front of the saint on horseback, habited as a Roman knight, giving his cloak to an old man who is lying on the ground. Underneath this is a "*Denkmal*" inscription, recording that the gate was erected to commemorate the fighting of the men of Freiburg, "*für Kaiser und Vaterland*," against the French, on July 7th, 1796.

The *Schwaben Thor*, on the other hand, stands at the end of the *Pfaffen-gasse* by the *Oberlinden*, and leads to the Castle Hill, immediately behind the town. The walls of this gate are decorated with a crude painting of a peasant, with a wagon and six horses laden with casks of wine. Some of the townsfolk tell you that these represent the first butts of wine brought from the Black Forest after a seven-years' war. Others, on the contrary, assert that it depicts the vintners bringing their offerings towards the building of the Cathedral.

But the capital ornament of Freiburg is the magnificent Münster, or Cathedral; and which is the more wonderful, as being the one large Gothic Dom-kirche in Germany that is not only free from scaffolding-poles, but has its towers in a perfect state; or, more marvellous still, has escaped destruction from both fire and war.

The Münster is said to have been founded by Conrad III. of Zähringen, in 1122; but the finer parts of the building—such as the tower and west front and porch—are a century

older; whilst the choir—which is far inferior in elegance—dates from the year 1513.

The structure is of red-stone, but the name of the architect is lost, though it is supposed that Erwin of Steinbach (he who built Strasburg Münster) may have been his pupil; and some fancy that the plans for the older portions of the Freiburg Cathedral were based upon the design of Basel, which dates from the year 1013.

Assuredly, the open spire of the more primitive Swiss Dom may have suggested that of Freiburg, while Freiburg in its turn (especially as the village of Steinbach—Erwin's native place—is not many miles from the ancient capital of Breisgau) may have furnished the idea of that of Strasburg; though beyond the fact of each of the triad of Münsters having an octagonal turret based on a square tower, and being surmounted by a perforated steeple, there is no resemblance whatever in the buildings.

The main beauty of Strasburg, to our mind, consists in the elaborately sculptured and open cage, as it were, of stone trellising over the western front: and the slender spiral tubes of stone breaking the octagonal form of the turret. The open and graduated spire itself, we must confess, has hardly the same charm to our eye as it has to the generality of people, and we are inclined to believe that it is the difficulty of the mere mason's work that makes persons mistake a fine bit of engineering for choice architectural taste.

Certainly the spire of Strasburg is by no means so open and elegant as that of Freiburg, whilst Basel, on the other hand (were it not for its having been the original of this crowning grace to ecclesiastical architecture), would hardly bear comparison with the Breisgau Münster; for whilst the light struggles with difficulty through the pin-hole-like perforations of the Swiss steeple, it streams in large dabs of blue

through the red-stone lace-work, as it were, of the Freiburg Dom-kirche.

We saw this same Freiburg Dom by moonlight, and a grander, and yet prettier sight, never charmed the senses.

It was one of those autumn evenings, when the clearness of the sky smacks of the coming winter. The cold blue-grey vault of the firmament was literally cloudless, and sparkled so intensely with the dense crowd of constellations, that the heavens seemed to be positively frosted over with what astronomers call "star-dust;" while the broad phosphorescent band of the Milky Way glittered with its millions of worlds as thickly as the sea by night with its countless animalcules.

The moon was newly risen, and hung like a bright silver shield just above the mountain chain, that, wrapped in a deep black mist of shade, appeared like monster masses of black marble, while the beams slanted down from behind their summits and fell upon the earth white as hoar-frost, so that the house-tops and street-fountains appeared to be half covered with snow.

To see the Münster spire at such a time intercepting the rays, and the bright white light pouring through its stone meshes in broad luminous beams, was a sight never to be forgotten; for the finely-varied devices of the lattice-work shone out in all the deep contrast of light and shade, the pierced embroidery of the steeple seeming to be picked out with silver—here revealing some handsome trefoil design, there displaying the petal-shaped tracery of a Gothic window, and there the web-like mullions of a "*rosace*."

Then, as the moon tipped the fretted rafters, as it were, of the spire with the chaste lustre of its rays, and lighted up the edges of the ornamented gables and pinnacles to the octagonal turret, the edifice seemed to bristle with a thousand icicles, as

if it had been some fairy-like piece of polar architecture that the icebergs are said occasionally to represent, while the unglazed long-lancet windows to the tower appeared to have their tracery filled with sheets of polished metal.

Indeed the Dom at Freiburg is a rare bit of architectural elegance. The porch to the front entrance is as finely carved almost as that of Strasburg—the ribs of its deep arch being embossed all over with statuettes, and the stained windows of the interior even more handsome and gorgeous perhaps than those of the Alsatian Münster, while the old carved screens and pulpits, and early German altar-pieces, with which the different chapels are ornamented, are rich bits of mediæval beauty.

The Münster Platz, or space round about the Cathedral, is worth visiting also, for the peculiarity of the costumes one sees congregated at the spot. This is the principal market-place, and the head-dresses of the peasants here are of the most peculiar character. Most of the women wear two huge black ribbon bows perched right on the crown of the head, each bow being spread out fan-shape, and the two together seeming like the enormous wings of a gigantic black butterfly that has settled on top of the skull. This is the true Margravia or Breisgau fashion—the Catholics wearing the bows embroidered with gold at the back, and the Protestants preferring them plain. Other women, again, have straw hats of a most masculine shape, poised as it were on the head, and bright red handkerchiefs tied over their ears, while long Swiss tails hang down the back in double Chinese fashion, and are tied with ribbon, that reaches literally down to the heels. One market-woman we saw had come out very strong in a bright red leather hat, and though in our “little village” she would have been mobbed, still, in the streets of the quiet Freiburg, she attracted not the least attention whatever. Then,

again, the *Dames de la Halle* of Freiburg seem to have a violent passion for petticoats, and, not content with a single *unter-rock*, or even two, delight in a whole quire of thick, plaited, linsey-wolsey things—a style of costume which has very much the appearance of a coachman's box-cape worn about the legs instead of the shoulders. Some young girls may be seen thus habited carrying large tin milk-cans strapped at their back.

The old *Kaufhaus* at the side of this market-place is *peculiar*, and that is all, for it is far from being either handsome or picturesque. It is merely a long, one-storied building, with a high roof castellated at the gables, and the front walls painted red, with a small arcade below. At either end of the first floor it has octagonal projections—huge battlements, as it were, like the quarter-galleries at the stern of the old-fashioned ships; and there is a row of statues set under pinnacled canopies between the several windows—the said statues being the size of life, and representative of Maximilian I., Philip I., Karl V., and Ferdinand I.

The statue of Bertholdus Schwarz, the Franciscan friar who is said to have discovered the *Schiess-pulver* (gunpowder) some fifty years after it was used in cannon by the Venetians, is in the *Franciscanner Platz* not far from the University. The figure is that of a monk, with shaven crown and frock, and with one hand resting on a book (the finger between the leaves), and the other supporting the chin, as if in thought. The “*pose*” is good and grand, and the expression that of one pondering over the probable results of the immense new power he is supposed to have discovered. The pedestal is set with bas-reliefs—one representing the monk at work with his crucibles and mortars beside a chemical furnace, and the other the friar startled with the explosion of the new compound. This statue is by Knittel, and in grey sand-stone, with a red

pedestal of the same material. It bears the following inscription:—

BERTHOLD SCHWARZ.
ERECTED IN THE YEAR 1853,
IN
COMMEMORATION OF THE FIFTH CENTENARY
OF
THE DISCOVERY OF GUNPOWDER.

The precise date of the *German* discovery is stated at 1340; but since it is proven that the Venetians employed cannon in the year 1300, and the composition of the marvellous powder is, moreover, expressly described by our own Roger Bacon, in his treatise "*De Nullitate Magiæ*," which was published at Oxford in 1216, we cannot exactly admit the claims of the Franciscan monk to the invention.

§ 2.

FEMININE HONOURS—LOW-BRED LOOK OF THE PRUSSIAN "EXCELLENCES" AND "MAGNIFICENCES"—FORMS OF POLITENESS—BOWING IN THE STREETS—IMPORTANCE OF THE "BLICK."

Burlesque as the Teutonic titular forms may sound to Englishmen, still those applied to the wives and daughters of the so-called dignitaries are more "extravagansical;" for the titles of married women are the same as those of their husbands, even though the titular prefix of the latter be expressive

of some civil or military duty performed by gentlemen only. Thus, the lady of one of the Ministers of State is not only addressed as "your Excellency," but styled in addition, "Most highly-honoured Mrs. State-Ministeress." In like manner, too, the fair partner of a Lieutenant-General is called "*Dread and most powerful Mrs. Lieutenant-Generaless*"—as if the latter lady were really one of the leaders of the Prussian Amazons, and the former were a member of the petticoat government of the country.

Indeed, whatever function the husband virtually performs in the state, the wife does so *nominally*. Hence, in German society, you are introduced to a swarm of Mrs. Counselloresses, and Doctoresses, and Railway-Directoresses, and Police-Inspectoresses, and Barristeresses—together with a multitude of other Mrs. High-and-Mightinesses.

True, the marital honours of literature and science have not yet been appropriated by the German wives in common with those of the State—though surely a lady has as much to do with the composition of her husband's book as with his last Act of Parliament, and is as much entitled to take rank as a labourer in the field of science as she has to be styled a leader in the field of battle. Hence, though the country has not yet classed among its dignitaries THE HIGHLY-IMAGINATIVE MRS. AUTHORESS-OF-THE-"SONG-OF-THE-BELL"-AND-"WALLENSTEIN" SCHILLER, it may nevertheless soon have to number among its she-bigwigs THE RIGHT-PHILOSOPHICAL MRS. INVENTRESS-OF-THE-GUN-COTTON SCHÖNBEIN,—or MRS. DISCOVERESS-OF-THE-CHEMISTRY-OF-ANIMAL-AND-VEGETABLE-PHYSIOLOGY LIEBIG.

Now, it would hardly be believed that a nation of people possessing more than an egg-cup full of brains could descend to this mere child's play at grandeur, under the idea of such

big names having the least smack of dignity about them. But so it is—and in educated Prussia, too; where, if you believe the simple natives, every other man is either a poet or philosopher!

If, however, such titles sound like insanity to those who have never lived in the country, assuredly they seem like downright idiocy when you come to get a peep at the feminine “Excellences” and “Magnificences” to whom they are applied; for the titled ladies may be seen creeping in and out their rooms, till twelve in the day, in their filthy chintz bed-jackets (white night-gowns being articles of luxury in which their “noblenesses” never indulge), and with their unkempt heads encased in night-caps that are worn for six weeks at a stretch—so as to save the necessity of washing the pillow-cases oftener than once a-quarter.

Yet these same draggletail bits of beggarly pride, who look neither as respectable nor as tidy in the morning as the cooks that are seen cleaning the door-steps in the London streets, are such sticklers for their full allowance of nominal dignity, that we have positively known a Mrs. Architectress give her maid-of-all-work warning for omitting to address her, while handing her a glass of water, as “most *gracious* madam.” Nor is it unusual for the wife of a petty official to call back a peasant, who has happened to pass her in the garden without raising his hat, and say to him, with a toss of her head, “Do you know, man, I am the Mrs. Medicinal-Councilloress, and yet you dare to go by me with your cap on?”

Moreover, the daughters expect to be *titulirt* (betitled) as well as the wives,—standing out for their “*gracious Fräulein*” as vigorously as their tom-fool of a mother does for her “*gnädigste Frau*.” This, too, the young ladies demand, even while helping the servant to lay the cloth or make the beds,—for the titled Misses are expected to save the expense of another do-

mestic by assisting in the duties of the house; and we ourselves have seen the daughter of a Prussian banker engaged in opening the parlour shutters outside the windows on a Sunday morning.

The reader, however, must not imagine that we believe such acts to be mean or degrading in themselves; on the contrary, our object is merely to draw attention to the contemptible absurdity of people, who are compelled to be industrious, aping the pomps and vanities of those who can afford to be idle. What we really desire to see is industry possessed of sufficient moral courage to claim rank upon its own merits, and not be itself the first to cast a stigma upon its function by assuming that other social positions are more honourable than its own.

Nor have we, on the other hand, any disposition to decry an aristocracy of birth or possessions as a social institution: for there is not one of us, however violently opposed to hereditary honours, that would not rather have sprung from the family of the Russells than that of the Greenacres; and we know full well, that so long as wealth is to the million the most desirable of all things in the world, so long must the possessors of it seem the most admirable and powerful in the nation. Still we cannot but hold *that* lordly pride in derision which assumes that there is necessarily any innate nobility connected with a mere grandiloquent cognominal prefix (a prefix that is simply a state-flam at best), and which not only arrogates to itself the highest mental and moral excellence solely on account of its nominal superiority, but has the insolence to affect to scorn the very industry or commerce from which, by a lucky accident merely, it has escaped.

From the tenor of our remarks, the reader will not accuse us of any extreme patrician or plebeian tendencies; we can, therefore, without fear of being thought prejudiced in favour

of lordly qualities, confess that our "higher classes" appear to us to bear all the impress of "high breeding" in their features and frames—it being as easy to distinguish an English noble from an English navvy as it is to tell a blood-horse from a cob.

It is but natural, too, that such should be the case: for it is well known to physiologists that the superior housing and feeding of animals, called the "domestication" of them, tends not only to change the character of the tissues, but to modify the development of the very bones themselves,—the pig, in its wild state, having its hinder legs considerably higher, and its back consequently less straight, than its "dairy-fed" descendant.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a race of people who, like the aristocracy of England, have for a long course of years neither had their bodies stunted by want or bad food, nor their tissues hardened by continuous labour, nor their skin and complexions tanned by long exposure to the weather, should be characterised by the most perfect regularity and softness of feature, as well as by the extreme delicacy of their hands and feet.

Surely such results are no more extraordinary than that one should find among savage tribes a prevalence of high cheek bones and prognathous jaws; or, more strange than that, the feet of slaves, whose forefathers never knew the protection of a shoe, should have a peculiar flat conformation by which to distinguish them.

Now, if there be truth in the above principles, it must be confessed that the German nobles have few external marks of what is called "blood" about them. But when we come to contrast the state of domestic comfort in Deutschland with that prevailing throughout our own country, and to see how deficient the houses of the rich are in all matters of comfort and cleanliness, as well as ventilation and sanitary regulations, as compared with those in England; and to notice, moreover,

the coarseness of the food common to the German people, —the delight of all in raw fish and sour putrid cabbage —we can hardly be surprised to find even the best-conditioned of the *Deutschers* with features and complexions barely as refined-looking as the English domestic servants.

At Ems one sees what is called the most “select” portion of the nation concentrated, occasionally, under one roof; and there we find men with stars at their breasts, having skins about as coarse and brown as the well-known freckly sheepskin binding to our school-books; and *Grosherzogins* and *Gräffins* with cheeks as florid as poppies, and mouths as ill-formed as those of bull-dogs; while their hands are almost as huge and red as the painted tin signs that are hung outside the French glovers, and their feet as splay as those of the London policemen, and possessed of no more instep than a duck.

Then, what a certain criterion is the female voice as to the culture and gentleness of the individual; and assuredly as the vocal tones are the exponents of our emotions (or, as Dr. Reid has called them, “the natural cries,” by which infants, and even animals, are able instinctively to understand the passions affecting us for the time being), even so is it impossible for an affectionate-natured and kind-hearted woman to speak in harsh accents, or to utter words in a tone that grates upon the ear like the creaking of some jail-door.

We may be judging the Prussian ladies unfairly, but we *must* say we never heard one gentle-voiced woman during the whole of our stay in the country—the majority of the *Fraus* and *Fräuleins* having positively as husky throats as costermongers, and many so masculine an utterance, that on hearing them speak outside our door we have often mistaken them for gentlemen. The defect may be partly owing to the national habit of indulging in rough sour drinks; though even *that* cannot account for the utter want of tenderness in the

tones, which, we fear, can but proceed from an imperfect development of the softer emotions of the feminine character.

There remain but a few other social forms and ceremonies to be cited as distinctive of the Prussian people.

In all countries we find a considerable part of the etiquette to consist of certain kinds of bodily gestures and movements, which may be called the *pantomime of politeness*, and which are usually considered as characteristic of what "Jenkins" of the "Post" styles "breeding:" and certainly, if a man salute another by pulling his head down into a bow by means of his front hair, even an ascetic would be able to distinguish the class among which he had been reared.

Indeed, the most philosophical of men can hardly help judging people by the grace and ease of their muscular motions. That angularity of action which is called "awkwardness," is not only ugly in itself, from its violation of the curvature of line upon which some consider the beauty of form to depend, but it is offensive, because it either shows such a stiffness of joint as is consequent upon hard labour and defective housing, or indicates a sense of constraint arising from a feeling of unfitness on the part of the individual for the society amid which he is placed.

The polite pantomime of Englishmen, doubtlessly, appears to foreigners to be of so staid a quality as to induce a notion either of extreme haughtiness or coldness on the part of the people. But certain it is, that the reduction of these same salutatory gesticulations to the least possible bowings and scrapings, betrays perhaps more *real* heartiness on the part of our countrymen, than does the violent extravagance of action—that "tombeler"-like oscillation of the body, as well as that puppet-like, paroxysmal jerking of the limbs, which stands for warmth of feeling in foreign nations.

Englishmen know full well that these mere muscular marks of respect can be imitated with ease, and therefore *assumed* by those who are really impressed with the very opposite feeling to that which their gestures would signify; and assuredly on the Continent, though all indulge in the caricature of bodily emotions, none for a moment *believe* in such displays.

Further, it is uncongenial to the nature of an Englishman, on his first introduction to a stranger, to pretend to any excessive veneration for a person with whose character he is most probably wholly unacquainted.

Foreigners, however, think differently on such subjects, and we have seen a Parisian beau go half-way down the Boulevards, with his hat in his hand, as, bowing, he jabbered those social taradiddles called compliments to a couple of be-crinolined old dames, whom, perhaps, in his heart he was wishing at the bottom of the Seine.

In Prussia, it was formerly the fashion to see which could outdo the other in the enormity of his gesticulations when any acquaintance was recognised in the street; for then literally a bowing-match commenced, and he was considered the most polite who by his perseverance obtained the last scrape.

Matters are hardly carried to such an extreme now-a-days, even in a nation which has made less progress than any other during the past century. Nevertheless, you find in the Rhenish capital at the present time a style of manners that carries your mind back to the days of Louis Quatorze; for the would-be elegance of the German gentry has all that burlesque style of grace about it which formed part of the old "Minuet de la Cour."

It is still a custom in Coblenz, if a party of gentlemen be walking together, and one of them happen to meet a friend by the way, for the whole of the company (though utter

strangers to the individual) to bare their head to their friend's friend. Hence, if you chance to form one of three or four in a promenade, your hat has to be removed from your head just that number of times more than it would be if you were strolling alone.

Moreover, the German salute is really a work of no mean labour; for when we said above that the head must be *bared* to all acquaintances passed in the street, we used the phrase advisedly, since a Prussian would hardly give a "*danke*" for a slight elevation of the hat—the approved sign of respect, as indicated by the beaver, being not only to remove it bodily from the head, but to describe a semi-circle with it at arm's length, and so bring it almost to the ground. This, as may be readily expected, is sad trying work to the brim, and we have known many a "*gibus*" give way in that part to even a small circle of acquaintances after a month's wear.

Nor is it only your *acquaintances* who demand this bare-headed reverence: politeness says, that you must uncover yourself not only to those you really respect, but also to "your butcher, your baker, your candlestick-maker," for whom, perhaps, owing to their scoundrelly adulterations and commercial meannesses, you have a hearty contempt.

In polite Paris you raise your hat, of course, to "*la dame du comptoir*," who sits in an arbour of "*desserts*," or else in a grotto crystalline with innumerable "*portions*" of lump-sugar, either at the *restaurant* or the *café* you frequent. You bow also to the pretty cigar-girl where you buy your packet of "*corporal*." You raise your hat, too, on entering the omnibus that is to carry you by "*correspondance*" even to the very gates of ———, the "*Barrière d'Enfer*," we mean.

In Coblenz you might, in deference to the national custom,

perhaps, be induced to do the same thing were there any pretty "*dames du comptoir*," lively cigar-girls, or, indeed, any omnibuses to carry you anywhere—if we except the prison-van-like conveyance to Ems, in which it is impossible to see your fellow-travellers for tobacco smoke.

In the Rhenish capital, everybody bares his head to everybody. Little boys drag their caps off to their teachers—lodgers uncover themselves to their fellow-lodgers as they pass them on the joint-stock stairs. In the street, too, you have either to take off your hat to the procession of pilgrim-farmers and market-women with a "*geistlich*," old gentlemen in lace petticoats and fur tippets squalling hymns at their head; or you are expected to give a jerk down, as if you were going upon your bended knees, while you snatch your profane beaver from your caput in reverence for some small boy in a scarlet serge gown, who is carrying a silver crucifix on a pole before a masculine old woman of a priest.

Or else you have to uncover yourself to some passing hearse, for the beavered head is considered disrespectful, not only to the living, but to the dead.

So that, what with bowing to priests, and pilgrim processions, and fellow-lodgers, and tradesmen, and friends, and acquaintances, and—Heaven save the mark!—to corpses, the arm fairly aches before you get home, whilst the limp state of your hat-brim soon makes you disgusted with the inanity of the ceremony.

The Prussians, however, delight in such tomfoolery, and we have seen an antiquated "blood"—a kind of dandy Methuselah—at the public gardens at Moselweis, stand bare-headed for about a quarter of an hour, in the attitude in which our own obsequious Simpson loved to welcome visitors to the "*ROYAL PROPERTY*," and with his poor bald old noddle baking like a dumpling in the sun, while he mumbled small nothings to a

group of dames, whose figures and movements were about as graceful as those of a hippopotamus.

The Prussian officers, on the other hand, never uncover, their usual mode of salute being by placing the hand at the side of the head, in the same manner as a deaf man does when he requests you to "speak up." To do the military gentlemen justice, too, they certainly endeavour to be more sprightly in their manners on recognising a lady out-of-doors than was the aforesaid Teutonic Simpson; though this sprightliness consists of a succession of indescribable bobs and scrapes—such as dogs give with their hind legs when kicking up the hay in a field.

Indeed, it seems to be a vulgar error on the part of the German gentry, that the jigging of the body gives apparent lightness to the movements; for you will see fat ungainly-looking *Fraus* begin skipping about, immediately on being introduced to a gentleman, as if they were some corpulent coryphée practising their steps behind the scenes at the Opera.

The Germans, moreover, pay great attention to what they call the "*Blick*" (*Angl.* the look); and in their "*Complimentir-Bücher*"—their "Books of Etiquette" (and, though such works are generally somewhat caricatures of the manners of a people, they may still be cited as indices of that which is supposed to constitute politeness by the large majority of the trading classes) we are told that there are five kinds of "looks" which people should take pains to cultivate.

"If you wish to make your fortune in the world," says the "*Neuestes*," Manual of Politeness, "you should accustom your eye to such looks as will suit everybody. The following are the different looks necessary to be observed:—

"(1.) *The open look*; that is to say, the candid, soft, smiling, and trusting look. It shows attention and sympathy, as well

as noble consciousness. This is the look to excite confidence and affection.

“(2.) *The firm look*, which can meet the gaze of other men with composure. It shows firmness and sincerity of character, as well as manly courage, determination, and truthfulness.

“(3.) *The modest look*. This displays our own humility or gratitude for a past favour. It always wins the heart.

“(4.) *The friendly look*, by which we express our regard for a person. This makes us agreeable and beloved.

“(5.) *The cheerful look*, from which all gloominess and melancholy are banished. It shows contentment of mind, and often speaks more than the most impassioned conversation.

“These are the five looks,” adds the author, “which one should cultivate. By them we can win the hearts of others, and, therefore, we should work hard to become perfect in their use.”

To us, however, such “looks” are simply acted lies—facial falsities that would reduce politeness to mere elegant hypocrisy. True politeness, on the contrary, it appears to us, springs from a consideration for the feelings of others, and all its best forms arise out of an indisposition to wound, as well as a desire to please those with whom we may happen to be associated. But such as would endeavour to uphold cheats and tricks as grace of manner—and that merely with the view of promoting our own interest by their use—are not only ignorant of what good manners really consist, but would degrade that which, when rightly viewed, is strictly the Christianity of every-day life—the assumption of an air of loving-kindness—into the artifices and snares of that counterfeit “*gentleman*” the “Prince of Darkness.”



Fig. 1. 1800

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(8.)

BASEL.

Rhenish France extends along the left bank of the Rhine, *from* the point where the river Lauter unites with the great German stream by Lautenberg (nearly opposite Carlsruhe), *up* to a mile or two below the confluence of the river Birs at Basel. Beyond this limit the left bank forms part of the Swiss territory, while the right one, for a considerable distance still, belongs to the Grand Duchy of Baden, whose Rhenish possessions reach *from* Lampertheim (a little below Mannheim) *up* to Immenstadt (between Meersburg and Freidrichshafen) on the Lake of Constanx.

Basel, then, is the border-town of Rhenish Switzerland, being situate a few miles below where the Rhine first becomes navigable, in an angle on the frontiers of Germany, France, and Switzerland. It is also the capital of the half-canton called "*Basel-ville*," in contradistinction to its fellow moiety, entitled "*Basel-campagne*."* But the traveller must not expect to see a city of Swiss "*châlets*," or streets full of Swiss peasantry in very large "mushroom-hats," and very short petticoats, as well as very extensive chemisettes; neither must he look for mountain-chains hoary with "eternal snows," nor have a

* After the revolution of 1830, such furious differences arose between the citizens and country-people of the canton of Basel that a kind of civil war raged in the district, and a violent fight took place between the townsmen and peasants near Liesthal, so that the Diet of the Helvetic Confederation had to pass an Act for the division of the canton into two parts, styled "Basel-town" and "Basel-country;" and though it gave a deputy to each of the divisions, it allowed them respectively only half a vote: but as the civic and rural deputies of Basel still agree to differ, and their votes on opposite sides do not count, the citizens and rustics now have virtually no vote at all.

notion that he is to be roused at day-break with the "lul-la-li-ettee" of the "*Ranz des Vaches*"—there being nothing Swiss about Basel, except the indigo-blue coated soldiers and an occasional fountain or two in the streets. For, though the city has formed part of the Swiss Confederation since 1501, it belonged to the German Empire for 500 years previously; and as the manners and customs of a people are not quite so easily changed as the political "Constitution" of a country, Basel remains to this day far more Teutonic than Helvetic in its character.

The town of Basel, like the twin Rhenish towns of Köln and Deutz, Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein-Thal, Mainz, and Castel, Mannheim and Ludwigshafen, Strasburg and Kehl, is linked, by means of a rudely-constructed bridge, with a kind of supplementary colony on the other side of the water. The Rhine, which has been gradually greening in tint as we ascended the upper portion of the stream, has now become perfectly bright and clear, and of the same delicate colour as the "Riesling" grapes that grow on its banks, so that as we behold it here, rushing through the wooden and stone piers of the long Rhine bridge in a broad transparent flood, we can hardly believe it to be the stream whose drab and muddy current we noted at Köln, and which has been calculated to contain at Bonn half-a-pound of mud to every thousand gallons of water.

Viewed from the opposite shore, the *Grosse Stadt* of Basel reminds one somewhat of the *Cité* at Paris, seen from the Luxembourg side of the Seine, though the intervening river is ten times as broad and beautiful as the French canal-like stream.

The houses, which stretch for upwards of a mile along the high bank close beside the river, are of all sizes and colours, but generally tall and narrow strips of dwellings.

They seem as if they had been squeezed together at the extreme ends of the town, and as if the compression had not only narrowed and elongated their walls, but driven the centre ones higher than the rest.

Some are built on the top of the steep, green, escarpment-like bank, while others are perched on high walls, and appear as if standing on two storeys of ramparts, by way of basement. These basement-walls in some places are arranged as garden terraces, and in others are made to form part of the house, so that the domicile appears as gawky as those in the old town of Edinburgh, being furnished with several tiers of kitchens, while it seems to require the aid of a balloon in order to reach the attics.

The long strips of walls, too, are painted of all colours—a light pea-green exterior being particularly popular, and a pink or delicate salmon by no means unfashionable, whilst a deep drab or nankeen tint appears to be possessed of considerable charms in the eyes of the good folk of Basel.

But the most peculiar of all the styles of house decoration consists in painting the long and lanky walls a light ink colour—the very tint, indeed, of the paper in which sugar-loaves are wrapped; and this is assuredly the most hideous mode of house-painting that ever irritated the eye of mortal man. One large pedimented dwelling (near where the narrow, gabled steeple—like a cottage perched pick-a-pack on a church roof—of St. Martin's is seen peeping over the tiles at the end of the bridge) seems positively as if its walls had been brushed over with several bottles of "Stephens' best Blue-black Writing Fluid;" and as the house is to all appearances a leader of fashion in the place, the inky style of decoration must clearly be regarded as the "correct thing" in Basel.

The streets of Basel have little peculiar about them. The

French Guide-books tell you that "*la promenade*" being the principal pleasure of the inhabitants of the town, there are many places "*consacrés à cette récréation.*" But these same "consecrated" bits of ground consist of mere planted patches; such as "*Peter's Platz*" (a kind of German Gray's-Inn Square, set with a few scrubby trees), and the river-side terrace, called "*Pfalz*,"—which is not unlike a corner from the ramparts at Boulogne, but commanding a pleasant-enough view of the river, with a leash of the Schwarz-Wald mountains towering over the opposite shore.

The most remarkable objects about Basel, indeed, are the old gates, the fountains, and the Rathaus; for, with the exception of these, the buildings and thoroughfares remind one somewhat of the High Street in a second-rate French town.

The *Spahlen Thor*, however, is particularly picturesque, and is part of the ancient defences of the city, dating from the year 1400. It consists of a narrow, square turret, ornamented with two telescopic martello-like towers at each of its front corners, and surmounted by a steeple-like roof—sharp and peaked as the crown to a witch's hat. This roof is slated, so to speak, with "fancy" tiles of different colours, which are worked into lozenge-shaped patterns, that have somewhat of an oil-cloth look. The front of the narrow, square turret is "machicolated," as it is termed, or, in other words, balconied at the upper part with parapets that are supported by a scalloped border of arches springing from the walls, whilst the lower part is embossed with large statues under Gothic-pinnacle-like canopies.

In front of the gate projects a kind of castellated porch-work, or "barbican," as it is called, having a row of grotesque little figures under its scalloped cornice. Just behind this hangs the double portcullis, with the spikes showing below the arch, like a double row of teeth within

a shark's jaws, while the square space within the tower has its roof groined like a cloister.

The Swiss soldier, in his dark blue coat, with broad white cross-belt and red epaulettes, pacing in front of the little wooden guard-house—and the deep broad moat beside the gate planted with its fruit-trees and cabbage-gardens—and the houses of the town seen peeping over the rondels and between the notches of the castellated ramparts at the gate-side—complete a pretty-enough picture, “set off” as it is with all the pleasing incongruities of peace and war, the past and present time.

The *Fischmarkt-Brunnen*, again, is almost as fine an object as the *Spahlen Thor*. It is somewhat after the style of the street-fountain already described at Freiburg, but more light and elegant still. It consists of the same telescopic prism-shaft, ornamented with fretted Gothic canopies for the statues with which its sides are set. But here the sculpture is superior as a work of art, while the pinnacles canopying the figures are of the most delicate open tracery-work, and the little notched spire at the top of the column is crested with a tiny golden angel; so that the details are exquisitely varied, and the effect of the whole light and graceful as the lines formed by a fountain itself.

The design of the *Spahlen Brunnen* is hardly of such choice architecture as that of the Fish-market fountain, though the sculptured figures about it are admirable. These are said to have been copied from a design by Albert Dürer, and represent the *Dudelsackpfeiffer* (bag-piper) playing to a group of peasants dancing round the base.

The *Rathaus*, which faces the *Fischmarkt-brunnen* at the bottom of the “*Freie Strasse*” (the principal street of the town), is a pleasing specimen of what is called the “Burgundian style,” so popular in the Netherlands, and dates from the beginning of the 16th century. The walls are

decorated with frescoes, the upper part being castellated, and the lower arched. The frieze along the top displays the arms of the three primitive Swiss cantons—Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, besides those of Basel (a bishop's crook and fish-hook). The frescoes on the front represent Justice with her sword, and nobles going out hawking, and knights bearing shields. In the small hall at the foot of the stairs, too, there is a statue of Munatius Plancus, who is said to have been the founder of Basel, as well as of the Roman "*Augusta Rauracorum*," now called "Augst," and situate some seven miles out of Basel, on the Schaffhausen road.

But the *Münster*, or Cathedral, occupies the first place among the sights of Basel. Its red sandstone walls are exactly the colour of hæmatite, or red iron ore, and it has two small, open, fretted spires, somewhat similar to Freiburg, though not nearly so light and diaphanous: indeed, you can see only little dots of white light peeping, here and there, through the steeple sides. The roof, like that of the Spahlen Thor, is covered with coloured tiles, which are worked so as to assume a large diamond pattern, and give the edifice the appearance of having been slated with slabs of mosaic pavement.

Thus much of the peculiarities of the Münster at Basel are visible from almost every point of view, but on closer inspection the edifice by no means improves in beauty. The building, indeed, is more interesting than elegant—having been founded by the Emperor Henry II., at the beginning of the eleventh century.

The towers are of different size and shape—one being square and telescopic, and the other square at the base and surmounted by a short octagonal turret; whilst they are both surrounded at irregular distances with stone balconies, that have anything but a light or elegant look.

The base of the front, however, with the chief portal, is better than the upper part, being ornamented with some old Gothic sculptures and quaint statues. Four figures of limp-looking mediæval monarchs (names unknown), each perched on a column and set in a pinnacled niche, stand beside the door-way; on one side of the wall, too, (near the bright blue-and-gold clock-face painted on the front) there is a large life-size figure of St. George on the top of another column, and riding a kind of stone rocking-horse, while he thrusts a spear, several yards long, down the mouth of a dragon that projects from the wall a good distance off—the said dragon being represented as seated on its hind-legs, after the fashion of the monsters in china-ware, and swallowing the spear-head as calmly as if it were being fed with a spoon. On the other side of the entrance is an equally droll equestrian figure of St. Martin; and this, like that of St. George, is of such commanding proportions, that some seem to mistake size for boldness, and describe that as admirable which at best is merely *odd*.

The door at the northern side, next the planted Platz, is known as the "*Portal of St. Gallus*." This has some very remarkable—though far from handsome, but intensely quaint—figures, illustrative of the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, carved in the semicircular arch-head of the porch.

Here Christ is represented seated on a camp-stool, as it were, with his hair over his shoulders, and a gold platter-like "glory" at the back of his head. On the right of this figure is a small St. Peter, with a huge street-door-key in his hand, and a tinfoil circle about his wig; whilst on the other side is some other saint with a peaked beard, and another disc of Dutch-metal surrounding his face. Near these figures are the "Wise and Foolish Virgins,"—five of them with lamps (like money-bags) in their hands, habited in costumes like riding-habits, and with their hair streaming down their back.

A closed door separates these from the foolish young ladies, and in front of it stands a dame with her finger up, and a cymbal-like glory round about her back hair: while beside this lady is one of the foolish virgins, with her head down and a large vessel in her hand, and with her four companions at her heels, all looking lop-sided in the true, limp Egyptian style.

The interior of the Cathedral contains but few remains of its ancient riches—the iconoclastic zeal of the Reformers having stripped it of its choicest ornaments. There are, however, still to be seen here some fine specimens of antique wood-carving, besides a rich Gothic “rood-loft” of the 14th century, in which the “rood,” or cross, formerly stood, but which is now appropriated to the organ.

Here, too, on a pillar to the left of the communion-table, stands the red marble monument erected to the memory of Erasmus, who died in Basel, 1536. In the choir, too, is the tomb of the Empress Anne, the wife of Rudolph of Hapsburg, and mother of the Austrian line of princes—though the body was removed to St. Blaize some 200 years back.

But Basel is more interesting from its early history and its religious and artistic associations, than for any architectural beauties or national peculiarities appertaining to the place.

Some historians refer its foundation back to the Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate, who is said to have founded a colony here in honour of his mother Basiliana, A.D. 362. (The name Basel, however, means evidently the “*Basilic*,” or cathedral city.) The tradition current in the town, makes the origin of Basel coeval with that of the great Roman military post Augusta Rauracorum, now called Augst (and where the remains of an amphitheatre have been discovered, as well as traces of an aqueduct), and refers it to Lucius Munatius Plancus (he whose statue stands in the Hall of the Rathaus), in the reign

of the Emperor Augustus, 27 B.C. At the end of the ninth century it was annexed to the kingdom of Burgundy, and in the year 1032 was attached to the German Empire.

During the fifteenth century Basel stood at the height of its pre-eminence, as the most powerful of the Imperial Free Cities on the Upper Rhine. At this period, two memorable events occurred: the first of these was the great Ecclesiastical Council held in the city; and the second, the heroic death of the Swiss at the village of St. Jacob by the Birs.

The battle of St. Jacob is referred to by the Swiss as the Thermopylæ of their history. It took place about a quarter of a mile beyond the gates of Basel, in the angle between the roads on the way to Berne. A Gothic column has been raised at the burial-place of the heroes, to commemorate the great fight of August 26th, 1444, when 1300 Swiss had the courage to attack and resist the French army under the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI.), though it numbered as many thousand men as they had hundreds.*

"Again and again," says the national historian Zschokke, "the Swiss threw themselves upon the innumerable host of their foes. Their little force was broken and divided, yet still they fought. Five hundred maintained the contest upon an open meadow, the rest behind the garden-wall at the Siechenhaus at St. Jacob. Wrathful as lions they fought in the meadow, till man after man fell dead upon the corpses of the numberless

* In 1844 a marble tablet was placed in the Church, bearing the following inscription:—

OUR SOULS TO GOD,
OUR BODIES TO THE ENEMY.
HERE DIED, UNCONQUERED,
BUT EXHAUSTED WITH VICTORIES,
1300 CONFEDERATES AND ALLIES,
IN CONFLICT WITH FRENCH AND AUSTRIANS,
AUGUST 26TH, 1444.

enemies The Confederates, to the number of 1300, died like heroes; but the French, with their horses, fell by thousands and thousands from Pratteln to St. Jacob. There stood the Dauphin still upon the field, but would not venture onwards. 'I will provoke this obstinate people no farther,' he cried; and full of reverence for so much bravery, he met them afterwards at Ensisheim, and concluded a peace."

The Swiss youths of the "Singing Unions" and "Federal Rifle Clubs," celebrate this event every year by vocal and military *fêtes*. And not far from the field of battle the vineyards of Wahlstadt produce a red wine, which the people delight to call "Swiss blood,"—"Schweizer-blut."

Basel, throughout the Middle Ages, obstinately resisted every attempt at innovation in the manners and customs of its people. It was called in those days "the reverend city of Basel," and its councillors bore the title of "the noble, dread, pious, resolute, circumspect, wise, and honourable lords." Such sticklers, too, were the Burgomeisters for their full measure of civic honours, that in 1501 the town-council issued a decree, that "if it so happened that, either through scorn or through envy, any person should curtail our civic title in any manner whatsoever, and neglect to address us as our ancestors were wont to be styled, all letters and messages will be sent away without the least notice being paid to them."

Moreover, down to the end of the last century, it was the custom in the city of Basel for the clocks to be set an hour in advance of all others in Europe. This practice tradition ascribes to the circumstance of a conspiracy, to deliver the town over to an enemy at midnight, having been defeated by the Münster clock striking one instead of twelve.

But whatever might have been the origin of the absurd practice, the citizens clung to it with such pertinacity, that

though in 1778 the municipal authorities issued a decree that all the clocks of Basel should, after the first of January next, be regulated by solar time, the alteration excited so much indignation among the citizens, that the town-council was compelled, fifteen days afterwards, to issue another decree repealing the first. Nor was it until nearly twenty years later that the “fast” clocks of Basel could be got to conform to regular hours.

In the Puritanical times that succeeded the Reformation, Basel was the head-quarters of the Evangelical party, and the Methodistical character of the townspeople broke out even in their ordinary trade announcements over the shop-doors. One of these was as follows:—

“*Wacht auf, ihr Menschen, und thut Buss,
Ich heiss zum goldenen Rinderfuss.*”

A sentiment which may be paraphrased, by supposing a psalm-singing publican of the present day to set the subjoined couplet under his sign,—

I LONG EVERY DAY TO BE CALLED UP TO ZION,
STILL MY DWELLING ON EARTH IS THE ‘GOOSE AND GRIDIRON.’

But while these *literally* “outward and visible *signs*” were being displayed in Basel, there was, according to the best accounts, but a small proportion of “inward and spiritual grace” prevalent among the people; for, so far from despising the treasures that “moth and rust corrode,” a proclamation of the town council towards the end of the 17th century denounced all those who lent money to the needy at less than the “Christian usance” (*Christlichen Zins*) of five per cent as persons who, “by their avarice, did irremediable injury to churches and church property!”

Under such a state of Puritanism, it may be readily

imagined that the magistrates at Basel did not fail, like the rest of the world, to look after, with all the sharpness of sumptuary laws, the cut and quality of the clothes, as well as the kind and quantity of viands indulged in by their neighbours. At one time these worthies were violent in their attacks against the vanity of "doublet and hose." They would not allow women to have their hair dressed by men, nor could any one give a dinner-party without first having the bill of fare *visé-ed* by the town officials. Moreover, all were obliged to go to church dressed in black; and no carriage could pass through the gates during the forenoon service on Sundays—a rule, by the by, which continues to be enforced to this day.

This extreme Christian zeal, however, on the part of the people of Basel, did not tend to breed anything like brotherly love between them and their neighbours; for the most violent local feuds raged, until very recently, between the inhabitants of the *Klein* and *Grosse Stadt*. A curious memorial of this fact existed in the image called "*Lallen-könig*" (the stuttering king), that is so often mentioned in the "Folks' Books" of the Middle Ages. A tower stood on the left bank of the Rhine, at the entrance to the *Grosse Stadt* by the bridge. At the upper part of this was a clock, with a giant's head wonderfully carved in wood, protruding from the walls above it. From the mouth of the monster figure a long tongue was thrust out, and this being connected with the machinery of the dial, was made to wabble (*lallen*, and hence the meaning of the name) derisively, with every beat of the pendulum, in the face of the people inhabiting the *Klein Stadt* on the opposite shore.

But the *Klein Baseliers* were not long in producing a wooden repartee in the shape of another image, more insulting than the first; and accordingly they set up, at *their* end of the bridge, a huge carved figure, with its back turned to the

Lallen-könig, and in a most offensive attitude. Nor was this removed until the year 1830.

The ecclesiastical history connected with Basel is as interesting as its mediæval customs.

Basel is to Constanz what Speier is to Worms. In the two German cathedral towns we read the struggles of Martin Luther and Protestantism—the one town continuing the stirring page of history that was begun by the other. So in the Swiss *Dom-stadts*, the one tells us of the martyrdom of John Huss and Jerome of Prague—the valiant champions of “Gospel liberty,” who prepared the way for the Reformation; and the other gives us the sequel of the story in the Jesuitical attempts of the priests to pacify the demands of the early Reformers, and so put a stop to the coming revolution.

The Council of Basel, which met in the body of the Cathedral on the 14th of December, 1431, and was attended by upwards of 500 of the principal clergy, had for its object “the restoration of peace and unity to Christendom, the adjustment of the Hussite differences, and the improvement of the Church.”*

These “Hussite differences” were the natural consequence of the double martyrdom of the Bohemian preacher, who has been styled “the John the Baptist of the Reformation,” and his faithful friend Jerome of Prague.

The burning of these two champions of Gospel freedom

* The assembly at Basel, however, sought also to establish the principle that the authority of the Council was greater than that of the Pope. His Holiness, Eugene IV., on the other hand, was determined to maintain *his* supremacy, and accordingly issued a decree dissolving the Council, as well as excommunicating its members. The Council, again, on their part, declared Pope Eugene to be deposed, and announced that they had elected Duke Amadeus VIII. of Savoy to the Papacy in his stead. The contest between these rival powers lasted for 17 years, after which the Council of Basel dissolved itself in 1448, and acknowledged Nicolas V. as the head of the Romish Church.

had created a deep sensation in Bohemia. The fury of their followers was first directed against the churches and monasteries. These they not only sacked but often consumed by fire; and though the ranks of the Hussites were at the beginning filled only with the vulgar, they were soon joined by several ecclesiastics—even by monks—and many nobles.

A large number (not less than 40,000, it is said) of the body assembled on a hill, to which they gave the puritanical name of "*Tabcr*," and there they preached continually against the avarice, the debauchery, and other vices of the Romish clergy; and while one portion remained praying on the summit, another sallied forth to plunder the neighbouring monks and priests, in order to obtain food for their brethren.

Those of the sect, on the other hand, who had continued in Prague had public processions almost daily in the streets, and did not fail at such times to insult and revile the Romish practices and doctrines in every possible manner. The Bohemian king, Wenceslas IV., commanded the magistrates to suppress these scenes, but the Hussites were too strong for them. One day, however, as one of the processions passed the *Rathaus*, a stone struck one of the priests of the sect, and in a moment a leader of the body, named Ziska, rushed at the head of a furious band into the Town-hall, and threw thirteen of the magistrates from the windows on to the pikes of the multitude below. The news of this outrage is said to have caused the death of King Wenceslas.

After the decease of the King, Ziska, at the head of a large force, made himself master of the city of Prague; and to quell the insurrection, the Emperor Sigismund, having assembled a large German army, led the troops himself against the Bohemian capital. But such was the enthusiasm or fanaticism of the new Reformers, that they signally defeated the Germans—12,000 of whom were left dead on the field.

In this extremity Sigismund was glad to sanction a truce—even at the cost of conceding four of the Reformers' chief demands, viz.:—(1), The abolition of Latin prayers; (2), The administration of the Sacrament with the cup as well as the wafer; (3), The confiscation of the landed and other secular property of the clergy; (4), The punishment of moral crimes with the same severity as political ones.

The suspension of hostilities, however, was but for a moment. The four articles which the Hussites of Prague had exacted from Sigismund were by no means pleasing to the “Taborites,” who demanded that much greater concessions should be made; and these not being granted, Ziska and his army once more began to ravage the country. The Emperor sent frequent bodies of troops into Bohemia to arrest their course, but the Germans were in all cases defeated, so that they got at last to believe the Hussites were magicians and invincible.

Mortified, however, at the repeated reverses of his army, the Emperor at length consented to negotiate with the Hussite leader; but Ziska died before the treaty was completed. Never was chief so lamented by his troops,—his followers regarding him at once as a saint and a hero.

Another leader, Procopius Raso—no less valiant a warrior than Ziska—was soon chosen, and under his generalship fresh irruptions were made into Hungary, Austria, Bavaria, and Saxony, until the whole empire was filled with consternation. Army after army was again and again defeated, and legate after legate compelled to abandon with humiliation all attempts at reconciling the differences of the Church. The Germans, indeed, often fled in panic at the mere approach of the Hussites.

Under these circumstances, Sigismund promised not to disturb the religious doctrines of the “heretics” until the

Council of Basel, which had been convoked for the year 1431, should have decided respecting them.

All minds, therefore, were fixed on the ensuing Council, which, it was hoped, would be the means of restoring peace to the distracted Empire.

One of the first acts of the Council was to cite the Hussites to appear by their deputies and state their grievances; and the summons was obeyed the more willingly because, owing to their victories, there was no longer any danger in the mission.

The proceedings were opened by Cardinal Julian; after which the Hussite deputies laid before the Council the four demands which Sigismund had sanctioned.

The article relating to the Communion, both with the cup and the wafer, was first discussed. Its explanation occupied the Bohemian deputies three mornings.

The deputies were followed by John de Ragusa, the procurator of the Dominicans, who, in answer to the "Callixtines," or "cup-ites," as they were called, harangued for a whole week on the sufficiency of the wafer alone.

This polemic was answered, in its turn, by Roskyczana, a Hussite leader, in six mornings, his colleagues speaking at equal length on the other articles.

Unanimity on any one point, however, seemed to be hopeless. Each party appeared to have indulged in the vain hope of vanquishing the other by argument. Irritation showed itself on both sides, and it was subsequently agreed that a certain number of the members of the Council should meet in Prague, and decide on the point in a friendly manner.

Accordingly, as the Hussites refused to hear of peace until the four articles were sanctioned by the legates, it was ultimately conceded (but not until the festival of the Holy Trinity, 1433) that the cup should for a time, and under certain re-

strictions, be allowed to communicants; and, moreover, that moral offences should be punished agreeably to the ancient canonical law.

At a later period, however, the Council of Basel sanctioned the "unrestricted use of the cup," and this for a time had the effect of *smothering* those religious dissensions, which were afterwards destined to "light up a greater fire than ever."

The *Concilium-Saal* (or Chapter-house), in which, during the session, some of the committees held their deliberations at Basel, is still attached to the Cathedral—a small staircase leading to it from the choir. It is merely a low room, with four Gothic windows, and is so far worthy of inspection that it exists in precisely the same state as it did at the time of the sitting of the Council.

In one corner of the square, too, in which the Münster is situate there stands an old building called "*zur Mücke*," and in this assembled the conclave during the Council which elected Felix V. (Duke of Savoy) Pope, in the place of Eugene IV.

The other associations in connexion with Basel are of a literary and artistic character.

Erasmus, the learned and witty assailant of the doctrines of the schools and the vices of the monastic orders, as well as the preparer of the way for Luther and the Reformation, closed his labours and his life in Basel. Born at one end, as it were, of the Rhine, he made the other end of it the scene of his highest literary labours.

In a small street (*Breede Kerk Straat*) in Rotterdam, near the "*Groote Markt*," we noted, at the beginning of our Rhenish trip, the house in which the author of "*The Praise of Folly*" was born; and here, in Basel, we walk the cloisters beside the Münster which are said to have been his favourite resort in

his old age, and where, maybe, he planned his "*Ecclesiastes*" (or Art of Preaching), that was first printed by his friend Froben in Basel town, not long before his death.

The entry of Erasmus into the world was as romantic as his departure was glorious.

A young man named Gerritz, a native of Gouda, in the Low Countries, loved a physician's daughter. His family sought to make him embrace a monastic life; but the youth fled—leaving the object of his affections about to become a mother—and repaired to Rome. The frail girl gave birth to a son; Gerritz, however, was not apprised of it, but, shortly afterwards, was informed by his parents that she whom he had loved was no more. Stricken down with sorrow and remorse he took the priestly vows, and gave himself up to the service of God. In a short time, however, he made his way back to Holland, and there he found his beloved still living. She refused to be wed to another, and Gerritz, remaining faithful to his sacerdotal vows, concentrated, with her, his affection on their son. The boy was sent to school when only four years old, and was hardly thirteen when his teacher, Sinthemius of Deventer, one day, enraptured with his little scholar's quickness, embraced him as he exclaimed—"This child will attain the highest pinnacle of learning."

That child was Gerritz Gerritz, or as he afterwards translated his name into its Latin and Greek equivalents, "*Desederius Erasmus*"—though he generally signed himself "*Erasmus Roterodamus*" (Erasmus of Rotterdam). He was a mere lad when both his parents died, and the three guardians to whose tender mercies he was bequeathed squandered his property and forced him into a monastery in Brabant, so as to get possession of the whole of his patrimony and conceal their villany. He subsequently assumed the monastic vows at Stein, in 1486, where he became one of the regular canons.

Luckily, however, for the young scholar, and the world as well, Erasmus was not destined to be buried in a monastery, for his classic acquirements attracted the attention of the Bishop of Cambray, who made him his private secretary, and then franked him to Paris, so that he might complete his studies. In the French capital, however, the learned young Dutchman fell into abject poverty, and for years wandered about the Continent, living in the most precarious manner upon the generosity of his patrons. Nevertheless, as soon as Erasmus could procure any money, he employed it in purchasing, first, Greek books, and then clothes; and often did the poor Hollander solicit, in vain, the bounty of his protectors.

The poverty and privations of his early life rendered it the greatest delight of his after years to furnish the means of support to youthful, but poor students; and it is recorded that Holbein would have starved during his early career at Basel, had it not been for the generosity of the quondam poor scholar, but then affluent and illustrious writer, Erasmus.

The habit of study which Erasmus acquired during this part of his career remained with him to the rest of his days. Even while travelling, which he mostly did on horseback, he was accustomed to compose on the way, and to reduce his ideas to writing when he reached the inn at which he was to rest for the night. His celebrated *Ἐγκωμιον Μωρίας* (Praise of Folly), of which seven editions were sold in a few months, was composed in this manner in the course of a journey from Italy to England.

In this work, Erasmus introduces Folly in her own person, Moria, making her the daughter of the God of Riches, and assigning the Fortunate Isles as the place of her birth. She is reared on drunkenness and impertinence, and becomes the queen of a powerful empire. She depicts successively all the States in the world that belong to her, as well as the classes

of people that are her favourite subjects, dwelling particularly on the Churchmen, whom she says she loads with favours. She delights in deriding the labyrinth of dialectics in which divines have entangled theology, and in ridiculing those extravagant syllogisms by which they seek to uphold the Church.

This little book produced the most startling effect at the time of its publication—no less than twenty-seven editions appeared in the lifetime of Erasmus, and it was translated into every European language; thus contributing more than any other to confirm the antisacerdotal tendency of the age, and to fit the public mind for the reception of the coming Reformation.

In 1506 Erasmus travelled into Italy, and there obtaining from Pope Julian II. a release from his monastic vows, joyfully changed his monk's frock for the black tunic of the lay schoolmen.

At the invitation of Henry VIII., in 1510, he revisited England, and taught in Cambridge as a lecturer on Greek, maintaining with the most illustrious men of the country—such as Sir Thomas More, Dean Colet, &c.—those friendly relations which endured for their lives. In 1514 he returned to the Continent, and after several changes finally settled down at Basel in 1521, to complete many of his best works.

Eight years afterwards, however, the principles of the Reformation triumphed in that town, and then the timid satirist of monks and popish ceremonies fled in fright to Freiburg. Nor did he return until 1535, when his health was fast declining—gout and gravel having for some years severely tortured him. He was at length seized with dysentery, and died at Basel on the 12th of July, 1536.

His body was followed to the grave by all the most eminent persons of the town, and on his tomb was engraved the motto, "NEMINI CEDO" (Second to none).

In personal appearance, Erasmus is described as having been a fair little man, with half-closed blue eyes, that keenly observed all that was passing, and with lips that were continually curled with faint sarcastic smiles. His frame is said to have been so slight that it seemed as if a puff of wind would have blown him down, whilst his manner is characterised as timid and embarrassed. His company is spoken of as a feast of refined enjoyment—his fund of anecdote being inexhaustible, and his love of literature the passion of his life. His works abound with scholarship at once extensive and elegant—for Latin was more familiar to him than his mother-tongue—and are replete with a dry wit that sparkles through the pages with pleasant variety. In his various prefaces and dedications he nobly and elegantly vindicated the circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongues of Europe, and his writings largely contributed to the success of the Reformation—though he himself wanted the courage to take rank among the heroic band of the early Reformers.

The other great glory of Basel is Hans Holbein, the illustrious painter of the 16th century.

In the narrow *Augustiner-gasse* that leads from the Rhine bridge to the Münster, there is a handsome club-house-like building, with some fine bas-reliefs on the frieze emblematical of Art and Industry. This is the new Museum, and contains a collection of paintings and drawings by the great artist of Basel.

Here may be seen Holbein's wonderful portrait of himself, together with some beautiful pen-and-ink studies of the heads of the family of the Burgomeister Meyer, sketched for the masterpiece of his works which is now in the Dresden Gallery; as well as the original sketch of his famous picture of the family of Sir Thomas More, and portraits of his generous friend

Erasmus, and of Erasmus' friend Froben, the printer; besides the exquisite picture of the Passion of Christ in eight compartments, for which the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, many years since, offered 30,000 florins; and the Dead Christ, said to have been drawn after a drunken Jew. There are, indeed, a multitude of like gems of art—the very recalling of which is a source of pleasure for life.

The public library at Basel, too, contains amongst its 70,000 volumes a copy of Erasmus' *Laus Stultitiæ* (Praise of Folly), embellished with Holbein's marginal caricatures, which are said to have amused the author so much that he laughed himself out of a fit of illness when they were shown to him.

Though born at Augsburg, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, Holbein was removed in the year 1519, when but a mere lad, to Basel, whither his father came to settle. In his younger days he was distinguished by a genius full of whim and originality, and yet so insensible were the Basellers to the beauties of his art, that he lived with his family in extreme misery, and was even reduced to paint signs and decorate houses—many of his most original works having been thus exposed to the mercy of the wind and rain. Indeed, the two pictures of a School, which are now treasured in the Museum, were painted in the 14th year of the artist's age for a schoolmaster's sign-board, and for several years hung in the streets at Basel.

Young Hans gained so little by his trade, that he often wanted for the commonest necessities of life, and must, it is said, have repeatedly perished from hunger, had it not been for the generous assistance of Erasmus, who, remembering his own sufferings during his struggles after fame, never failed to help the poor lad to the utmost of his power.

The youthful artist, however, is said to have been imprudently fond of visiting the wine-shops in the city, and a

story is told of him, that on being engaged to decorate the ceiling of the shop of an *Apotheke* in the town, and finding the druggist was loth to let him quit his work for his customary glass, Hans painted a pair of legs on the wall immediately beneath the scaffolding, and so true to nature, as well as so perfectly like his own, that the apothecary on looking up from his desk below, and seeing (as he thought) the lad's calves dangling beneath the planks, was wont to fancy he was still overhead, busily engaged at his work.

Holbein, however, finding his talents but little appreciated in Basel, and being worried by the temper of his wife even more than by his pecuniary troubles, finally made up his mind to visit England. Erasmus kindly wrote him several letters of introduction to his friends in the English capital, and in the one he addressed to Sir Thomas More he says, "here the arts perish," and confesses that it is the want of encouragement that drives Holbein to seek his fortune in London.

The English Chancellor received the artist with distinction, and in return for his hospitality Holbein embellished his mansion with many fine paintings. Sir Thomas More was not long in presenting him to Henry VIII., and the king was so struck with his genius, and so taken with his manners, that he conceived a high admiration for him, and attached him to the Court.

An anecdote is told, that an English nobleman of high rank once came to the *atelier* of Holbein at a time when he was engaged upon some important picture that he wished to prosecute in secret. Holbein begged his illustrious visitor to come to him on some future day, but his lordship, snob-like, fancying that an artist should consider it an honour to receive a person of his quality at any time, insisted upon entering; whereupon the quondam sign-painter of Basel, who had been little used to the forms and ceremonies of a Court, took the bestarred and begartered puppy by the shoulders, and thrusting

him from the door, pushed him from the top to the bottom of the stairs.

The lord hastened to the king, and recounting the ignominious treatment he had received at the hands of a vulgar painter, demanded that the fellow should be punished in a most exemplary manner for the base insult heaped upon him.

The monarch, however, replied, that he set more value upon an artist such as Holbein than upon all the great lords of his kingdom; "for," said he, "I have only to take so many peasants to make out of them as many noblemen as I will, but if I were to take the entire peerage, I could not get one such genius as Holbein out of all the noblemen in the land."

In 1538 Holbein revisited Basel, when the city which formerly could hardly find him subsistence even at sign-painting was, now that he was the favourite painter of the King of England, so deeply impressed with his genius, that the Municipality granted him a salary of 50 florins per annum. This was done principally with the hope of retaining the artist in the town; but he returned to London, where he died of the plague in 1554.

The style of Holbein's works, though somewhat hard and formal, is manly and correct, while many of his portraits are marked by great character and individuality.

The "Dance of Death" has been attributed to his pencil; but it is known to have adorned the walls of the Dominican Church in Basel at the time of the assembling of the Council—some 50 years, at least, before Holbein's birth.

Basel is now the centre of a comparatively busy trade, the chief of which lies in the ribbons and paper which it produces, and the residence of the great chemical philosopher Schönbein, the discoverer of "gun-cotton," and more particularly of that wondrous allotropic element termed "*Ozone*."

V.

FAMILY CUSTOMS.

§ 1.

CUSTOMS AT MARRIAGE, COURTSHIP, AND BETROTHAL—PUBLIC LOVE-MAKING—"DUTZENING"—THE "POLTER-ABEND" (THE BRIDAL EVE)—THE "AUS-STATUNG" (THE MARRIAGE-DOWRY) AND "HOCH-ZEIT" (WEDDING FEAST).

THERE is no better mode of judging of a nation than by observations as to the treatment of its women, its care for the young, and its veneration for the dead.

The emotions which connect, or rather *should* connect, the stronger with the weaker sex, the parent with the child, and the living with the deceased, make up so large a part of what is noble, pure, and cordial in our natures, that wherever such qualities are found to be deficient *there* assuredly must exist a degraded type of humanity.

Let us begin, therefore, with a consideration of the marriage customs prevalent in Rheinland.

No young lady is allowed to appear in society till she has been confirmed; indeed, it will be seen hereafter that confirmation, or taking your sins upon yourself, constitutes an important epoch in German life.

Again, German children are never allowed to dance; for grown-up ladies tell you they do not think it proper to see

little things polking and waltzing together,—a remark which gives us a profound insight into German character: for dancing, surely, rightly considered, is but joyousness expressed in muscular activity, and unless obscene ideas be connected with that which is really a healthful and graceful exercise, we cannot understand why it should not form the special pastime of the young, who are all gaiety, and whose very physical development requires a certain amount of bodily exertion. The Germans, however, seem to look upon dancing only, as the means of inflaming the passions, and hence find impropriety in allowing *children* to indulge in the amusement. In England, however, we seem to have less prurient ideas on the subject, and, therefore, can trust our little ones to waltz with one another without fear of contamination.

“I hear,” said a German lady, “that at Christmas and holiday-times you English have parties made up of none but children. Dear me, how strange it must be! Are you not afraid to trust the boys and girls together?”

The above remark will enable the reader to understand the tone of moral feeling existing in Germany, and, in a measure, prepare him for the statement that the *Deutschers*, like the French, deem it *indecent* for a lady to take the arm of a gentleman unless she be either betrothed or married to him—a sentiment which plainly shows the indelicate state of the female mind among continental nations.

But not only is it believed to be dangerous to a young lady's chastity even to be allowed to *touch* one of the opposite sex, but the act of shaking hands with a gentleman is considered to be of so inflammatory a tendency among these sensual-minded people, that it is regarded as downright profligacy for an unmarried or unaffianced couple to say good-bye to one another in the cordial English fashion.

Nevertheless, *we* English can afford to let our girls dance with boys when they are children, and walk arm-in-arm when they are grown up, or even shake hands on parting, with gentlemen to whom they are neither engaged nor related. Yet, for true delicacy of feeling and real innocence of heart, we would fearlessly compare the daughter of an English gentleman with any continental maiden in existence.

In Germany it seems to be admitted, that there are fewer love-matches than with us. The father, as in France, has more the character of a despot, than a friend or adviser among the young members of his family; and the child is trained to such a sense of slavish obedience, that parents choose the husbands for their daughters, rather than their daughters being allowed to have any choice in the matter themselves.

True, the system of paternal authority hardly runs to the extreme in Prussia that it does in France, where the father brings home a spouse for one of his daughters in the same off-hand manner as he would present her with a new dress or shawl; whereupon the girl, with all due respect, proceeds to admire the gentleman as she would some fresh trinket.

This servile state of filial submission hardly holds good, we say, in Prussian society; and yet, on the other hand, runaway-matches are seldom or never heard of—not only because it would be impossible to *run* away by the “*Schnellpost*” (and but few German lovers could afford a more expeditious mode of travelling), but because no young gentleman or lady in Rheinland would ever have spirit enough to prove so domestically rebellious.

Most of the matrimonial introductions in Prussia take place, as with us, at balls. At the Coblenz Casino there are six “grand balls” given in the winter; and during Carnival time, some of the wealthier gentry indulge in the same entertainment at their own houses.

Groschens form, with the Germans, the chief inducement for entering into the marriage state. “*Wie schwäre ist sie?*”—(How heavy is she?)—is the invariable inquiry of every Prussian on hearing of any marriageable young lady; for *Thalers* to these people are far preferable to either beauty or goodness. The taint of money, indeed, colours the whole complexion of a German’s soul, as deep as the jaundice does one’s body and blood. “Oh, no! we should not mind if she the daughter of a chimney-sweep was, so long as she the *groschens* had,” said one of our German friends.

Hence the daughters of the old *Rheinländer*s, who are generally the merchants and tradesmen of the principal towns, are preferred to those of the Prussians, who constitute the government officers of such places. The former, though a little bit less refined than the others, have generally a few hundred *Thalers* or so given them by way of marriage-portion, whilst the latter affect to be intensely genteel, and are, at the same time, excruciatingly poor: so that, like many of the over-educated young ladies with us (and we suffer quite as much from the *over*-education of certain classes as we do from the *under*-education of others), they have acquired expensive habits without possessing the means of gratifying them, and, therefore, bring nothing to their husbands but a little beauty, perhaps, and a great deal of helplessness and extravagance.

One of these *Preussichen* young ladies waited upon us, in the hope of being assisted to a situation as governess in an English family, and though her father was merely an *ex*-tax-collector (he was tried afterwards for embezzlement), and she herself, we had been told, had to work her fingers raw to earn her sixpence a-day at “fine needle-work,” she came in white kid gloves—coloured “hand-shoes,” as the Germans call them, not being considered *highly* fashionable in Coblenz.

Of courtship there is scarcely any, for if the father and mother on both sides be agreeable to the match, the betrothal, or "*Verlobung*," takes place as soon after the introduction as possible.

The betrothal ceremony usually consists of a grand feast given in the evening, to which all the friends of both parties are invited. Many of the guests bring flowers in baskets, whilst pine-apples soaked in champagne, and Rhenish wine, constitutes the favourite drink at such assemblies, the potations being often continued the whole night through.

At the table the betrothed always sit beside each other, and in the course of the evening they exchange rings, when their healths are drunk and all the guests go round to clash their wine-glasses with those of the happy couple.

The betrothal rings consist of a very thick plain gold hoop, and remind one of those ugly galvanic affairs that were, some few years back, popular among our gouty and rheumatic old ladies and gentlemen. These rings are worn on the left hand, by the women on the third finger, and by the men on the little one, and are re-exchanged when the marriage takes place.

This ceremony will remind classical scholars of the Athenian *ἑγγύησις*, which was made by the *κυρίος*—the natural or legal guardian—of the bride elect, and attended by the relations of both parties as witnesses. It also bears so close a resemblance to the Roman "*Sponsalia*," as to lead us to believe that the Rhenish custom is of Latin origin; for at the *Sponsalia* not only did the man place a ring on the finger of his betrothed as a pledge of his fidelity, but the ceremony was considered to constitute an agreement to marry, made in such form as to give each party a right of action in case of the non-fulfilment of the pledge by either.

In Germany, too, the "*Verlobung*" is regarded as being

so close akin to marriage, that it requires a process similar to a divorce in order to free the parties from the contract. Moreover, such publicity is given to the engagement, that it becomes almost impossible for a man, with any sense of shame, to go from his word. Hence such things as broken vows, and, maybe, broken hearts (if we can imagine such calamities where scarcely any marry from affection), are placed almost beyond the bounds of probability in Prussia, so that it would seem that we might really take a lesson from the Germans in this respect.

Immediately after the ceremony of the betrothal, a letter is sent round to each of the friends of the couple, containing the following announcement:—

Our Betrothal is hereby made known.

Emilie F——

Laurence F——

*Cöln and London,
the 15th August, 1855.*

At the same time an advertisement is inserted in the paper of the town, making a like announcement to the public generally. Here is one such advertisement, cut at random from the Cöln paper:—

Betrothal-Announcement.

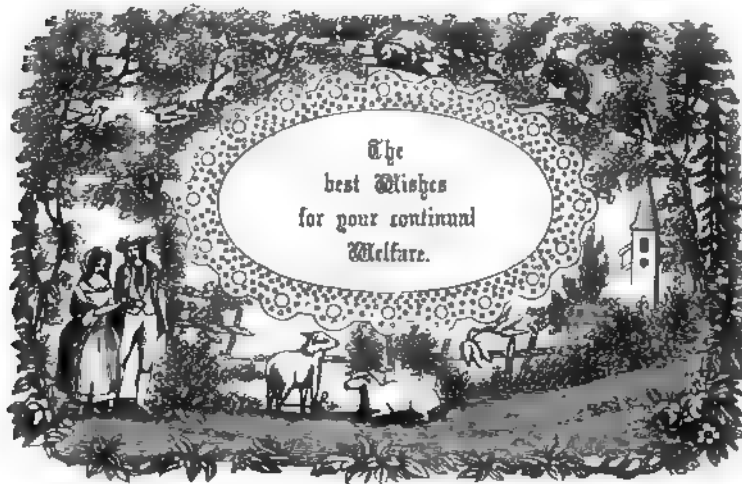
Prof. Dr. Med. Karsch,

Catharina Spriess.

Münster and Cöln, the 1st September, 1855.

In return for the above-mentioned letters, it is customary for the friends to send ornamental cards, on which is printed either "*Ich gratulire*"—(I congratulate you),—or "*Glück und Segen*"—(Happiness and blessings).

A specimen of such cards of congratulation is here subjoined; in the original, however, the printing is in gold and many colours:—



Now the ceremony of betrothal makes an important alteration in the conduct of the lady and gentleman to one another. If it were not permitted to the damsel, whilst in an un affianced state, to take the arm of her sweetheart, and if it were considered, moreover, highly indecent on her part even to touch his hand, at least all such prudish squeamishness vanishes directly the two are duly plighted to each other. For then society allows them to fly to the opposite extreme, and grants innocent-minded girls the license to indulge *publicly* in acts of amorousness that even a wanton in our country would be decent enough to perform in private.

No sooner is a young lady engaged, than she may be kissed and slobbered in the presence of others without even so much as a blush being expected of her; whilst the liberty of hugging one another, and sitting on each other's knees before company, is conceded by all to the affianced without a murmur. Indeed the betrothed may be even seen to indulge in fond embraces whilst standing in front of shop-windows in the streets, or whilst seated in the public boxes at the theatre, or supposed to be listening to some concert at the Gymnasium.

The Germans, as we said before, seem to have no sense of such feelings as secret emotions. But why, it may be asked, should people be so ashamed of being in love with one another that they should slink away to some retired place to give vent to their affection?

We answer, that all deep emotions are necessarily secret ones. Not only does an absorbing passion overpower the mind so as to unfit it for social converse, but the heart instinctively knows that it cannot expect sympathy from what, in such cases, is termed "the unfeeling world," and that the very profundity of its emotion cannot but appear absurd to those who are engaged in the active business of life.

It is thus in profound grief. No person thinks of making his tears public; and, indeed, he cannot help feeling ashamed that he is susceptible of being overwhelmed by his affection. Hence it is the custom for persons in extreme sorrow to shut up their house, and to refuse to see all but those who can share in their misery.

In states of profound veneration, again, how secret and silent is the worship that fills the heart! It is for this reason that the early devotees built their altars in the recesses of forests: for who that has ever entered the reverend solitude of a dense wood, or stood alone at night, peering far into the starry mysteries of space, has not experienced a feeling of

adoration steal over his entire soul, as if it were congenial to the very privacy of the scene or time?

Indeed we might run over every profound emotion of which humanity is susceptible, and show that, whenever the heart is *deeply* touched, the being withdraws from the public gaze as if conscious that he and the mere money-hunting community have nothing in common.

Be assured, therefore, that when men publish their grief or their religious sentiments, or indeed their love, they really feel little of any such emotions.

But if this public love-making in Germany be hateful, as evidencing no real affection between the couples, it becomes positively loathsome on account of its violation of all the rules of social decency. Love, in its spiritual quality, is beautiful enough; but when it has the least animal taint with it, the exhibition of the passion becomes—like the gratification of any inordinate appetite,—grossly offensive for other persons to contemplate. In the intensity of the desire, Nature throws an exquisite veil over the disgusting character of such acts to the enamoured pair themselves; but still, a decent-minded man—and much more, a modest-natured woman—would blush to indulge in any amorous exhibition in the presence of others. Surely there is hardly any difference between “public women” and those who indulge in public love-making; for is it not the *publicity*—the shamelessness of such creatures—the unblushingness with which they allow themselves to be fondled and caressed before others, that offends our moral sense?

Still, if this public indulgence in acts, that in even the most degraded forms of savage life are performed in privacy, do not offer any violence to the common notions of propriety in Germany, what possible excuse can we frame for fathers standing idly by while their daughters are indelicately mauled in their presence? If such scenes occurred in the “upper

boxes" of our theatres as are every day tolerated with the betrothed couples in Deutschland, the police would consider it necessary, for public morals, to remove the offending parties from the house; and yet Rhenish parents will permit their daughters to be treated like wantons under their very eyes, without even hinting to the girl that it is the act of virgin Modesty to shrink from a man's touch, and that only brazen-faced Vice can bear to be hugged before others without a blush crimsoning the cheeks.

Another peculiar privilege conferred by the "*Verlobung*" is the right it gives the couple of "*dutzening*," or, as the French say, "*tutoi*"-ing one another. In England, where all classes of individuals are personally addressed as "*you*," and the "*thou*" form of speech is adopted only by Quakers and poets, it seems extraordinary that any great social distinction should be made to depend upon the use of the different pronouns which stand, on the one hand for the second person singular, and on the other for the second person plural. The chief pronominal difference observed in our country is limited to the "*For-word*," as the Germans call it, for the *first* person, the plural form of which is the special property of monarchs and editors.*

In Deutschland, however, there are no less than four forms of pronominal address to an individual, and these are about equivalent to our *thou*, *you*, *he*, and *they*; the last of them being applied only to a distant acquaintance or a worldly-great man—of whom it is the fashion to say, with

* In addressing one another, Ollendorf tells us, the Germans make use of the second person singular (*Du*), and third person plural (*sie*). *Du* is used as a mark of respect and affection. In polite conversation, persons always address each other with *sie*. "The third personal singular (*er*), and the second person plural also (*Ihr*)—especially the former—are," he adds, "frequently used towards inferiors and servants."—*German Grammar*, p. 82.

all the dignity of the monarchical plural, "I have the honour to wish *them* a good morning;"—"Have *they* well slept?"

"My Fräulein!" exclaimed a shopkeeper to our little girl, who, in the thoughtlessness of youth, had said to the worthy, "Dost *thou* candy-sugar sell?" "My Fräulein!" and the "*conditor*" raised his eyebrows in utter astonishment at the little maid's speech;—"in Germany, children always say *they* to an elder."

A child may "*thou* and *thee*" anybody until it has been to school; but after that it is expected to change its form of address to "*they* and *them*." On the other hand, the child itself is addressed as "*thou*" till it has been confirmed, when it immediately advances to the dignity of being spoken to as "*they*," though fellow-confirmer's retain through life the privilege of "*tu-toi*"-ing each other.

The *you*, or plural form of the second pronoun, is reserved for servants and work-people, and "to every one, indeed," said one of these Teutonic jackasses to us, "whom we consider to be our inferiors."

"*Haben Sie Befehle für mich, Herr Königlich-Spuchnapf-bewahrer?*" a workman will say to a government official.

"*Nein! Ich habe für euch nichts,*" will be the marked reply.

Now, as the pronoun used for our second person plural conveys no sense of degradation, it is impossible to give the English reader a sense of the social distinctions implied in these different forms of speech, except by translating the preceding question into,—"*Have they any orders for me, Mr. Keeper-of-the-King's-Spittoons?*" and rendering the answer as, "*No! I have nothing for it.*"

Another form of pronominal degradation is implied in the use of the German *er*, which stands for the third person singular. This is popular among angry sergeants in the army

when addressing common soldiers; as, for instance, an under officer on being passed by a private, who has neglected to touch his cap to him, will call the man back, and shout contemptuously at him, "*Will er denn nicht grüssen?*" literally, "Will *he* not salute then?"

The Quaker form of speech, on the other hand, we are told in the grammars, is used, (1), in addressing the Supreme Being; (2), in poetry; (3), among friends and family relatives. "In general," it is said, "it implies familiarity, founded on affection and fondness."

Indeed it is the custom for servants, on entering an establishment, to make a special request to be permitted to say "*thou*" to the younger branches of the family; and before one German uses "*du*" to another, for the couple, if they be not related by blood or marriage, to go through a special ceremony, which consists in drinking together, and in linking the arms one within another, while they clash their glasses and swear eternal friendship. This is styled the ceremony of fraternising, or, in German, "*Bruderschaft-schlagen*."

Be assured, moreover, if you hear a young man "*dutzen*" a damsel who is no family relation of his, that the couple are "*verlobt*."

Among the customs peculiar to the time of courtship, we may mention that it is usual for lovers to tie large bunches of hawthorn to the windows of their sweethearts on the first of May. Those young ladies, however, who have not yet been fortunate enough to have obtained an offer, get a few handfuls of chaff strewed by the spiteful or the jocular over their thresholds; and it is by no means uncommon for the fair creatures who are thus treated to take the hawthorn from the casements of their rivals in the night, and, tying them to the sash of their own, to oblige them with some of

their chaff in return,—a custom which may probably have given rise to our vulgar idiom of “*chaffing*” an old maid. It is customary also for swains to go to the windows of their fiancées, and, firing off a pistol, to wish them a happy new year.

The term of betrothal is of different durations. In some cases it lasts only for a short period; but in others it continues for many years. It is frequently the custom for a lady to be betrothed to a young man filling some subordinate situation under government, upon the understanding that they are not to be married until the youth’s salary reaches an amount that is deemed sufficient for the maintenance of the pair.

Officers, again, are often betrothed during their ensigncy, though every one in Prussia knows that the full-grown “children in arms” are not allowed to marry until they reach the rank of captain,—unless, indeed, they be able to deposit the sum of 12,000 thalers (about 1800*l.*), in the hands of the government; the interest of which is, under such circumstances, duly paid to the little boy for the maintenance of his wife.

The State, however, does not limit its paternal care to officers alone; it has a like regard for the interests of *all* persons of limited means, and will not allow them to commit matrimony until they can give good evidence that they have the wherewithal to support a family.

In Coblenz, for instance, no one can become a Benedick unless he can purchase his citizenship. This, a little while ago, cost only 8 thalers (about 24 shillings); but the poorer families were found to increase so rapidly at these moderate terms, that the richer determined upon raising the purchase-money for the city-freedom to 36 thalers (upwards of 5 guineas), so as to offer every obstruction they could to marriages among the humbler portion of the community.

The intended bridegroom was, at the same time, expected to furnish the town authorities with some such document as the following:—

“ Testimony as to means of Subsistence before Marrying.

“ Jacob H—— has work from me as a weaver, and earns 15s. a-month; and it is more than probable that he will continue in my service, as I intend to increase his work; and hereby do I certify, by my signature, that he is possessed of the requisite means of subsistence to entitle him to marry.

“ A—— W——,

“ Cloth Manufacturer.*

“ Elberfeld, 22 July, 1833.”

Still it came to be well known that little trust was to be placed in such documents; since any workman, desirous of taking to himself a wife, could easily obtain a certificate from some of the people who employed him, and masters seldom objected, for such a purpose, to make out that a man in their service earned more than he really did. Thus the poor got to press inconveniently on the rich, despite the matrimonial restrictions; and the authorities, therefore, determined on making the cost of citizenship five-fold dearer than previously.

This, we are told, has proved so successful a barrier to wedlock, that now most of the poorer classes cohabit rather than marry; so that the official wiseacres of Prussia, who watch so narrowly after the welfare of the people, have reduced, perhaps, the number of paupers, but proportionately increased the number of *Deutsch grisettes* in the place.

Before the marriage ceremony takes place, there is another grand assembly of friends, called the “*Polter-abend*,” and at

* The above is copied from the “*Universal Briefsteller*” before alluded to.

which there is another great feast. This seems, again, to correspond with the Roman "*Cæna nuptialis*;" a repast that, it will be remembered, was given to the whole train of relatives and friends. The *Polter-abend* has also some affinity to the Greek *ἑπαιλία*, the period at which the friends sent the customary presents to the couple; for on the evening preceding the nuptials in Rhenish Prussia, every guest is expected to come laden with some present for the future household. The more distant friends bring china cups, emblazoned with certain congratulatory mottoes, whilst others present ornaments and trinkets, and some relatives articles of furniture.

Those, however, who are of a jocular, and not over-decent turn of mind, offer a small sugar model of a stork—that bird being commonly said to bring the children in Germany; and in illustration of the popular pseudodox, the ornithological piece of confectionery not unfrequently bears in its beak a sugar representation of what is called a "*Wickel-kind*;" that is to say, a wretched little German baby bound up in its swaddling-clothes, after the manner of a miniature mummy. The introduction of this puerperal sweetmeat by the funny man is, of course, the signal for intense mirth, the Germans still being in that novitiate state, as regards humour, which believes that indelicacy is wit.

The presents given at the *Polter-abend* are generally arranged on a table by themselves; and whilst the eating and drinking are going on (and the quantities eaten and drunk on such occasions are almost worthy of the "*Samoiedes*"), if the couple are unlucky enough to have any enemies in the town, all kinds of disgusting insults are perpetrated by the populace outside the house—utensils of the filthiest description being broken against the street-door, and other like indignities offered to the parties within.

The only remaining peculiarity in connexion with the pre-

liminaries of a German marriage is the bride's "*Aus-stattung*," as it is called (literally, the marriage "out-fit," or dowry). This usually consists of all the linen that may be requisite, not only for the bride herself, but for her house as well. The laying up of this stock is begun by the mother of the girl at the very earliest age; so that it is not unusual for a little thing of four years old to have a large press filled with linen for its use in after marriage—the hoard having been commenced even from the very cradle. In the country, a girl is continually occupied with knitting a store of stockings, as well as spinning the thread for a large supply of under-linen and sheets for her "*aus-stattung*;" and these articles are usually of such substantial textures, that English ladies are astonished to hear of home-made flannel petticoats that have been in continual wear from fifteen to twenty years. In almost all cases, too, the bride brings with her the furniture for the entire house.

It is usual for the bride—even if too poor to contribute towards the tables and chairs of the house—to bring her own bed at least. The poorest servant-girl in Germany would rather spend every penny of her earnings than be married without taking her bed with her to her new home,—for it would be considered the greatest possible degradation if a girl's husband could say to her in a fit of anger, "Get out of *my* bed!" Often, too, a wife, after a quarrel with "her man," may be heard to exclaim, "Let me have my bed, and I won't trouble you any longer!" Indeed, so thoroughly established does every daughter believe her right to this article of furniture on her leaving home, that many a girl will tell her father that if he will only give her *her* bed—she'll go.

The marriage costume for the bride differs little from that of other countries, with the exception that black bridal dresses are peculiar to the Prussian Protestants, and a myrtle wreath is worn with a white veil by persons of all creeds.

This, again, to those acquainted with the Roman mythology, will afford another token of the Latin connexion with the German race; for it is well known to every schoolboy that the Goddess of Love among the Romans was surnamed "*Myrtea*," the title being said to be indicative of the fondness of Venus for the myrtle-tree (*Myrtus*).

During our stay at one of the Rhenish hotels the niece of the proprietor was married, and on the wedding morning a message from the bride was sent to us by our little girl, who had begged to be present at the ceremony, requesting us (though we had never set eyes on the lady) to stand at the door and see her go by in her wedding-dress, on her way to the "*wagen*" below. Accordingly, the portal of our sitting-room was thrown open, and presently we were startled whilst occupied at the table by the appearance of the "*dame blanche*," veiled from head to foot, curtsying and smiling, with thorough simplicity, on our door-mat.

There is nothing peculiar in the marriage ceremony itself, with the exception that when the parties are rich enough to indulge in such a luxury, it is accompanied with a long-winded prosy admonition from the priest—as full of moral platitudes as a copy-book—the male friends being ranged on one side of the altar and the female on the other, and with the bride and bridegroom to finish the group, kneeling on cushions in the centre. When the ceremony is ended the bride proceeds to kiss all her friends, and the bridegroom his.

After the marriage ceremony begins the "*Hoch-zeit*" (high-time).

This consists of gorging to an extent that, to English minds, appears to partake of the disgusting character of barbarian feasts. Nor is the gluttony confined only to the gentlemen, but the bride and bridesmaids alike stuff themselves to

surfeit. In some cases the voracious guzzling is continued for a week, and in every case it lasts nearly one *entire* day, the bride remaining at the table all the time.

On the occasion of the wedding at the hotel above alluded to, the bridal party returned from church to partake of an early German dinner—which, it should be remembered, consists at a *Gasthof* of upwards of a dozen courses. This was followed by dessert, at which the company continued drinking their bowls of “*cardinal*,”—first made with red peaches, then with pine-apples and champagne, and then flavoured with the peel of green oranges,—till four o'clock arrived; then the feast changed to “*coffee-drinking*,” with a countless multitude of cakes, of which the gentlemen and ladies all partook, in quantities that would have fairly affrighted one of the serving-girls at our Farrance's. At eight o'clock came the supper, which was certainly not the “light meal” recommended by the faculty, but a solid, substantial, second edition of the dinner, even down to hot puddings, and “*Baiser-tourte*,” and “*Marzapane*.” After this the entire company fell to playing all kinds of childish games; and, finally, settled down to good serious drinking, at which they continued until a late hour of the night, the bride and bridesmaids sitting at the table the while till morning—even though many of the gentlemen had long before grown, from the wine they had imbibed, unfit for female society.

During the wedding-feast it is customary for the “poet” of the company (and there is mostly one gentleman in every German circle who is given to rhyming) to start on his legs, and proceed to read a copy of verses filled with schoolboy allusions to “*Amor*” and Hymen, after the manner—“and a long way after it, too”—of the classic “*Epithalamium*.”

Printed copies of these verses are generally distributed among the guests, and we here append a *literal* translation of one presented to ourselves:—

To the Marriage

of Mr.

J. PH. HERM. H_____

with Miss

ELEONORE B_____

On the 15th March, 1855.

When two hearts on which the
Spring (of life) still smiles have found
each other,

If to each other they be inwardly
bound under Amor's enchanting power;

If they be submissive to the god, who
alone can shed a blessing on the heart;

Who through the paths of our first
life twines the garlands of his beauty,

Happy are they: but yet the com-
pact wants consecration from Hymen's
hand,

For he is god of all sincerity; and
he binds with still a firmer tie.

In the busy hum of worldly cares,
and in changes without number,

Only Love's delight continues under
the rays of Hymen's torch.

You who have won this happiness,
that once lay far distant from you,

All your doubts have now departed;
call down blessings on this day.

In the solemnest of hours ye have
bound yourselves in compact,

Till far beyond the end of life; and
devoted yourselves in love to each other.

May it be that you may continue
life in the light of an ever-unclouded
sunshine.

May you in harmonic union walk
hand-in-hand, inspired with joy,

Along the paths of future life, as if
through ever-flowering meadows;

For with Power have Peace and
Beauty joined themselves in matrimony.

Therefore let the will of Fate endure up to Time's most future period;
And all our best wishes are given to you that such happiness may be fulfilled.
Now let us raise our glasses high, and knock them all with one heart.
Long may the happy couple live, and their happiness be most perfect!

Dedicated by

J. W. B. —

Nor must it be imagined that these disgusting wedding-feasts are common only to "*Gasthof*" society. We have described such an one merely because it was the first that came under our observation, and therefore the one that made the strongest impressions on our minds. The same over-gorging, however, belongs to all classes who can afford the indulgence, and among the wealthy it may be said, that the excesses at such times are even greater than among the poor.

Immediately after the conclusion of the *Hoch-zeit*, printed letters are despatched to distant friends, announcing that the couple are man and wife.*

On this day-commemorate-matrimonial-alliance we do ourselves the honour hereby respectfully to make known.

Heinrich K. —

Elisabeth K. —

1844. —

Heinrich K. —

Simultaneously with the above announcement, or maybe some week or two afterwards something like the following

* The German custom of giving out printed letters is not only a very ancient one, but also a very common one. It is a custom which has been in vogue for many centuries, and is still in vogue in many parts of the world. The letters are usually written in a very formal and elegant style, and are often accompanied by a small drawing or vignette. The letters are usually sent to the friends and relatives of the bride and groom, and are often read aloud at the wedding. The letters are usually written in the first person, and are often very long and detailed. They usually contain a great deal of information about the wedding, and about the lives of the bride and groom. They are often very interesting and entertaining to read, and are a valuable record of the wedding and the lives of the bride and groom.





advertisement is inserted in the local paper, for the benefit of the public in general:—

Marriage-Announcement.

(Delayed.)

To our foreign friends and acquaintances hereby (is made) the respectful announcement of our to-day-solemnized-matrimonial alliance.

Mulheim-on-the-Rhine, and Burring, 6th June, 1843.

Dr. M. H. C—

M. G. C—

born B—

Interpolated Rhinish Scenes.

(9.)

RHEINFELDEN.

A few miles above Basel the Rhine ceases to be navigable. The broad, smooth, and placid flood dwindles into a narrow, foaming, and fretful rivulet, and the barges and steamers disappear from its surface, which now looks as desolate as a German street, with nothing but the boats belonging to an occasional ferry or a rude covered bridge to give the least life to its banks.

The journey to the Rhine Falls may be performed by diligence along either side of the Rhine. On the right bank the direct route is from Freiburg to Schaffhausen, and lies through the loveliest parts of the *Schwarz-Wald*—traversing the sublime ravine of the *Höllenthal* (Hell Valley), where the rocks tower so high, so steep, and so close on either side of the

roadway, that the "*eil-wagen*" (etymologically the *fast coach*, but in fact the particularly slow one) seems to be passing along the dried-up bed of one of the Rhine gorges. By this route, too, the traveller obtains his first peep of the wooden homesteads peculiar to Switzerland, with their broad eaves jutting from the sides of the house like the roofs of sheds, and their wooden galleries reminding one of our old "Talbot Inns;" and the whole house, roofs, sides, and all, covered with wooden slates, as it were, of unpainted deal, that are arranged after the fashion of wafer pen-wipers.

Here, too, may be seen the little Oberland churches, with their tiny steeples covered with tin-plate, and looking in the distance really like bright metal extinguishers shining in the sun; and groups of charcoal-burners at work in the forest, with their white eyes and teeth glistening from out their grimy faces as you go by; and the fires burning in bright crimson patches, that contrast finely with the tall ebony stacks charring beside the roadway.

Here, moreover, you stop to take your "*Mittag-essen*" (mid-day meal) at country inns, where the walls of the "*Speise-saal*" are literally covered with hundreds of small wooden clocks, the pendulums of which are all wagging at once in different ways, and ticking with such violence that you might fancy there was a colony of crickets in the walls.

The other route runs close alongside the Rhine—the sudden twisting and turning of the stream, in its now zigzag course among its bed of rocks, this journey giving it an equal beauty, though of a wholly different kind from the other—as different as the course of a valley is from that of a mountain-chain.

At Basel the Rhine makes an abrupt bend, as at Bingen, and instead of flowing straight on, begins running east and west, in a direction almost at right angles to its former course.

It continues serpentining along, across the bed of the Jura mountains, almost like a vein in marble—being broken up into a number of small cascades or “rapids,” rather than “falls”—until it reaches Schaffhausen, where the great liquid avalanche thunders in a broad sheet of snow over its steep step of rock, on its way from the vast Alpine reservoir of the “*Boden-See*” (Lake of Constanx); above which it comes hurrying down its narrow mountain channel, winding along from south to north, and thinned into the insignificant dimensions of a brook, rather than partaking of the gigantic capacity of a river flood.

The villages (for they can hardly be complimented with the name of towns) that border the stream between Basel and Schaffhausen—though somewhat picturesque in their external appearance, give one a wretched sense of the squalor and poverty, as well as the half-civilised character of the people in these parts; for they are as widely different from the neatness of English village homes as is a villa from a wigwam.

Rheinfelden is the first hamlet of any note that we reach on our journey to the Falls. It consists merely of one rude lane-like street—a long, irregular line of tall, old-fashioned houses, ranged close beside the water—and with the huge green humps of the Schwarz-Wald hills swelling up close behind it. At the upper end of the town stands, as usual, the city-gate; a mere isolated square turret, with battlements at its top corners, and a large clock over the gateway arch.

The town itself has little worthy of notice, if we except that it is built of stones from the neighbouring old Roman settlement of Augusta Rauracorum, and that it contains a handsome column of bronze, doing duty for a fountain, and supporting a standard-bearer with the arms of the town.

At the lower end of the village the Rhine (which is hardly wider here than a canal) is crossed, as shown in the engraving,

by a covered bridge raised upon piers, as dumpy as mushroom-stalks, and the covered way being as rude as a barn in the interior, where it is divided down the middle, after the fashion of a railway shed.

The object of these covered bridges it is difficult to divine, but they are peculiar to the Swiss portion of the stream, and almost as dark within as if they were a tunnel under the stream rather than a covered roadway above it.

At this part of the river the water is as shallow as a ford, and the green tint harmonises prettily with the flecks of the white waves as it curves and chafes about each impeding stone. There are some rapids close by, too, which cover the river-bed with a white pellicle of foam, and fill the air with a bee-like buzz, for some distance round. This part of the stream bears the name of the "Hell-hook" (*Höllhacken*), though there is little of such an infernal character about the shape of its channel as to warrant so forcible a name.

At a short distance from the bridge is a kind of island, or mound of rock and earth, rising up out of the middle of the stream. Here formerly stood the old fortress of "*Stein*," that, like Pfalz by Caub, once formed the island-palace of the ancient Counts of Rheinfelden. Earlier still, this was the residence of King Rudolph of Suabia (the Anti-Emperor Henry IV.), but was ultimately destroyed by the Swiss Confederates during the battle of St. Jaques, in 1344.

Agnes, wife of Berthold II., Duke of Zähringen by Freiburg, was the last relic of the nobles of Rheinfelden.

Formerly Rheinfelden was strongly fortified, and though its walls now seem incapable of holding out against a "park" of pop-guns, and the place appears hardly worth the taking, it was in the middle ages besieged times without number. The famous Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar and Johann von Westphal fought several battles under its walls in the year 1638—

Bernard in the end taking his adversary prisoner, and the Duke de Rohan perishing in the last conflict.

The town fell into the hands of the French in 1744, and in 1801 was made over to Switzerland, to which country it now belongs. The population at present numbers only 1500: and how even this small body of individuals manage to exist in a place that is utterly destitute of manufactures, commerce, and even traffic, beyond the daily diligence—the noise of which in the streets seems to startle the people like the railway engine bewilders cattle in the fields—is more than the stranger can possibly divine.

Rheinfelden forms one of the four ancient “forest towns” situate in these parts, viz. Rheinfelden, Seckingen, Laufenburg, and Waldshut.

§ 2.

RESPECT FOR WOMEN—DOMESTIC FEELING AMONG THE MARRIED CLASSES—DIVORCES—AND PUBLIC VICE.

Among the Eastern nations it is well known that woman was, and indeed is, regarded as a mere animal necessity, — a creature designed to be the object of man’s lowest passions rather than his highest and purest affections; and a creature, moreover, that the “blessed Prophet” Mahomet held to be as unworthy of immortality as even the beasts of the field.

The refined Greeks, too, whom classical taste would teach us to admire, regarded women from scarcely a higher point of view—considering them inferior to men, and qualified to discharge only the subordinate functions of life. Aristotle

states, that the relation of man to woman is that of "governor to subject;" and even the gentle Plato says, that "a woman's virtue consists in managing the house well, and obeying her husband."

The "barbarous" Gothic nations, however, valued women more highly, and treated them more respectfully, than the polished states of the East. Women among the Anglo-Saxons were allowed to inherit as well as to transmit landed property; they were permitted to sue and be sued in the Courts of Justice; they shared in all the social festivities; they were present at the meetings of the parliament and the municipal corporations; "and they possessed," says Sharon Turner, from whom we quote, "all that sweet influence which, while the human heart is responsive to the touch of love, they will ever retain in those countries which have the wisdom and urbanity to treat them as equal, intelligent, and independent beings."

If this be true of all the ancient Teutonic tribes, the Prussians must have lapsed sadly from the nobility as well as kindness of the parent stock; for assuredly a German wife of the present day is but a servant, whom the master of the house has the right of cohabiting with, and using, without the inconvenience of wages.

Indeed, it is a peculiar verbal illustration of the merely cohabitory character of the matrimonial state in Germany, that a married lady always speaks of her husband as "*her man*"—(*Mann*); and a husband of his wife as "*his woman*"—(*Frau*); there being no special terms in the language to signify either a *married* lady or gentleman.

We have, however, known some Rhenish households where the *Frau* was treated with the same affection as an English wife, and regarded in every way as the man's partner and equal; where the couple not only possessed

everything in common, but thought in common ; and where, instead of individual or selfish interests, there had grown to be, through love, one common good.

These, however, it must in truth be added, are but exceptional cases, and what we have stated above refers, we repeat, to the *general* tone of society rather than to individual examples. In Coblenz we knew among the townsmen one who had been thrice married, and when he was questioned as to his inducement for entering so often into the matrimonial state, he was candid enough to confess that, being a teacher of music as well as the keeper of a music-shop, he required some one, whom he could trust, to attend to "the business" during his absence from home, and therefore had wedded three wives, or rather three shop-women.

Nor is this merely an isolated case: on the contrary, it is by no means uncommon for a widower in Coblenz, if he have many children, to commence looking for a second "marriage partner" as soon as the funeral ceremonies in connexion with his first are completed.

When we were first informed of this fact we exclaimed, as you, doubtlessly, do, English reader—"Surely it cannot be true!" "And why not?" inquired our simple German informant, by way of reply. "What is the poor man to do? He must a servant have his '*Kinder*' to look after. Oh, no, we do not nothing of it here think. I would the same myself do if my *frau* was to die to-morrow."

Now surely there can be little feeling in a nation where it is *customary* (rather than extraordinary or unnatural) for a man to marry *within a month after the death of his former wife*—before, indeed, he has accustomed his mind to the terrible absence of his "marriage partner" from the house—before the poor creature's funeral knell can be well out

of his ears, and her last look out of his mind's eye. To place another "woman" in the bed in which a week or two before his wife had died—and which, surely, even in the numbest brain, must revive a sense of the lost one's death-struggles—seems so intensely horrible to *our* natures, that it is impossible to believe wretches who are capable of such enormities to be instinct with the same emotions as ourselves.

Further, in illustration of the tone of feeling existing between German men and women, we may add, that we were once in company with a party of young German ladies, one of whom wore her betrothal ring, and on the circumstance being alluded to, another, who had none, told us that she did not envy her friend, as she was affianced to a German. "You," she said, "are married, I have heard, and so I can tell you without seeming bold, that I would rather marry an Englishman than the best, the wisest, or the richest man in all Germany."

At first we regarded the speech as a mere compliment, but when we sought the reason for the young lady's preference for an English husband, our own observations taught us that there was too much truth in all she said to think of attributing her remarks to mere politeness.

"You Englishmen," she proceeded, "do not leave your wives to mope at home alone every evening, while you go out to drink wine, and smoke, and feast, by yourselves, as the Germans do; and when you walk out together your wife takes your arm, and you keep her by your side as if you really cared for her. I am told, too, that in England the houses, even of your merchants and tradespeople, are more comfortable and pleasant inside than our palaces; and that of a winter's evening the whole family sit by the fire together, while the daughters play, and sing, or read aloud; and that,

indeed, it is as uncommon for the English husband to pass an evening away from home as it is for a German one to remain after dusk among his family."

This may sound harsh and exaggerated, perhaps, to some English ears, but those who have spent any time in "Rheinland," and have had means of judging as to the domestic state of feeling among the Rhenish Prussians, will readily agree with us, that in Germany home-feeling, and indeed the home-virtues which are so essentially distinctive of English life and English character, are comparatively unknown among the modern Teutonic tribes.

"How long have you been in Coblenz?" said a Rhenish philosopher (!) on being introduced to us some months after our arrival there.

"Nearly six months," we replied.

"*Lieber Gott!* and I have never seen you at the Casino!" This exclamation the philosopher uttered as if he thought it was impossible for human existence to be continued unless the latter part of the day were passed in the big Coblenz "pot-house," nicknamed a club; and yet the "*wieser*" had a family like ourselves, though he delighted, perhaps, to astonish his befuddled fellow-townsmen with his scientific braggadocio about oxygen and hydrogen, rather than to cultivate the mind and affections of his own flesh and blood at home.

Indeed, rather than one common interest and common heart pervading every Deutsch household, there are as many different desires as there are different individuals composing it.

Again, the Germans are utterly deficient in that chivalry of feeling towards the weaker sex which makes every educated man in England regard women as persons whom the Al-

mighty, by his very constitution of them, has exempted from all the rougher forms of labour; and though these leaden-pated Preussen affect an admiration for the poetic forms of nature, it is difficult to make them understand how it is man's duty to wrest the subsistence both of himself and wife from the elements around him.

"But why should not women work as well as men?" the uncivilised boobies will ask you, though you know immediately, by the question, that it is hopeless to make such creatures *feel* the reason.

Accordingly, in Prussia, most of the husbandry work is performed by women. In the vine-countries the women carry heavy loads of manure up the steep mountain-sides, and in the towns and at the river-side you will pass them harnessed like beasts of burden, and dragging after them carts or vessels, that with us horses only are used to draw. Again, in the streets you will see the scavengers' work done by the gentler sex; and, indeed, females performing every kind of office to which we should consider it *unmanly* to put a woman.

Hence it is not to be wondered at, that where so low an esteem for the female character prevails, the weaker sex are *not* considered to be naturally sacred from blows at the hands of those whose strength should be used to protect rather than injure them. A German argues, that if a woman can work as well as a man, she ought to be able to defend herself in the same manner; so that, though even the schoolboys in England believe it to be the climax of cowardice to strike a girl, your German gentleman finds no lack of heroism in the act. Hence it is *not at all unusual* to see some urchin, while returning from school to his "*Mittag-essen*" (mid-day meal), hit some little girl in the face until the blood spirts from her nose. Nor does the cowardly act excite the least indignation in the minds of the passers-by: for though the poor little thing goes scream-

cheap ; and perhaps the State is sufficiently needy and commercial to make "an allowance if a quantity be taken."

The Divorce question is one that appears to lie at the very foundation of social decorum ; and it certainly admits of doubt whether divorces "for the million" are quite as good an institution as music, or even pine-apples, for the same large class. Is it politic for a State to admit of *temporary* marriages—to allow people to take a wife as they job a carriage—by the day, month, or year?—(to make divorces easy of attainment amounts to the same thing)—or, in other words, is it advisable to relax the stringency of the marriage contract, and reduce the necessity of conjugal life to the liberty of cohabitation?

There is no decree of Providence more merciful than that which has ordained that the wanton should be barren, and thus made the propagation of the human race to depend upon the continuous rather than the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. Hence marriage has been rendered a necessity, for the sake of the future family ; for, as there is no other young animal that remains in a state of helplessness so long as a human being, and the rearing of the children has been specially confided to the woman (the weaker creature of the two), it is obvious that the man was designed to *continue* with the family, with the view of providing a living for them, and hence that the husband and wife were never meant to be united *for a time merely*.

Still, a great difficulty arises with "ill-assorted alliances,"—as to whether the marriage, under such circumstances, should not be annulled, and the parties freed from the continual irritation of their chains. In cases of crime it is admitted that such a course *should* be pursued, but in cases of "dissension" it is still doubted by some whether it be expedient to put an end to the union. But, say those who

take an opposite view of the matter, why drive people to crime before you grant them their liberty?

If, however, divorces are obtainable upon the plea of incompatibility of temper, a matrimonial squabble may be ranked under that category; and, surely, to make marriages revocable for a mere difference of opinion is to make the tenure of the wife as doubtful as that of the concubine.

Again, if it be expedient to allow the rich to enjoy the privilege, why, in the name of justice, should the poor be denied the luxury? In fine, why shouldn't divorces be as easy of attainment as summonses at police-courts? and if so, how many months think you, intelligent reader, would be the average duration of the union? or how long would it be before the state of English female society sank to the degraded level of the Continent?

In Germany, divorces are obtained by a legal process as simple and inexpensive as an action at law with us; and this "divorce-made-easy" system may perhaps be a necessary consequence, not only of the mode in which marriages are contracted in that country (without the least choice on the part of the lady), but owing also to the fact that a girl *before* marriage has no more liberty allowed her than if she belonged to a harem; whereas, *after* marriage she is free, even to licentiousness, to act as she please.

Mr. Drummond, the Member of Parliament, (he who, it is said, has a knife and fork laid at his table every day in expectancy of the re-advent of the Messiah,) told a story in the House of Commons of a Teutonic whist-party, at which the partners consisted of the husbands and wives, past and present, of two couples that had been divorced.

A friend of our own, too, assured us that he once knew as many as four distinct families belonging to one man and wife. The "man" had been married thrice, and his second

from, from whom he had been divorced, was still alive; all the three wives, too, had borne him children. The "woman," on the other hand, had been married twice, and divorced from her first husband, who was still alive. She, likewise, had had a family by each marriage. The names of the children, for sake of illustration, we will assume to be as follows:—

Ottilia,	aged 18 years,	daughter of the husband by the first wife.
Mina,	" 12 "	" " " " " second wife.
Agatha,	" 10 "	" " " " "
Karl,	" 19 "	son of the wife by the first husband.
Marie,	" 18 "	daughter " " "
Ernst,	" 2 "	son of the wife by the second husband, and consequently son of the husband by the third wife.
Ottocar,	" 3 months,	son of the husband by the third wife.

All these families dwelt in one house, or rather on one floor together, and with the man's own mother among the tribe: whilst the husband and wife lived, as our friend styled it, "like cat and dog;" and truly, had they been those animals in a state of metempsychosis, they could hardly have had a more indiscriminate progeny.

In cases of divorce it is customary to divide the family almost after the manner of "gavel-kind"—share and share alike—the man taking the boys and the woman the girls.

Whether it be owing to the facility afforded for obtaining divorces, or whether it be from utter indifference on the part of the married folk, matrimonial squabbles (so far as we have been able to judge, and others, who had better means of coming to a conclusion on the subject, were of the same opinion) are

not so frequent as in England. Certainly in the house in which we lived, though there were some four couples located in it, we were never once disturbed by the least "family jar;" and English friends dwelling in German households have told us that they never overheard any dispute between man and wife. Hence, according as we attribute the domestic tranquillity to the one or other of the above causes, so must we admit either that the dread of a divorce places a considerable restraint on the temper of the parties, or else that a deficiency of affection is not calculated to produce the same misunderstandings among married people as a greater amount of attachment. The latter, we imagine, is the *principal* cause. Jealous persons, for example, may be said to have an excess of love, and yet in what house is there so little peace as where this feeling prevails between the better and the worser half? Thus it would appear, that when the passions are cooled down to callousness, and the wife is regarded merely as a servant, whilst the husband is recognised as the master whom she is bound to obey, a state of slavishness is likely to be engendered, amid which dissensions must be of rare occurrence.

This, we are convinced, is *one* of the keys to Rhenish domestic tranquillity;—in a word, the peace at home is owing to "phlegm" rather than love.

In the Rhenish capital, it must be admitted, there certainly *appears* to be little of what is styled "public vice" in connexion with women. It is not right, however, to infer from such a phenomenon that female virtue is higher in Germany than in England; for, according to the best accounts we could obtain, we should be inclined to conclude that it was at a much lower ebb—German married ladies acting, we were assured, quite as loosely as French ones. The conjugal indifference, too, which, as we have said, generally

prevails between the heads of each Rhenish family, would lead us to assume that there was some truth in the assertion; for love is essential to a woman's existence, and it is but natural, that if she fail to obtain it at the hands of him from whom it is her due, she will seek it elsewhere—especially when from marital neglect she be left *free* to do so.

Whether such really be the case or not in Germany, we have no positive knowledge. France is said, with a fine Rochefoucauld morality, to be “the Paradise of married women”—French wives being allowed an extent of liberty tantamount to licentiousness. The French wives, however, are notoriously incontinent; and they *are* so, we believe, partly from the reason we have here given. Nevertheless, as the German ladies appear to be of much colder natures than the French, the chances are, that they would bear neglect with less peril to their morals.

The German youths, however, have certainly less amorous propensities than *our* young countrymen; for it is well known to residents in Prussia, that at many of the “Student Societies” in the University-towns the youthful members agree among themselves to impose a fine of some few thalers upon any one indulging in immoral practices. Moreover, the young men with whom we ourselves were acquainted during our stay in the country seemed to be as thoroughly free from all lascivious notions as fish; while, on the other hand, the middle-aged and elderly gentlemen were fond of indulging in gross allusions and indecent discourse, even in the presence of ladies.

But a still more cogent reason as to why less *public* vice exists in the Rhenish capital than any English town is simply because it is not permitted by the police. The few infamous houses that formerly existed in the city have recently been prohibited by the Government. Nor are any “ladies of the *pavé*” allowed. Such females as are found guilty of offences

against public morals have a broom put into their hands, and are set to sweep the streets.

Still human nature will have its way—despite of the “*Polizei-Direction* ;” and we were credibly assured by a professor, that since the repeal of the soldiers’ houses in Coblenz the number of illegitimate children has considerably increased. Again, almost all the “respectable old gentlemen” are well known to have some young mistress secreted in the town ; so that though, as in Paris, judging from the streets, one would imagine the city to be far more moral than a monastery, still, immediately we begin to look beneath the surface, we find that the decency, as with many other social forms now-a-days, is merely outside show after all.

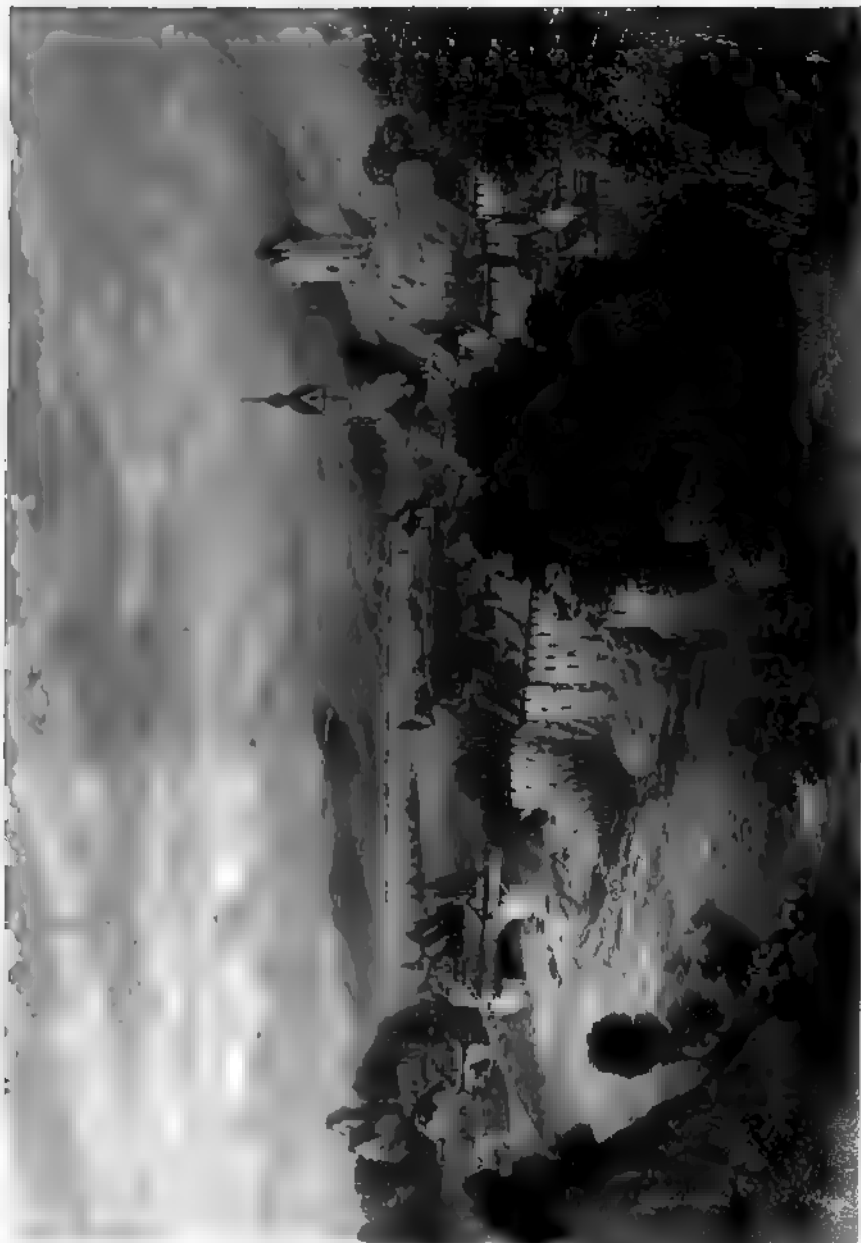
All those who have troubled their heads with the solution of the more difficult social problems know full well, that every civilized community must choose between one of three bitter evils ; for, so long as human nature prevails, there must be, in every state, either (1) illegitimate children, or (2) public women, or (3) early marriages ; and certainly it is hard to decide which is the least dangerous to the well-being of the community.

Clergymen, of course, are advocates for the last-mentioned ; but “Economists,” on the other hand, declare that alliances contracted before the parties have arrived at years of discretion—and consequently before they have the means of providing subsistence for their future families—tend not only to flood the country with paupers and criminals, from the neglect of the children, but, by over-populating the nation, to reduce the price of labour so as to render subsistence difficult even for the prudent. Moreover it is urged, that at an early age the passions have not yet come under the control of the moral principle, and the young man, mistaking

lust for love, inseparably ties himself to a young woman, and finds out, when it is too late, the vast difference between an evanescent animal appetite and a pure permanent affection. Then he soon gets to feel the burden of a partner, for whom he has neither intellectual nor moral admiration; and then ensue all those domestic dissensions and that neglect of offspring which proceed from ill-assorted natures at home.

Economists, therefore, think "public women" a lesser evil than either youthful alliances or illegitimate children—the latter being essentially the class from which the thieves and vagabonds of every community are recruited, for it is proved by prison statistics that juvenile crime is simply the result of defective parental control. Nor should the holders of these opinions, in making such a selection among the three evils, be considered as exhibiting a preference for immoral courses. If they be wrong, their error can but proceed from a mistaken view as to what really constitutes the welfare of a nation, since it is merely a sense of this welfare that prompts them to make the choice; and assuredly they may, while so doing, regret, as much even as clergymen themselves, the *necessity* for the existence of any such evils.

Once more, then, we say, that Governments must make up their minds to submit to one of the above three social ills; and though the authorities of Coblenz have decided that no public women shall exist "within the walls," still it would appear, from the statistics of the town, that they have merely given an undue impetus by such means, not only to the maintenance of private mistresses among the wealthier classes, but to the increase of illegitimate children among the poorer; whilst from the latter result they must naturally expect to reap a more abundant crop of paupers and criminals in after years.



E. J. Roberts

San Francisco



Interpolated Rhénish Scenes.

(10.)

LAUFENBURG.

The rapids here (and fine as they are, they deserve no other title) are termed “the Lesser Falls”—the name of the place being literally “the City of the Current” (Germ. *Laufen*, to run). It is here that the chain of the “Jura” hills traverses the stream, the Rhine separating what is termed the “Swiss Jura,” from the Suabian range of the same name.

The bed of the river is no longer silty, nor even pebbly, but has now the appearance of a huge stone trough or artificial channel, as it were, roughly hewn out of the solid rock, the large blocks of which slant up from the water-side, and being of a delicate pink colour (like the lining of a shell, indeed) contrast finely with the deep sea-green tint of the stream.

The Rhine here reminds one somewhat of the Wye between Bronllys and Builth in Breconshire, but the water is infinitely finer, being positively like liquid green glass, and tearing along the narrow gorge, or stone throat as it were, just beyond the bridge, with all the foam and fine fury of a mountain torrent. Though the banks widen into a half-lacustrine expanse a little below the town, and the current there makes the very air simmer again with the continual seething of its shoals—here the channel is like an enormous mill-shoot, and the water like a wraith of white spray; for so narrow is the passage between the rocks that it seems literally but a hop, skip, and a jump, from one side or shelf of crags to the other. Indeed, a few years ago a professional gymnasiast sprang from bank to bank—with a pole some say, and others declare without—the distance at the narrowest point being but $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

It is impossible even for small boats to descend the stream at this point without being gradually let down by stout ropes, fastened to gibbet-like posts fixed into the rocks; the cargo, of course, whether live or otherwise, being first removed. But the old German topographer, Merian, who wrote in 1642, speaks of the practice of crossing the river in small boats at this part, as being by no means uncommon in his day; he adds, however, that summer is a dangerous season for making the attempt—owing to the stream being fuller at that period from the melting of the Alpine snows. Certain it is that a young English nobleman (Lord Montague, and the last of his line) was drowned here while descending the rapids in a skiff—even with a rope attached to it and guided from the bank—and that, by a curious coincidence, on the same day as his country seat in Sussex was burnt to the ground.

Laufenburg itself is but a poor place, with merely 900 inhabitants. It was formerly the second of the “forest towns” on the left bank of the river—the other two (Seckingen and Waldshut) lying in the territory of Baden, on the opposite shore.

Here, in ancient times, stood an old castle—the castle of “Oftring”—that belonged to the Hapsburg-Stauffenbergs, a younger branch of the reigning house of Austria. Its ruined square turret is now all that remains of the building. You can see it (*vide* engraving), perched on the hill-side, just behind the tall tower of the *Pfarr-kirche* (parish-church), and with the fir-tree sprouting from the top of it—like a broom put up at the mast-head of a ship for sale.

The little town is divided, as usual, into two opposite moieties, rejoicing in the names of *Grosse* (!) and *Klein*. The mud-walled houses are all squeezed up together (like sheep under a bank in a storm), the great half on one shore and the little half on the other.

In true Rhenish fashion, even this old rickety place has its fortress-gates by which to enter the "city." You can just distinguish the belfry-capped roof of the "*Pforte*" in the picture, rising above the little crowd of slates on the side of the church next the Rhine. The diligence passes under the narrow archway (no bigger than a country church-door) of this gate, whose walls are still flanked with the remains of "rondels," and brings us to a small triangular "Platz" (we suppose we must call it so), where it draws up in front of the Post Inn to change horses.

From this part of the town, a longish narrow lane—the "Haupt-Strasse" of the place, and not unlike our Holywell Street on a Sunday—stretches down to the Rhine bridge, a crazy old thing, half-covered and half-open, and the covered part not unlike the long low sheds that boat-builders are wont to work in.

Looking up the stream, the river is seen flowing, or rather sliding along, in one broad sheet, dimpled all over with eddies, transparent and green as a plate of "*aqua marine*;" but, just before reaching the bridge, it contracts to one-fourth its size, and then comes rushing through the red grey rocks, that form, as it were, a rough and craggy pavement, the thick slanting flags or slabs of which seem to be thrust in end uppermost. Through this the deep torrent of the flood pours, like a stream of lather, with a loud buzz, curving along in its current, and running close under the walls of the houses, so that it is impossible to see many yards of its course. Along the banks here we found workmen busy cutting a tunnel through the solid stone of the hill, and cows dragging the wagons full of rubbish along the new railway lines.

Above this point not a thing was to be seen on the surface of the water, but below were two or three small punts and a little floor of a raft, destined to grow into a large island of

pine-stems before it reached the lower Rhine. The raft lay close in front of the forest on the bank, where the ground was littered with the long trunks of trees that had been recently felled—the axes of the wood-cutters flashing in the light between the stems as the coach rolled by—and where, as usual, we saw the customs officer, in his deep-caped cloak, seated officially on a neighbouring log, and smoking his china-bowled pipe in fine governmental ease.

§ 3.

CUSTOMS AT BIRTH—"WICKEL-KIND"-HOOD—FEELING BETWEEN FATHER AND SON—"CLANSHIP."

The Prussian customs at the time of birth have but little peculiar about them.

The announcement of the event, however, is usually made in so different a manner from that in which *we* give publicity to an increase in a family, that we will once more take an extract from the German newspapers.

Here, for instance, is a curious (and not particularly delicate) outburst of paternal pride:—

Early to-day my dear wife, Elizabeth M., born S—, after a happy and easy delivery, delighted me with a lively and strong boy, which I do myself the honour to announce to my distant friends and acquaintances.

Cöln, this 12th February, 1855.

Wilhelm M—,
Assistant at the Royal Post.

The babies in Prussia are usually handed over as soon as born to the tender mercies of a *Saug-amme* (suckling nurse), for German women are far too selfish to allow themselves to be troubled with the suckling of their own offspring; and though this wretched custom prevails among our own fine ladies to a greater extent than is creditable to us as a nation, still we are glad to say, that our middle-class wives have, as yet, sufficient natural feeling left to nurse their infants themselves.

In Germany, however, it is far different.

“What! does your aunt suckle her own child?” said a German maid to our little girl. “Why, the poorest lady in Germany would think it a disgrace!”

In Rhineland, almost nine out of every ten women, if they be only sufficiently well-to-do to afford the “luxury,” hire some deputy-mother for their little ones, and seem to regard the function which is, perhaps, in all the economy of nature, the most wondrous provision of the Almighty’s loving-kindness (making, as it does, the very food of the child spring into existence at the same moment as itself), as a cruel tax, instead of a high benevolence, in connexion with a mother’s duties. So that all the fine development of affection which has been ordained to be associated with the sustenance of the little one, is reduced to a sad waste of social machinery for binding being to being.

Verily, too, there is in the creation of this same mother’s milk so much of love and wisdom comprised, that it seems to us to be absolutely impious in a woman to refuse to make use of it. Even chemically considered, it is the most exquisite nutriment that human imagination can conceive, containing as it does every element of the body—bones, muscles, and nerves—in the best possible form for being assimilated: whilst, morally considered, it is a source of such strong

attachment both to the nourisher as well as the nourished (linking the parent with the child as fast as it does the child with the parent), and so intimately connected with that inexplicable maternal instinct, which is assuredly a woman's greatest glory, that ladies who do not hesitate to deprive their offspring of this their special birthright appear to us to have lost all that tenderness of nature, without which a woman is utterly unsexed.

Then the motives which prompt the mother to hand her child over to a foster-woman betray the grossest selfishness and meanness of disposition. Either nursing will spoil the lady's figure—or it will interfere with her rest at night—or prevent her going to parties, &c. &c. For such paltry reasons as these the great scheme of Moral Nature is thrown out of its course and the highest duty ignored. For the poor woman who sells her child's nourishment, there is the excuse of poverty and temptation—for the rich who buys it, none but laziness and vanity.

This system of wet-nursing, too, is intimately connected with bastardy, since no decent married woman, even in Germany (where there is a greater greed for money than in any other nation with which we are acquainted), likes to sell the nutriment of her own child; and we have been assured by many respectable people, that the greater portion of the Prussian *Saug-ammen* are women of loose character—whom, nevertheless, German ladies do not scruple to introduce into their families, in order to prevent any infantine interference with either their slumbers or their pleasures.

To English minds, the infant costume of Prussia seems about as enlightened as that adopted by the Indian squaws, who convert their babies into kinds of human chrysales, encasing them, as it were, in a hard shell of bandages, that

allow them no more freedom of motion than can be enjoyed by a young maniac in a strait-jacket.

Increased knowledge in “uneducated” England has taught mothers, that if there be a being on earth that requires liberty of limb, it is the little human creature whose frame is destined, when allowed to be properly developed, to expand itself into that of a man. In “educated Germany,” however (where, by the by, there are more dwarves and more idiots than in any other part of the globe), mothers have still to learn, that if the limbs of children be swathed in cloths like mummies, the growth of the tissues must be more or less impeded—in the same manner as a Chinese woman’s foot comes to be unnaturally stunted by the mere compression of the part. Nor does the swaddling of children injure the youthful frame by pressure alone; for every one with us is well aware that exercise of limb is necessary for the due increase of the muscles, and bodily activity required for the maintenance of health.

It is lamentable, however, to see how much the German people have still to learn upon such matters; and we know of no more melancholy sight than a Prussian baby bound hand and foot in its costume of a “*Wickel-kind*.” It is impossible for minds that have any sense of the tender nature of such creatures, not to feel acutely for the sufferings that the little things must undergo in such a state. When we think of the extreme irritability of the whole body at such an age, and of the high temperature of the tiny frame—bordering, indeed, almost on fever; and when we call to mind, too, the utter inability of the poor babes to protect themselves, we are roused to indignation at the thought of the tortures they must be subject to, both in the stifling heat they must experience and the painful cramps they must undergo, from the continual constraint of their tender little limbs.

But we forget, in the fury of our disgust, to place the reader in the same circumstances as ourselves, and to give him a definite notion of what these same "*Wickel-kinder*" really are.

Among the shady walks of the "*Glacis*" outside the fortifications that environ the town of Coblenz, you may see dozens of them any fine day, carried by their Westerwald wet-nurses, whom you may know by the long, broad, black ribbons, streaming from the crown of their head. At the first glance you have a notion that the nurse is carrying a cushion in her arms, for you perceive merely a white pillow-case with a deep frill or border to it. As you approach, however, you discover that a wretched little infant is packed up in the squab somehow, for you can just see its tiny ball of a head—and its head only, mind!—peeping out of what is called the "*Steck-bett*," and which, literally rendered, means the bed into which the child is stuck. After the first impression has worn off, the apparatus appears to be more like a large squab of a watch-pocket, into the fob of which the poor little infant has been crammed.

Now, with your permission, gentle reader, we will play the Pettigrew, and proceed to unroll this tiny Deutsch mummy. In the first place, what is called the "*Steck-bett*," is not very unlike, but much larger than, the large slipper used with us in carriages for thrusting the feet into during cold weather. The entire body of the infant is stuffed into this apparatus, which is usually made up of carpet and covered with a white dimity or coloured chintz case.

On removing the stiff shell, as it were, we find that the poor little being within it is wound round and round with bandages, after the fashion of a brigand's legs; so that as the head only of the wretched infant is seen above the hard roll, that gradually tapers off towards the feet, the *Wickel-kind* strikes you as the very model of a baby Caryatides.

The outer bandage, which is called the "*Windel*," is as long as the pennant to a "man-of-war," and about as wide as a hat-band, and is wound spirally about the body, after the manner of the ribbons painted on a barber's pole.

When we have unrolled this we come to the "*Steck-tuch*," that is to say, the inner cloth in which the child is enveloped. It consists of a white quilted wrapper, not unlike a home-made wadded counterpane, and in it the babe is *hermetically* sealed, as it were, with its little arms imprisoned in the folds tight against its sides, and its legs bound down straight and close together.

The swathing-cloths are removed only once in 24 hours, during all which time the poor little thing remains stewing amid its own ejections; so that really the strictest precautions are thus taken, not only that the infant should move neither hand nor foot, but that the little strength of which its frail life is made up should be steamed out of it by incessant perspirations.

To the listless, inactive Deutsch women, however, such a mode of swaddling is agreeable, as it saves them all the trouble of dandling and dancing the child; for the baby, packed up as it is, can be stood against the wall, or even hung upon a peg, like an old coat—as, indeed, they often are.

Nor is the torture of this barbarous "*Wickel*," apparatus in the least mitigated until three long months of absolute motionlessness have passed, and then the little prisoner is allowed to have its arms free for the first time since its birth. Its lower extremities, however, do not obtain this blessed privilege, until another three months of the same inconceivable torments have been endured.

Now, during our stay in Coblenz, we happened to know an English gentleman who was suffering from *anasarca*, or dropsy under the skin, and part of the treatment to which he

was subjected by his German physician consisted in being tightly rolled up in birch-leaves and blankets, in which he had to remain for *only* seven hours every day. But though this gentleman was an officer in our army, so that bravery was his profession, he assured us that the agony induced by such treatment was almost more than he had strength of mind or body to bear. Indeed, we know it so exhausted him, that his medical adviser was obliged to allow him an interval of rest for a few days after each week's perseverance in the practice.

Surely, then, unless our minds be besoddened with German prejudices, we can form a faint conception of the exquisite suffering that must be inflicted upon a tender, irritable little creature, like a new-born baby, on being subjected to a swaddling, which even a soldier has not power, nor barely courage enough, to persist in.

And yet this goes on in what Mr. Cobden would have us believe to be "*educated Germany!*"

"But haven't you a number of cripples in England?" we were coolly asked by a native, after explaining to the booby that English people looked upon this swaddling of young children as a remnant of barbarism.

As a further proof, however, that the manners and customs of the Germans of the present day are those which we discarded a hundred years ago, we may quote the following from a work entitled "*The Eighteenth Century; or, Illustrations of the Manners and Customs of our Grandfathers:*"—

"There was a belief among grandams and nurses," it says, "that infants' bones and joints required extraordinary external support, and consequently ample provisions were made to prevent sprains and dislocations by the baby-limbs being put in a sort of frame-work, composed of whalebone, wood, and strings. The chin had a pillow for its support, which went by the name of 'chin-stays,' and from this bandage a strap was passed down

to the breast, and was called 'a gop,' serving to preserve the head from an undue inclination backwards. Then each sleeve was fastened tightly down to the side, lest the arms should be diverted from their true position; and the gristle of the legs was left to harden into bones and muscles within a strong casing. Around the child was affixed a small 'pad' resembling a bolster, stuffed with some soft and elastic substance, which was to answer the same purpose as the 'fender' of a steam-vessel or 'buffer' of a railway-carriage, and preserve it from apprehended bruises, contusions, and lacerations, from a collision with the floor or corners of the tables; and when the day of unbinding, unstrapping, and uncasing the infant *did* arrive, it was quite a domestic festival."—P. 46.

But this custom of swathing infants is as old as the Romans, and even the Indians have from time immemorial treated their papouzes in the same manner. The following engraving, copied from one in Dr. Smith's *Roman Antiquities*, shows the manner in which the ancient Roman mothers were wont to bind up their babies like young mummies; and the picture is exactly similar to the appearance of Rhenish *Wickel-kind* to this day.



There is a popular saying in the Rhenish villages, that every child born always brings something with it; and to maintain belief in the saw, it is customary for the children of the family and neighbours to be called in on the birth of an infant, and each presented with a trifling present, which is duly recorded as the gift brought by FRAU DINGSKURCHEN'S baby. The children often, while showing their toys to one

another, say, "This is what FRAU WIEHEISST's baby brought me," and "This came with the *becker's kindchen*," and so on.

As with most primitive nations, there appears to be a strong feeling of "clanship," or attachment, throughout the various members of a family in Germany.

This love of kindred extends even to remote cousins; so that a newly-married lady, though she will hardly think it worthy of her to pay attention to her husband, would consider herself as utterly deficient in all the better feelings of human nature if she were not to lavish every resource of her house upon the remotest relative who visited her.

Again, it is well known that the Germans, on leaving their parents, soon become afflicted with "*Heim-ueh*" (home-sickness), all of which, it may be urged, shows strong affections, rather than that callousness of temperament which we have asserted to prevail throughout a German household. So we ourselves argued when we knew the people less; but closer observation has taught us that this love of kindred among the Germans is an educated rather than a natural sentiment: or, in other words, the sons and daughters love their fathers and mothers because they are taught that it is right to do so, and certainly not from any remembrance of past kindnesses experienced at their hands.

Indeed, filial affection in Germany appears to be mere sentiment — an artificial kind of feeling, into which the intellect, backed by a faint sense of propriety, has *schooled* the heart, and not a *spontaneous* emotion naturally begotten in answer to the love shown to the child during its youth.

In England, children love their parents simply because their father and mother have, generally speaking, been the best friends they have ever known, and who not only watched

over and protected them in their helplessness and weakness, but who shared with them almost every comfort and luxury that industry or prudence was enabled to obtain.

But if English fathers behaved as selfishly as German ones, assuredly English children, with the liberty of thought current throughout the country, would soon get to question the paternal love for them; and seeing in the greediness of the father but little affection on his side, would ultimately come to regard him with but little affection in return.

In Prussia, however, all are of too phlegmatic a nature to be emotional upon any such matters; and as marital indifference leads to perfect toleration between man and wife, and toleration begets domestic tranquillity, even so with German children, after many years' association with their parents, a vague feeling of regard naturally springs up in the mind for the persons with whom they have passed almost all their lives—such, indeed, as we in England feel for the animals that frequent our hearths.

In illustration of the selfishness pervading every member of a German family, we may cite the following curious little history.

A young friend of ours, during the fair, purchased some cakes, and presented them to the father of a family, to whom he was under some slight obligations, and whom he knew to have rather a penchant for pastry. To his utter astonishment (for our young friend was an Englishman, and unprepared for the act) the *paterfamilias*, on receiving the bag of confectionery, said he would “lock it up in his desk,” urging that then he could eat it by himself “just as he wanted, unknown to anybody.”

Now, our friend had naturally intended the present to be shared with the Deutscher's wife and daughter, and was fairly taken aback by the piggishness. However, the youth was

insisted that the German ladies should not go without their share of the good things: so he returned to the fair, and buying another packet of the same expensive articles, insisted on carrying them to the wife, being assured that she, at least, would divide them with her child. But the lady informed him, in a whisper, that she would keep them for herself in her closet, as that child of hers was so greedy after pretty things she would want them all.

It is again a favourite insight into the character of the people, a third packet was bought and given to the girl, in order to see what she would do with it. True to the nature of those times when she had sprung, and with whom she had been reared, the young creature retired with the cakes to her own room, and ate every crumb of them by herself in secret.

This, again, is no extreme illustration of national habits, for while it is customary, in almost all families of the middle classes, for the wife and children to have merely soup and bread for their repast, the husband and father has generally a better meal prepared for himself, and this he eats at the same table with the family, without the necessity of ever any of them a morsel of the dishes over which he is smoking his pipe; yet, even if there should be a day when he feels so much as a share of the work in the house does bring his every movement, his services are all before them. Indeed we have seen a German professor eat a whole basket of peaches, and his children he ordered to pick up the stones and suck them as fast as they were spat from their father's mouth on to the floor.



B Foster

S. Brainerd

21.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(11.)

EGLISAU.

After leaving Laufenburg, the road still continues beside the Rhine, of which we catch occasional peeps, passing by the way the last of the four forest towns, Waldshut, which stands on the skirts of the Black Forest on the opposite Rhine shore. This town consists of a longish cluster of cottage walls, with a large white pedimented dwelling at the back, and perched on the top of a green shelving bank close beside the water. It was formerly a place of considerable importance, but in the 15th century was besieged by the Swiss Confederates, and now contains barely 1000 inhabitants.

A mile beyond this we come to the point of confluence of the *Aar* with the Rhine, where the waters of four Swiss lakes are mingled; for the *Aar* itself comes from the Lake of Thun, and is joined a few miles above where it flows into the Rhine, not only by the waters of the *Reus*, carrying down the current from the Lake of Lucerne, but by those of the river *Limmat*, which is the outlet to the Lake of Zurich—whilst the Rhine itself brings with it the flood from the Lake of Constanx.

Here the diligence crosses the *Aar* in a broad platformed boat, which serves for the ferry, and immediately afterwards we pass the little Coblenz, or “*Confluentia*” of the Upper Rhine. In rainy weather it is said that it is possible to distinguish the waters of these different outlets to the lakes as they mingle with the Rhine, for the Rhenish flood is here even greener than ever, being now the very tint of the brightest crystals of copperas; and as the muddier waters of the *Aar* pour

into it, you can see it mottled like a sheet of polished malachite, and streaked with the yellow and red-brown veins of the mingled lake waters. The Aar, indeed, is as broad as the Rhine itself, which has now increased in width to the breadth of a moderate field.

A few moments more and the horses' hoofs clatter through the village of *Zürzach*, the long desolate streets resounding, almost with a startling effect, with the rattle of the wheels. Here the streets, that are channelled with covered runlets as at *Freiburg*, consist of one interminable line of shops; but what is most peculiar and striking, not one of these "*magazins*" is open, though it is long past noon; all have their black shutters up, and yet it is neither fête, nor fast-day, nor yet the Sabbath. It seems as if the plague were raging in the town, or as if you had reached the "sleeping city" of romance, or—what is more common in these enlightened days—as if the people, in alarm at some prophecy touching the coming destruction of the world, had all run away to some other quarter.

What can be the cause of the deserted state of the village? you ask. Your wonder is soon stopped, however, by being informed that this is the great site of the Swiss fairs (that of *Zürzach* being the most important of all the commercial gatherings throughout the Cantons), and that the shops of the town are opened only once in the year—and then but for fifteen days—the merchants, who mostly deal in leather and skins, coming from great distances, and some hiring the *magazins*, while others own them and pay rent all the year through. At the period of our visit, the only shops open were the post-office and an establishment for the sale of pipes, though the wonder was how even the solitary snuff-and-tobacco merchant could manage to find customers in such a place.

Beyond *Zürzach*, the post-road still lies close beside the

Rhine, of which we continue to obtain, as it twists and turns in its course among a perfect amphitheatre of hills, occasional glimpses, flowing between the steep green slopes of its escarped and moat-like channel, broad as a wide street, and green as the vineyards striping its banks.

A few miles farther, and we arrive at the town of Eglisau. As the diligence winds zigzag down the hill on the opposite side of the river to that on which the village stands, the view is pretty enough of the two long lines of houses perched one above the other on the shelving river banks—with the terraced or quai-like roadway stretching at its base, and the tall houses next the river looking as lanky as storks, and giving you a notion—like the old houses in the Cannongate in Edinburgh—of the parlours and kitchens being some four or five storeys high—and with the white walls, too, glittering like so much snow in the sun, and making the green flood immediately below them almost like milk. Then the covered bridge reaching from shore to shore seems as you look down upon it like a long rude Noah's Ark, resting on the almost emerald water that still flows through a sloping channel, the banks of which, as reflected in the stream, are hardly greener than the tide itself.

The hills round about are finely humped and rounded like camels' backs, their summits brown with the red of the autumnal oaks, and their sides here and there loosely girt with a delicate scarf of white mist. As we slide down towards the town—with the horses almost on their haunches—we come to the gate-tower, and then passing the small "*poste bureau*," with a white cross painted on its red sign of a shield without, we enter the long, dark, wooden tube of the bridge,—a covered way that, with its huge timbers at the side and rafters overhead, and with the light streaming in at the portholes along the

sides, is exactly like the lower deck of a ship, and gives one the notion, as the horses' feet tramp on the boards with the same hollow sound as they do on the stage of a theatre, that we are travelling in a mail-coach from end to end of the "*orlop*" of the "*Great Eastern*."

Then, as the diligence darts into the light at the other extremity, the sunbeams flash in the eyes with the same blinding brilliance as they do when issuing from a railway-tunnel, and the horses begin to labour up the equally steep hill on the opposite shore—the village dwindling and dwindling below as the vehicle ascends.

§ 4.

CUSTOMS AT DEATH—GERMAN CEMETERIES—DEATH-OMENS— DEATH-SACRAMENTS—DEATH-BILLS—FEAR OF BEING BURIED ALIVE—FUNERALS—AND TIME OF MOURNING.

A country churchyard in England, with its long rank grass, half-hiding the heavy stone tablets on the ground—with its dilapidated and tumble-down headstones, to graves that are barely a score of years old—would lead the foreigner to conclude that we were a nation that cared but little for our dead; whereas the trim garden-like character of a Parisian cemetery, where every grave is a flower-bed—and where you see the toys of the lost children enshrined in glass-cases at the head of their little tombs—where you can tell, too, by the different tints of the wreaths of "*immortelles*," (passing by gentle gradations, from the bright yellow chaplet of almost

yesterday into the deep brown of extreme age), how regularly the funereal flower-bed has been visited;—all would induce a belief that French people had far more tender hearts and lasting memories than our own race.

Nevertheless, a long residence in the two countries will, we are satisfied, give rise to an opposite opinion; for the very display of grief which originally cheated us into admiration of the people indulging in it is sure, ere long, to assume a hideous theatrical air in our eyes, and thus to produce a violent revulsion of feeling both for the trick and the tricksters.

“GOD ALONE KNOWS MY SORROW.”

Such was the inscription on an “*immortelle*” that we saw a gentleman in deep black hang upon a broken shaft in the *Cimetière Montmartre*, with the view of publishing his grief to the whole world.

What the Great Teacher said of Prayer, may be aptly applied to grief. If, as He told us, there is no trust to be put in those who love to pray in public places, so is there little truth to be found in those who weep “that they may be seen of men:” for as surely as devout hearts “enter their closets and *shut the door*,” in order to offer up their worship “in secret,” so do sincere mourners keep their lamentations for the honest privacy of the same place.

Again, this conversion of the grave into the parterre appears to our mind to spring from defective faith as to the spiritual essence of our natures, and to be based on a gross material belief that the body constitutes the entire being; seeming, indeed, but little removed in its wisdom from the practices of the old Egyptians, who stunted themselves through life in order that their carcass might obtain greater glorification after death.

The frippery of the French cemeteries prevails to a great extent throughout Prussia. In the “*Friedhof*,” however, the

grove-like walks are not skirted, as in France, by a row of private chapels, like miniature park-lodges, and fitted with glazed doors, so that the public may see the afflicted praying at the altar within. To do the people justice, too, there is less melodramatic ostentation about their burial-grounds: nor is the gate beset by a disgusting crowd of obtrusive hawkers of "*immortelles*," who, as you pass, urge your attention to a "*superbe*" chaplet "*à mon ange*;" or maybe to one embroidered with the flowery fib, "*JE PLEURE TOUJOURS*."

The death-omens which are popular only among nervous old women, and country folk, and serving-girls, with us, prevail in Prussia among the so-called educated classes; for we have known many a Herr Lehrer (Mr. Teacher) to have his brain choke-full of the most childish and impious superstitions. Indeed, we have sat and smiled inwardly, the evening through, at the scholastic jolter-heads, whilst they enlightened us as to how the howling of a restless dog in the night had foretold the death of Herr Somebody, and how a vagrant "*Nacht-eule*" (night-owl) had played the prophet, and announced the approaching decease of some well-known invalid—better than the first physician in the land could have done. We have been informed, too, whilst the Professor grew warm with his subject (and our *Kirschwasser*), how necessary it is, on a death occurring in a house, to move the tub of "*Sauer-kraut*"—if only an inch—away from its former place in the cellar, in order to prevent its becoming too rotten even for a Deutscher's stomach to relish; and, likewise, to tap with the knuckles at every cask of wine that may be in the *Keller*, to stop its turning into downright, unmitigated vinegar. We have heard, moreover, how in the country it is customary, even at the village parsonage, for some one to go into the garden immediately after a decease, and tell each swarm of bees (if hives be kept)

that their master or mistress is dead ; and when we smiled at the exquisite simplicity of the superstition, the wiseacre—who, though deep in the Greek metres, was unable to distinguish between accidental association and necessary connexion in nature—proceeded to cite chapter and verse to us as to how Herr Someone had failed to perform the ceremony at Herr Somebody's, who lived in the Westerwald somewhere, where-upon every bee in the apiary had sickened and died.

In every foreign Catholic town, however, a surer sign of approaching death than either the nocturnal cries of the dog or the screech-owl consists in the appearance of a robed priest in the streets, hurrying along as he carries a silver chalice between his two raised hands, whilst a small scarlet-petticoated boy proceeds before him bearing a silver cross on a high pole. From our window, looking as it does down the long vista of linden-trees that line the "Parade Platz" of Coblenz, we see some such priest in his short lace-frock and his black mitre-cap come hastening along the path twice or thrice a-week, while the drivers of the passing ox-wagons fall to doffing their hat and making faint attempts at genuflexion.

Now, this "ciborium" contains what Papists call "gods," and Protestants wafers, and in the "*heilige Oel-büchse*," which the priest carries beneath his robes, is treasured the blessed "oil of extreme unction"—oil that is used only at death for the purification of the five senses ; and such is the belief of the pious in the virtue of these holy "remedies" (*Heilmitteler*), against everlasting misery, that no good Catholic dies easy in his bed unless he have received what is styled in German, "*die heiligen Sterbe-sakramente der Catholischen Kirche*"—the holy death-sacrament of the Catholic Church.

This oil of extreme unction is regarded with profound reverence by the people, even to the last ; for it is customary

for the priest to receive a fresh supply of the blessed unguent from his bishop every year, the bishop having it from the Pope, and the Pope—of course, from his Holiness's tallow-chandler. Annually, on the Saturday in Passion-week, all that may remain of the supply for the preceding twelvemonth is publicly burnt by the priest, when the zealous peasants beg for pieces of the coal which served to consume the sacred fat. These cinders are regarded as charmed relics, and with them three black crosses are drawn on the stable-doors of the farm-houses on May night—as an infallible enchantment against imps and witches.

Good Catholics usually die with the crucifix in their hand; but should it happen otherwise, the sacred symbol is placed in the palm, whilst lighted candles are set to burn continually around the bed, and the family kneel beside it praying for the repose of the departed soul. Such prayers, in Prussia, generally continue for three days; and it is customary during that time for the friends and relations, or even neighbours, to visit the house and assist at the ceremonies, or else to take part in sitting up with the corpse at night.

So sure a harbinger of death is the sight of the priest on his mission of anointment, that on the morrow, probably, you will hear of the Church Custos being out on his rounds, delivering small hand-bills at the houses in the neighbourhood of the decease; announcing, within a black border, the cause and time of death, as well as the day and hour on which the funeral is to take place; and not unfrequently having a prayer appended at the back of the paper, invoking rest for the soul of the departed.

Here is a literal translation of a touching specimen of such documents :—

Jesus! Maria! Joseph!

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Matt. 5. 8.

To the pious Prayer of the fellow-Scholars, and to all
beliebers, commend we the Soul

of

Emil

D

Belonging to the third form of the Grammar-School.

He was, during the short term of his life, continually the joy and pride of his parents, and, in the school and church, always willing and obedient. But doubly grieved are his parents and relations on account of the manner of his death; for at the age of 12 years and 10 months, just at the ripening of his youth, he fell from the third story of his father's house to the pavement, and thence to the cellar. After he had lain 8 hours in unconscious death-struggles the angel conducted him from this to a better life. He died at 4h. 30m. on the morning of the 6th July, 1854.

The burial is fixed for Thursday, the 8th July, at 3 p.m.
The Requiem will take place on Friday, the 9th July, at
9 a.m., at the Parish Church of Our Dear Lady.

House of Death, Mehlgasse, No. 9.

He sleeps in Peace!



Prayer.

© Jesus, Thou friend of innocent children, to whom Thou promisedst the Kingdom of Heaven, take pity upon Thy servant Emil, whom Thou hast snatched in Thy Almighty wisdom from this world of sorrows and trouble. Blot out all that was weak and sinful in him, and let him enter into the everlasting peace of Thy chosen people, © Thou who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.



About four hundred of these bills are printed for "ordinary" people, and eight hundred for the wealthier gentry, whilst one thousand occasionally may be distributed "for a banker." Every person at whose house a hand-bill is left is supposed to be invited to the funeral. No lists of friends are furnished to the Custos who distributes them, as, owing to the smallness of the town, that functionary mostly knows all the relatives and associates of the deceased; neither are letters sent to the family friends, except when far away.

Simultaneously with the distribution of the above bills, a like announcement is made in the newspaper of the town. Nor are these advertisements the mere dry concise statements that are customary in our own journals; for it is by no means unusual for the bereaved publicly to sue for pity: thus:—

"To distant acquaintances and friends we dedicate this sorrow-message (*Trauer-Botschaft*), with the entreaty for deep sympathy," says one such advertisement before us.

"Your deep sympathy is requested," curtly runs another.

Other advertisements, however, will conclude with a notice, that "the business of the deceased is to be conducted upon the same liberal terms as before;" whilst others, again, may end with the following ostentation of affliction and worldly rank:—

"Over his grave are weeping the deeply sorrowing

FRIEDRICH VON B——, *Privy-councillor of Justice at* ——.

LUDWIG VON B——, *Privy-councillor for Appeals in Justice and Equity at* ——.

KARL VON B——, *Councillor of Justice at* ——.

GEORGE VON B——, *Privy Councillor of Finance at* ——."

Many, too, contain little sad histories of the bitter misfortune that has fallen on the family; as the subjoined—which we copy from the "COBLENZER ZEITUNG"—will testify:—



On June the 29th, of the present year, died at New York, my only and much-beloved Son, Friedrich Wilhelm, who had hardly attained his 25th year. He expired 24 hours after his arrival in America, in the arms of his family, who had longed for his return from Europe. On his embarking at Calais he had slightly hurt his shin-bone, which was not attended to at the time. It soon, however, forced him to seek medical aid, though not with the expected success. Upon his arrival at New York the cleverest surgeons were consulted; but after an operation which promised the most favourable result, he gently died from the hamorrhage of the small arteries.

To all friends and relations at a distance I hereby announce the sad news. As they can well understand my deep grief, they will excuse me from specially communicating with them concerning my inconsolable affliction.

In him died the best of sons, the most faithful husband and friend, and the most tender father.

A — J — A —

Coblenz, July 1855.

Moreover, after the burial, one may occasionally see a copy of verses published by some rhyming friend in memory of the many virtues of the deceased, and with a notice appended informing the public that (we quote from the Coblenz Journal) "over the grave wept the wife, a brother, five sons, six daughters-in-law, forty-five grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren."

A hundred years ago *we* indulged in the same ghastly funereal pride. The obituaries inserted a century back in our magazines and newspapers gave all the details of the fortunes left by the deceased. The *London Magazine* for October, 1735, for instance, contains the following pompous announcements:—

"At Littlecot, in the county of Wilts, Francis Popham, Esq.; a gentleman of 7000*l.* fortune."

"Sir John Tash, Knt., Alderman of Walbrook Ward, in the sixty-first year of his age; reputed worth 200,000*l.*"

Now, surely, such a mixture of showy lamentation with worldly pride and worldly business must give even those who cannot see deeper into human nature than a French dramatic author a sad idea of the sham character of German society at the present day: especially when we couple it with the remembrance that the very widowers (who are so ready to prostrate themselves with the heaviness of their grief in the public journals, and to flood the columns of newspapers with their tears) are often known to be re-married, as we have stated, before even the "*Zeitung*" announcing their "irreparable loss" has been torn up into pipe-lights.

Throughout Germany there seems to be a profound fear of being buried alive. This naturally proceeds from the scientific ignorance of the people, as well as deficient faith in the skill of their doctors; so that all kinds of precautions are taken to prevent such an occurrence. The law enacts, that

no person shall be buried until 72 hours after apparent death, and then only upon the production of a doctor's certificate; and in villages, where it often happens that no doctor has attended the deceased in his last moments, it provides that the schoolmaster and "*Schöffe*" (headborough) should inspect the corpse, to see if they can distinguish the "yellow death-spots on the bowels;" for which office they are paid two groschens (twopence) each: "but," said one who had often performed the duty, "we do not trouble ourselves to look very hard at that price."

Nor has the priest the power to bury any one, unless furnished with the certificate, either of the doctor or the above village authorities.

Despite such provisions, however, against burial during "suspended animation," many people still prefer to have the open coffin placed in the dead-house for a week, for in such places there is a peculiar apparatus for rousing the attendants of the burying-ground, in case of any one being restored to life. This consists of an alarm fixed in the watchman's room, and having a long cord attached to it, so as to communicate with the coffin in the adjacent dead-house. The cord ends in a small loop or ring, and this is passed over the thumb of the corpse; so that the least motion in the body may be sure to alarm the attendant.

None of our German friends had ever heard of a return to consciousness having been made known by such means. A gentleman, however, told us that once the alarm, having been attached to the corpse of a woman who had died from dropsy, had been made to ring by a sudden collapse of the body, and consequent dropping of the hands.

The funeral usually takes place on the third day after death, and in the newspaper of the previous afternoon there

will, perhaps, be an announcement, saying that those friends of the late A—— B—— who may wish to follow his body to the grave, are invited to assemble at the “house of death” on such-and-such an afternoon at such-and-such an hour.

As our apartments look towards the “*Mainzer-thor*” (Mayence Gate), which leads to the cemetery outside the town, scarcely a day passes but we notice one or two funeral processions stealing slowly towards some poor creature’s last home. Indeed, we can see one emerging from the “*Schlossstrasse*” as we write, and as this is the most fashionable street in the town, the mourners, of course, are many, and the appointments of the train are of the showiest character.

As the procession turns the corner of the street, the chant of the “*Misericordia*” comes floating down the road, borne in mournful gusts along the avenue of trees. That large, bright-coloured silk flag, which is seen immediately behind the silver cross at the head of the procession, and keeps flapping like a heavy sail in each passing breeze, is the emblem of one of the city companies, to which the deceased belonged. Then, as the funeral dirge grows louder, we see, between the stems of the trees that skirt the roadway, the three lace-robed priests conducting the ceremony, their forms half-filmed over with the white cloud of incense that rises from the silver censers, as the boys flash them to and fro in the sunbeams. On either side of the priests are the church-choristers and the Orphan-School boys (the latter being there to mark that the deceased was a patron of the charity); and these, as they draw near, make the air moan again with their chanting. Next comes the tiny-looking hearse, that is hardly bigger, and of the same shape, as our tilted carts. This is covered with a huge black velvet pall, ornamented with an immense yellow and white cross, and reaching nearly to the ground. On either side of the hearse walk a number of the nearest friends of

the family, each carrying a lighted candle, which is as long and thick as a torch, and the flame of which is invisible in the broad daylight, though it flickers in the wind, and the tallow gutters so that each gentleman is provided with a white napkin to protect his hands from the dripping grease.

As the procession approaches the "*Rhein-strasse*," the women and men come running out of the shops and houses; and whilst the male spectators bare their heads, the females make the sign of the cross and count the candles as the hearse goes by—for it is by the number of attendant lights that the grandeur of a funeral is estimated.

After the hearse walk the male members of the family of the deceased; then comes a long black train of friends and acquaintances, marching three a-breast; and, finally, two or three carriages, sent out of respect by the principal hotel-keepers of the town.

The procession is now on its way to the "*Castor Kirche*," and there, after the performance of the burial-service, the priests, choristers, and candle-bearers, all leave the hearse; so that shortly we shall see the funeral train return cropped of its gloomy pomp, and with merely the relatives walking in its wake. In this manner it will proceed towards the cemetery, where, if we followed it, we should see the coffin lowered—without a priest and without a word—into the newly-made grave; after which the grave-digger would hand the nearest relative a spade to cast the first shovelful of earth upon the coffin-lid, and, when a like duty had been performed by all the other friends upon the spot, the family would take one last look at the remains, and all would be at an end.

This is what the Germans style being "buried with silver;" whereas the poor are "buried with copper," the church ornaments used on the latter occasion consisting of the baser metal only, and the officiating clergy being limited to one

priest, instead of three. The candles, too, rarely, if ever, exceed a dozen at the funerals of the humbler classes (and are provided by the candle-bearers themselves), whereas they occasionally reach a score or more at those of the wealthy; and, when the deceased is an unmarried female, maidens in long black veils are employed to carry the lights.

Another more important funereal distinction is, that the very rich have the "*Hof-glocke*" (town-bell) tolled at their decease, and, though the ringing of this bell costs ten thalers (about 30 shillings), some persons give orders for it whilst on their death-bed.

Again our customs of the past century were kindred to the foregoing. "We have before us," says the author of the *Eighteenth Century*, "an undertaker's bill of a date as late as September, 1780, for the funeral of a person of the middle class, which amounts to 61*l.* odd, and contains, among others, the following items:—

	£	s.	d.
" To 32 men for carrying of ye lights at 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>	4	0	0
To 32 branches for ditto	0	5	4
To 68 lbs. of wax candles for ditto at 3 <i>s.</i> per lb.	10	4	0
To 2 beadles attending ye corps with silk dressing and gowns, &c. &c.	1	10	0."

The priests employed on such occasions are (we were assured by one who knew them well) great sticklers for their fees, seldom or never foregoing a groschen of their perquisites, even in cases of extreme poverty. As an instance of this, our friend (who, it should be stated, was himself a Papist) cited a case that had formed part of his own experience. A peasant in the Hundsrück lost his wife in child-bed, and, though he was so poor that he could not even provide a coffin, and the neighbours had each to contribute a board

towards making a "shell" for the poor creature, the man of God stood out, hard and fast, for his dues. Nor would the Jesuit take one groshen of the fee: so the "*Bauer*" was obliged to sell his goat—though it was the only hope he had of obtaining milk for his motherless babe—in order to satisfy the greed of the Christian minister.

German Protestants (for the above descriptions refer more particularly to the Romish ceremonies) have generally the burial-service read in their own rooms, whilst the coffin still remains open, and the friends assembled round it. Those invited to the ceremony bring flowers, which are strewn over the corpse previous to the coffin being nailed down—a ceremony which is always performed in the presence of the relatives. Neither do the Lutherans indulge in any service at the grave, nor any chanting in the streets.

When unmarried Protestants, either male or female, die, they are dressed in a white muslin shroud, and have three rows of artificial flowers put down the front of the winding-sheet, a crown of myrtle placed on their head, and a white rose in one hand.

The door of the house is then left open for whomever likes to enter and look at the body, and it is often matter of boast in neighbouring families as to which of them has had the prettiest corpse. One will say to the other, "*My* dead sister was dressed much handsomer than *your* dead brother was."

The English work entitled "*Illustrations of the Manners and Customs of our Grandfathers*" affords us another proof that this present Rhenish custom is the same ghastly mockery as our people were wont to indulge in a hundred years ago: for we find it there stated, that after the searchers had examined the body there came a person who was called the "*plumper*," whose business it was, we are told, to bedizen

the body, and make what the ladies called a "charming corpse."*

Moreover, it is usual with the Lutherans to cover the coffins of the unmarried with a black pall, and to throw a white net over that, decorated with artificial flowers. Upon these a wreath of ivy is placed, with an elegy on the deceased inscribed upon paper cut in the form of a heart. The coffin is followed to the cemetery by twelve of the best young female friends, in deep mourning, and the youngest of these takes the ivy-wreath and the verses and places them on the grave, after which they return home and have cake and wine.

The corpses of married Lutherans, on the other hand, are dressed simply in white, the flowers being omitted, and the pall to the coffin being a plain black one. The body is followed to the grave by twelve of the immediate neighbours of the deceased.

When either parent dies, the mourning, according to routine, lasts for a year, whilst six months is the period prescribed by custom for a grown-up sister or brother. If, however, the lost brother or sister had been but recently confirmed, the fashionable term for lamentation is not longer than a quarter of a year; and should any child, on the other hand, happen to die *unconfirmed*, it is not mourned for at all.

Our informant added, that the reason for this seeming disregard of the young was, "that children were considered to be free from sin;" or, in other words, irresponsible creatures up to the period of their confirmation.

By law, widows are not allowed to marry until ten months after the decease of their husband, so that there may be no dispute as to the parentage of any child they may bear subsequent to the death of their first partner.

By custom, on the other hand, a widower, as we have said,

* See "Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany," Sept. 1750.

may re-enter into the marriage state as soon after the loss of his wife as he pleases. "Perhaps," said a German to us, "if he were to marry again within a fortnight, we *might* think it a little *curiose*; but he could hardly get the ceremony performed in so short a time, for the burial is not over till three days, and even if the banns are not published, it will take about a week to procure a license. Besides," he added, "no one can marry during the four weeks of Advent, nor during Lent, without obtaining dispensation from the bishop; so, you see, we could not well manage it so soon as in two weeks. Oh! yes, I have known many widowers get re-married in one month, and that by banns, too. Why, there is Herr So-and-so," he went on, giving the name; "but then he had many young *Kinder*, and babies cannot be trusted to a girl under twelve years of age: so a poor man, or a shopkeeper with a large family, *must* get another *Frau* as soon as possible, in order to have some one to look after his children."

In conclusion, English readers will hardly require to be told that the Germans have little internal sense of the sacredness of death.

"Give me joy, Frau ——," said a *Schreiner* (joiner), on meeting a female friend in the street; "I have a coffin to make for thirty thalers." And the man rubbed his hands and smiled, as if he were incapable of feeling that his own good fortune arose out of the bitterest misery that can befall a fellow-creature.

But that we may not be thought to draw conclusions from a professional undertaker as to the general insensibility of the *Deutschers* concerning the most solemn matters, let us add, that even German children are unmoved by the awfulness of death.

One of the Professors of the schools was telling the young





members of his family that little Fritz, their playmate—who was known to have the best collection of “*Schmetterlings*” (butterflies) in the school—had died suddenly that morning.

“And who’ll have his butterflies?” cried the Professor’s youngest son, an urchin of eight years old.

Interpolated Rhemish Scenes.

(12.)

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

This picturesque old town is situate on the right bank of the Rhine, a little above the long line of rapids and falls which render the river unnavigable between Schaffhausen and Basel; and though it is the capital of the Canton to which it gives its name, it has more of the character of the gate, or *entrance* to Switzerland, than that of an integrant portion of the country itself.

It still bears, indeed, every appearance of an old Suabian imperial city, for not only are its streets marked with many of the quaint forms of mediæval architecture (the town having for ages escaped the ravage of fire), but the language, costumes, and manners, as well as the easy and peaceful disposition of its people, are all akin to those of its neighbours located in the towns throughout the Black Forest.

The origin of Schaffhausen dates as far back as the 8th century, when a small colony of boatmen, we are told, settled in the place, and constructed some boat-sheds, or *skiff-houses*, as rude dépôts for the cargoes of the vessels coming from the Lake of Constanx, and which had to be discharged here—

abouts owing to the proximity of the Rhine Falls. To this circumstance the town is said to owe its name.

Schaffhausen was at first only a hamlet, then it rose to be a small market-town, and when Count Eberhart de Nellenburg had founded and richly endowed the renowned Abbey of All Saints in its vicinity, it was elevated (in the 13th century) to the dignity of an Imperial city, the Abbot exercising sovereign authority over the place. Schaffhausen was then enclosed within walls, and continued to increase in power, and its inhabitants in wealth, under the ecclesiastical dominion.

A hundred years later, the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria mortgaged the city to Austria; but the citizens redeemed their independence by themselves paying the money for which their town had been pawned. A few years later, again, it entered into a treaty with the Helvetic Confederation, and becoming the ally of the Swiss in many a battle, was ultimately, in the year 1501, incorporated among the Federal States as the 12th Canton.

During the wars of the French Revolution, the French and the Austrians occupied it by turns, and when Napoleon established himself as Mediator of the Helvetic Confederation, its constitution and privileges were revised and modified like those of the other cantons.

Thus it continued till the year 1831, when its government was finally settled upon a more liberal and extended basis.

It now contains an industrious population of 7500 souls, and is the seat of considerable trade; though it is but little resorted to, except as a halting-place for travellers and visitors to the neighbouring Rhine Falls—there being few objects in the town itself worthy of notice.

The antique architecture of Schaffhausen, indeed, forms its main point of attraction; for the city is distinguished above

almost every town in Switzerland by the mediæval character of its houses, its gates, and its citadel.

The streets, with the exception of the *Vorder-Stadt*, are mostly dark, from the broad projecting eaves which slant down before the upper windows like monstrous eye-shades. The houses are generally narrow and tall, while the majority have several storeys of bastion-like oriel windows, with the sign of the house carved on a central tablet, and their walls covered with ornamental stucco-work, while their transoms and mullions are decorated with carvings. Some of the buildings at the corners of the streets have long semi-octagonal rondels, reaching from the top to the bottom of the house, and with pyramidal roofs after the fashion of the turret seen flanking the walls of the castle on the hill in the engraving.

Others, especially the old *Zünfte* (or guilds), have very handsome antique door-ways, pillared and porched, elaborately sculptured over, and with quaint verses graven on the lintels. The *Schmiede-zunft*, nearly opposite the "*Krone*" *Gasthof*, in the *Vorder-gasse*, is a curious specimen of such middle-age work—rich as the carving of an old oaken altar-piece.

A little above this, in the same street or lane, is an enormous gabled house, the front of which is frescoed all over. This is styled "*Zum Ritter*," and has allegorical figures of Immortality and Fame painted between the lower windows, and heads of M. T. Cicero and some other Roman gentlemen above, whilst between the attic casements there is a figure of Quintus Curtius on horseback, leaping headlong down into the street.

Many other houses, also, have their fronts illustrated with frescoes. A butcher's shop has a figure of Justice, holding a bright pair of scales, painted on the walls, and another by the *Vor-stadt* is decorated with a gigantic figure styled *Zum*

Rauffer (the bully); while others again have painted cornices to their doors and windows. Most of these houses bear the date of 1600 on their walls. The *Vorder-gasse*, though narrow and badly paved, has an exceedingly quaint and picturesque air.

Another peculiarity of the Schaffhausen streets is that most of the inns have a kind of flourished swan's head (such as is seen at the beginning of copy-books) executed in iron-work, and holding, as it projects from the wall, a modelled sign of the *Gasthof*—either a huge brass crown, for instance, or a black bird in a hoop, according as the tavern is styled the "*Krone*" or the "*Raaben*."

The gateways and old rampart-walls surrounding the city are likewise peculiar—being in a good state of preservation. But by the time the traveller has ascended the Rhine as far as Schaffhausen he will have had such a glut of city walls and gates—beginning, indeed, at Köln, and including Linz, Oberwesel, Bacharach, Eltfeld, and a host of tumble-down old places—that he will hardly care to cross his door-step to see the most picturesque barbican on the banks of the river. Besides, to tell the truth, the *Mühlen-thor*, and *Ober-thor*, and *Schwaben-thor* of Schaffhausen, differ but little from the multitude of square turrets that we have now seen and described so often, and are barely tolerable after the sight of the beautiful *Spahlen-Thor* at Basel. Further, one finds at Schaffhausen the same dried-up and planted moats, and the same row of houses built against the rampart walls, as is visible at every other old German town.

The scene represented in the engraving gives as characteristic a peep at Schaffhausen as could be well chosen. The spectator is supposed to be standing on the bridge crossing the

Rhine. Immediately before him, cresting the dumpy hill, is seen the old fort-like citadel or castle of *Unnoth*, with its thick ring of walls set with tall bastion towers, and its covered viaduct-like way sloping down the hill-side to the houses beneath.

This castle is said to be of Roman foundation; the present building, however, was not finished till the year 1564, when it was erected, the story runs, in order to give occupation to the poor during a famine. Here, a century before the present fort was constructed, Frederick Duke of Tyrol shielded Pope John XXIII. from the wrath of the Council of Constanze, in 1415; an act for which he was put under the ban of the Empire.

Just below the castle is an open Platz at the end of the bridge, with a light Gothic fountain in the centre. The walls of the house with the castellated or "Burgundian" gable, shown in the engraving, are decorated with frescoes of knights holding banners; and facing this, at the opposite end of the Platz (but not visible in the print), is the large colonnaded *Zoll-amt*, or Custom-house, with its arcade littered with barrels and cases. Then, beside the crane jutting over the quay, lies the green steamer—the "*Concordia*," or the "*Maximilian*," or the "*Boden*"—waiting to carry the next batch of tourists to Constanze. Here, too, facing the river, are generally to be seen the Swiss diligences loading in front of the little inn called the "*zum goldenen Schiff*" (the Golden Ship), and near this stands the mansion-like Customs-office, with its oriel windows and long-winded title—"Schweizerisch Eidgenossenschaft Hauptzollstadte Schaffhausen."

Looking in the opposite direction, we see the sharp spire tipping the four-gabled tower of the Münster, and piercing, as it were, through the mass of surrounding roofs. This stands in the *Hinter-gasse*, or Back Lane, and was originally

part of the Abbey of All Saints, the edifice itself dating as far back as the 11th century. It is not only remarkable for its antiquity, but for being a pure specimen of the Byzantine or round-arch style of architecture; and, though hardly handsome, makes up in massiveness what it wants in beauty. The other square tower seen in the print belongs to *St. Johannes-kirche*; this is in the Front Lane, or *Vordergasse*, and is said to be the largest church in Switzerland.

The houses beside the water are rudish structures, built on the river walls, and have much the look of the buildings flanking some of the more quiet Dutch canals. The greater number of these are tanneries, and have brown leathern skins hanging, either over their wooden balconies or out of their windows.

A little way farther down the river than is visible in the print, the water is striped with the tops of the mill-dams, and the surface white with the fretting of the current past its many impediments.

The bridge itself is one of ordinary construction, but stands in the place of a celebrated wooden one—burnt, of course, by the French in 1799—which was of a single-arch span, though the breadth of the river is here upwards of 350 feet, the architect having been a poor Swiss carpenter named Grubenmann.

The costumes of the people are those mostly of the *Schwarz-wald*—a mere sleeveless bodice being worn, and the hair dressed in long plaited tails behind. The picturesque though lazy ox-wagon still constitutes the principal traffic of the streets—even though Schaffhausen, from its many surrounding mills, has a more busy aspect than the majority of the Rhenish towns.

VI.

OPINIONS, SENTIMENTS, AND CREED.

Up to this point we have dealt with but the *outside*, as it were, of the Prussian character — representing rather their external manners than their internal thoughts and feelings.

Manners, among the ignorant, are often confounded with morals. True, the words, etymologically considered, mean the same; but, in an ethical point of view, they are as different one from the other, as the motions of the puppets from the invisible hand that pulls the strings. Indeed, manners are but modes of human action; in a primitive state of society, they are the “*natural signs*” by which our various feelings are expressed. For, as artists are aware that each different emotion has a different gesture and cast of feature by which to make itself known to others, (and the imitation of these mere muscular renderings of our inward feelings constitutes the art of pantomime on the stage,) so is there a peculiar kind of pantomime observable in the various forms of society, by which the refined are distinguished from the unrefined in every civilized nation.

But as every *manner* of action admits of being imitated, so the various gestures of the body and expressions of the features (though originally the natural and true representatives of inward sentiments and passions) become, in an artificial state, the most fallacious *criteria*, not only as to the real disposition of an individual, but as to what is either agreeable or disagreeable to his nature. Hence a breach

of manners is regarded as a social, rather than a moral offence. We may infer that there is a want of refinement on the part of the people when we see gentlefolks, as with the Germans, picking their teeth with the prongs of their forks; but no man regards another as either a fool or a knave for such acts. Diogenes could have conformed but little to the various modes of action enjoined in the Grecian "*Complimentir-bück*;" nevertheless, we must admit that *he* was at least thoughtful and honest.

Up to the present point we have dealt rather with the *taste* of the Germans than their *principles*. So to speak, we have criticised, as yet, but the conformation of their social palates and senses, rather than that of their hearts or brains; and though we may have found even the "superior classes" among them—as Jenkins loves to style the well-to-do—deficient in a sense of what is innately offensive to every refined nature, they may be a very good sort of folk, and a clever, sharp-witted race, notwithstanding.

Let us see, then, how they will bear looking at from the latter point of view.

In order to contemplate the inner spirit of a nation (for even those who go through Germany with opera-glasses can see the outside character of the natives—mere manners being patent to all), we must seek out, not only what they think to be either fashionable or godly, but also what they hold to be wise, and good, and noble in the world.

Nor is it our desire to regard even the German sense of what is acceptable to the Almighty from any sectarian and catechetical point of sight. We know too well that the world upon all such matters is divided into two large and distinct classes—those who believe that two-and-two make





four, and those who reckon that three-and-one do the same thing; and that the two-and-two-ites have no faith in the calculation of the three-and-one-ites; whilst the three-and-one-ites, on the other hand, declare that theirs is the only true arithmetic, and do not hesitate to affirm that the two-and-two principle is utterly opposed to all that is right and sound in reckoning, and that the upholders of such a system will certainly visit a very ugly place hereafter for believing in any ciphering so absurd and wicked.

For ourselves, it is but due to the reader to state, we belong to *neither* class in its bigotry and intolerance of all who differ from themselves, but to *both* in their belief in a future state, as well as that a life passed in conformity with the doctrines of the great Teacher, and imitative, as far as possible, of His example, is the only way to ensure happiness in this world as well as in that to come. We would add, too, that we desire to meddle with no man's religious notions, except upon such points as tend to the *degradation of humanity*.

With this brief preface let us now pass to the details of the subject.

Interpolated Rhinish Scenes.

(13.)

THE RHINE FALLS BY SCHAFFHAUSEN.

It is curious how a feeling of disappointment invariably arises in the mind on first beholding any object, the effect of which depends mainly on its size. Scarcely a traveller that finds the Pyramids come up to his conception of them, or thinks the spire of Strasburg so *very* high after all.

It is the province of the ideal, indeed, to transcend the real, and there is no process so easy to the imagination as that of magnifying or conceiving any well-known object to be inordinately increased in bulk. The mind possesses, as it were, a microscopic power, and experiences little or no difficulty in enlarging mites into mammoths, or exaggerating mole-hills into mountains.

The main cause, however, for the feeling of disappointment which is mostly experienced on the first contemplation of so-called sublime objects, is that the sight of them enables us to comprehend that which we had before conceived to be *incomprehensible*. For, as a musical note gives us no sense of the isolated pulsations of the air of which it is composed, but is the feeling which results from the rapid and combined vibration of the whole series; so the emotion of sublimity is simply the compound impression consequent upon a succession of imperceptible attempts to compass that which we know and feel to be beyond all compassing. Hence, to grasp any such object with the eye—to see in a single glance that which we fancied was made up of an endless series of parts—is really to reduce the infinite to the finite, and to bring that which was before vague and inconceivable within the limits of a definite conception.

Another reason for the disappointment is, that the mind loses all power of measurement when dealing with the enormous. A savage, it is well known, cannot form a notion of numbers beyond ten, and points to the hairs of his head to express any greater sum. Even educated people, too, have but a faint idea of large quantities; and a vast object appears *less* vast to ordinary minds than it really is, simply because they are unable at first to form any precise estimate as to its vastness.

Hence it is plain, that all sublime objects which admit of

being seen at one view must necessarily be more or less stripped of their sublimity on first beholding them.

If the honest opinions of the visitors to the Rhine Falls by Schaffhausen could be polled, we are convinced that ninety-nine in every hundred, at least, would express disappointment. Though the Falls themselves are admitted to be the "finest cataract in Europe"—the broadest sheet of water streaming down from the greatest height—and though not one person in a thousand could ever have seen anything in the least comparable to them, it is certain, nevertheless, that the imagination, in most cases, so far outstrips the reality, and the judgment possesses such slight means of estimating inordinate greatness, that the *Rhein-fall* seems at first sight but little better than a monster mill-dam.

True, we are told that the appearance from one side of the river is tame in comparison with the other, while some writers declare that it is not the height of the fall, but the immense body of water, which is broken into spray in the most picturesque manner, that constitutes the great beauty of the cataract. But rest assured, reader, these are merely excuses framed by persons who are afraid to acknowledge that the sight comes short of one's expectations.

How much better to be candid, and confess outright that the impression produced by the first sight of the Rhine Falls is one of almost contemptuous indifference—the rush and descent of water seeming but little better than that of a very broad canal, overflowing and bursting through some extensive lock-gates.

The revulsion of feeling past, however, the mind settles down to the calm contemplation of the spectacle, and seldom fails in the end to wake up to a full sense of its beauty and grandeur.

Let us try and impress the reader with the same feeling.

The way to the Falls (unless the journey by water be preferred) lies by the *Mühlen-thor* (the Gate by the Mills), and no sooner have we passed the "*Pforte*," than the clatter of the water-wheels beside the mills, that here flank the road, issues from every door and window by the way. The air is filled with the buzz-z of a hundred mill-streams, and the ground seems almost to tremble beneath the feet with the trundling of the cog-wheels, and the incessant whirr of the machinery.

Now there is a clacking of a multitude of looms, and we can half see the factory-girls' heads as we go by the long line of dirty windows. Then we catch the quick wheezing of the saw-mills, and can distinguish the bright blades bobbing up and down in the "clear obscure" within, whilst the pathway here is littered with stacks of timber and deals. Scarcely, too, is the smell of turpentine out of the nostrils before the air is redolent of flour, and men with white eyebrows and whiskers are seen at the upper floors of the tall, dusty-looking warehouses, guiding the heavy and dangling sacks into carts below—the whole building seeming to shiver with the rattle of the hoppers.

Presently the Rhine itself is seen fretting along, broad as a highway, and a bright bottle-green in colour, and with its banks skirted with the stone dykes of the adjacent mill-streams, and the pent-up water there dashing along white as a snow-drift.

In a few minutes afterwards (it is but a couple of miles from Schaffhausen to the Falls) we are at the turn of the road which leads to the little village of *Neuhausen*.

Here we descend the hill, passing the villagers' houses by the way, and soon stand on the embanked shore, close in front of the cataract itself.

"To form a faint idea of the Falls of Niagara," said the late Governor Morris, "fancy to yourself the Frith of

Forth rushing wrathfully down a deep descent, leaping in foam over a perpendicular rock more than 160 feet high, and then flowing away in the semblance of milk from a vast basin of emerald."

To have a notion, however, of the Rhine Falls, the reader should imagine a huge wall to be built up across the Seine at Paris, somewhat higher than the bridges there, and the pent-up river to be hurled perpendicularly over the coping in one broad glassy sheet.

Such an image, however, will enable the stranger to form a conception of the mere *size* of the fall—of the breadth of the stream, and the depth of the huge step in the bed of the river, down which the flood is precipitated.

But how shall we convey to the mind any adequate sense of the stupendous stream of water for ever sweeping over this steep bank of rock!

It is calculated that the great Fall of Niagara precipitates at least one hundred million tons, or about four hundred million hogsheads, of liquid per minute. But the Rhine Falls are not half as broad, nor half as high, as those of the great American cataract, being really only one-seventh its size:* so that, supposing all other circumstances to be equal, the Rhenish torrent would discharge near upon a million hogsheads every second.

But who can conceive a million hogsheads mingled into one dense flood? Let us, therefore still make the matter clearer to the comprehension.

The great Heidelberg tun has about the same cubic capa-

* The Falls of Niagara are 600 + 200 feet broad, and about 160 feet high. The Rhine Falls, on the other hand, are 300 feet wide and about 60 feet in height; so that the one contains 128,000 superficial feet, and the other 18,000. The Falls of *Terni*, near Rome (the "*Cascata dell' Marmore*"), are between 600 and 700 feet high, while those of the *Staubbach*, near Interlachen, are from 800 to 900 feet in height; but both of these are *narrow* streams.

city as a house, holding just upon eight hundred hogheads. We must, therefore, in order to have a notion of the overwhelming torrent continually being poured over the rocks by Schaffhausen, conceive one thousand of these same monster tuns to be emptied over the great dyke of limestone there with every beat of the pulse, and the same tremendous tide to keep for ever streaming along, and almost at the same rate.*

As yet, however, we have dealt only with the size and volume of the cataract; let us therefore proceed in due course to explain how the great body of water that is precipitated at the Falls is broken up in its descent.

The enormous wall of rock over which the flood descends is, for the most part, hidden beneath the glassy sheet streaming over it; so that the fall itself appears like a huge escarpment of water. In the midst of this liquid mound immense slabs or plates of crag stand up edge-wise, their peaks raised high above the level of the upper bed of the river, and seeming like the broken piers of some lofty bridge that has been swept away by the torrent. By means of the four protruding rock-plates (two of which stand close together in the centre of the fall, and two more not far from the side opposite the castle †), the cataract is parted into five distinct "*chutes*," consisting of two broad falls and three minor cascades, the latter being

* This statement, of course, does not hold good with regard to the months of June and July, when the waters are at their highest point, being swollen by the melting of the Alpine snow. The waters of the Lake of Constanx, with which the Rhine Falls are immediately connected, are (according to a table published by Dr. Dihlmann) lowest in February, after which they keep gradually rising till the month of June, when they are six feet higher than at their lowest period. They then remain stationary till the middle of July, when they begin to descend, and continue falling till the middle of August; at which period they become stationary for another month, remaining about five feet higher than in February. Towards the end of September they commence falling again, and go on descending till February, when, as we have said, they reach their lowest point.

† From the point of view at which the accompanying picture was taken but three of these rocks, and four divisions of the Falls, would be visible.

merely the gushing of the torrent between each pair of adjacent crags.

Above the fall itself there is a large horse-shoe basin, girt with a low rim of limestone, and over this the stream curls in a thin, green, transparent sheet, as if it were so much molten glass, while the rounded edge of the rock glistens brightly beneath it. At the farther side from the castle, the water in this basin descends in a series of steps, falling and falling, as it keeps sliding down to the cataract, in such a mere pellicle of crystal, that the rocky pavement is seen shining beneath as if its surface had been vitrified. Immediately under the castle, however, the flood within the basin is in a furious ferment, and appears, as it tears along to the great fall beneath, to be tumbling and tossing, as if it were no longer liquid, but a dense mass of powdery snow. Here, too, the mouth of the basin seems to get narrower and narrower, while the stream has the appearance of being sucked down the funnel-like vortex of some monster maelstrom, until at length it reaches the edge of the great rock-wall; and there it pours over the sides, in the most sublime and yet terrific confusion—in lines that flash like silver lightning, and with the muffled roar of liquid thunder.

At one part of the fall, a thick glassy plate—solid and transparent as though it were a sheet of ice—comes sloping down in one unbroken plane; at another, the torrent is seen spurting from behind the central rocks in a broad feathery jet, and streaming forth, as Byron has said, like the tail of a white horse. Yonder it falls, and falls, in an opaque and apparently dense mass, like an avalanche of foam, being shivered into positive dust as it strikes against the protruding blocks. There it streams straight down, till you might almost fancy the sheet of falling liquid were part of a fine crystal curtain; and there, again, it boils and surges up in huge mounds of water, as

though the very caldrons of hell itself were seething beneath it.

Never was seen such grand confusion—such exquisite tangle and crossing of lines—such lovely opalescence of tint, and sparkle of light. A rocky precipice is jagged, opaque, and heavy; but in this precipice of water all is curved, transparent, and light as spray.

Every element of beauty and grandeur conspires to lend its charm to such a scene—wildness of motion conjoined with the most perfect softness and diversity of outline—play of light and lustre, and the faintest bloom of colour, mingled with the very fury of power—a whirlwind of water—a liquid volcano pouring forth lava-like torrents of foam.

The spray, too, which rises up in front of the great torrent, is not the least beautiful part of the spectacle. It is like a curtain of the finest mist—a gauzy veil of dew—a broad ethereal pellicle of metallic colours (such as one sees floating occasionally on the surface of a pool), and drifting through the air like a light cloud of water-dust, or river-smoke, or rain-powder. It seems as if it were a whiff of breath passing over the surface of a mirror—fresh and delicate as the early morning-bloom on fruit—soft as the feather-dust swept from a butterfly's wing—thin and iridescent as fragments of bubbles—powdery as the film of autumn frost on grass-blades—it sails through the air like a white shadow—the transparent spirit of a rainbow.

Then, the roar of the torrent is in exquisite harmony with the fury of the scene. It murmurs in the ear everlastingly like a sea-shell, filling the air with a faint moan, as does a storm sweeping through some distant forest. Now it sounds like the roar of a furnace—now like the rush of escaping steam—and then like the noise of a vast city's traffic heard

from some cathedral tower. What a sense it gives one of the adamantine nature of water! The torrent seems like a cascade of solid stones, and the very spray itself like a cloud of dust thrown up by the abraded particles. How the sound stirs the mind, too, like a spell, and seems to draw the body towards it; even as the continual watching of the descending flood makes you fancy the very earth itself to move, the ground beneath your feet seeming to slide towards the Falls—while the brain itself whirls round, like the huge green disc of water for ever circling in the bay immediately in front of the cataract!

It is somewhat curious that no ancient classic writer makes mention of the Falls by Schaffhausen. The omission may have arisen from one of two causes—since we cannot imagine that Tacitus, Pliny, and Strabo would have considered them unworthy of notice. Either the Romans were unacquainted with the Falls, or they are of recent formation, and did not exist in the days of the Cæsars.

The first supposition is hardly credible, for we know that Munatius Plancus was at Basel, and Constantius Chlorus at Constanx. Is it probable, therefore, that Schaffhausen and Neuhasen were unvisited by the neighbouring legions? On the contrary, tradition declares the castle of Unnoth to have been originally a Roman fort.

The latter conjecture—wild as it may at first appear—proves on investigation to be by far the more rational. In the first place it is proven, that the deposits of gravel in the valley of the Upper Rhine in Switzerland are identical with those in the vale of the Scez (a river falling into the Lake of Wallenstadt); and therefore, say geologists, the Rhine *must* at one time have flowed this way. Again, at Sargans there is a watershed, which divides the streams that feed the Rhine from those

which fall into the Lake of Wallenstadt; and this natural embankment is so slight, being but 20 feet high and 200 yards broad, that it has been calculated, from actual measurement, by the celebrated Escher von der Linth (him who cut the Linth Canal, and so put an end to the continual overflowing of the Wallenstadt Lake), that the Rhine need rise but $19\frac{1}{2}$ feet (or its bed be raised that height by the deposits that are for ever being brought down), for its waters to pass by Wallenstadt—instead of by Constanx as now, and thence by the river Magg into the Lake of Zurich, and thence again by the Limmat into the Aar; so that it would run in an almost direct line from Sargans to Coblenz, just above Waldshut, instead pursuing its present round-about route by the Lake of Constanx and Schaffhausen. Indeed it is recorded, that in the year 1618 the Rhine was so swollen by long rains, that it was only prevented taking its course by the Lakes of Wallenstadt and Zurich by the construction of dams along its banks.

Hence it becomes extremely probable that the *Rhein-fall* by Schaffhausen is of comparatively modern origin, and that the silence of the Roman authors on the subject arises from the river having, since their time, opened up for itself a new channel.

All evidence, indeed, seems to warrant such a conclusion. According to the measurements given by the ancient geographer Strabo, the Lake of Constanx would seem to have been much smaller in the days of the Romans than at present—a circumstance which must be due either to the fact of the bed of the lake having been raised, or else to the circumstance of its liquid contents having been considerably increased. Moreover, the fossil remains of terrestrial and freshwater animals discovered in the "*Molasse*" deposits at Oehningen, just below the Unter See (lower lake), and which, though known to be of comparatively recent origin (some of the "*fauna*" being

identical with living species), are now between 500 and 600 feet above the level of the Rhine,* —so that all things point to some great change in the limits of the lake, as well as the route of the river.

We must, therefore, look with very different eyes upon the Falls of the Rhine from what we do upon those of Niagara. In the latter cataract we read—graven on the very water—the records of the vast age of the earth; for since the American torrent is continually wearing away the rock over which it is precipitated, the falls themselves being found to recede at the rate of 50 yards in 40 years, and there is geological evidence of the site of these falls having been once situate at Queens-town, though now 7 miles removed from that spot, it follows that the said torrent must have continued pouring down its 400 millions of hogsheads of water per minute for just upon 10,000 years.

The Rhine Falls, however, tell a tale equally grand, though comparatively but of yesterday. They lead the mind back to the time of the great flood which changed the course of the river, and which, sweeping across the earth in one broad stream—wide as the wind and wild as the hurricane—thundered for the first time over the steep precipice of rock by Schaffhausen. Like the flash from a volley of artillery, the torrent must have darted down the sides, and the spray

* "The Rhine, in its course from Constance to Schaffhausen, flows through a depression of tertiary marine formation, known by the name of '*Molasse*,' which forms hills on both sides of the river of from 700 to 900 feet in height. . . . Here leaves and stems of plants, insects, shells, crustacea, fishes, turtles, a large aquatic salamander, and a perfect skeleton of an animal allied to the common fox, have been discovered, as well as a tortoise 3 feet in length. Sir R. Murchison concludes that these freshwater deposits are the contents of a lake belonging to the new tertiary epoch, and that the period of their formation must have long preceded the present condition of the country, for they contain some unknown species of animals, and the Rhine has worn a channel through them to the depth of several hundred feet.'" —*Mantell's Wonders of Geology*, vol. i. pp. 263–5.

have risen up amid the booming, as though it were the smoke veiling some vast elemental war.

The arrangement of the rocks of Switzerland teaches us beyond the shadow of a doubt that the very Alps themselves are comparatively creations of our own period, and we are thus led to conceive the time when the Rhine was not—to imagine the days when the solid earth, tossed and heaved in billows like the sea, till the very impress of the monster land-waves became fixed in the mountain chains themselves; and thus to think of the melting of the first Alpine snows, which called the Rhine into existence, and caused the new-born river to trickle across the land. Here, too, in the Falls, we see written in the water the story of some equally vast, though more modern convulsion.

§ 1.

THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITION — KNOWLEDGE OF LATIN AND GREEK — SCIENTIFIC IGNORANCE — TEUTONIC SAVANTS — WORLDLY STUPIDITY — WANT OF SCIENTIFIC APPLIANCES — A GERMAN FIRE — A PHILO-COCKCHAFER.

“Every baker in Germany,” said that Manchester Solon, Mr. Cobden, “can serve you with bread in Latin, as well as in his own language.”

Now this was intended to give the English people a sense of the high state of education prevalent throughout Germany; and doubtlessly, to a man of Mr. Cobden’s calibre, a knowledge of Latin and Greek appears (as with all vulgar people, who have failed to learn the classics in their youth) to constitute the very climax of wisdom.

The statement is, however, simply untrue. “*Salve,*

magister," we said to the Deutscher who brought our batch of "*milch brodchens*" (milk breadlets) on the morning after reading the Manchester exaggeration.

The "*Bäcker*" threw up his floury eyebrows and shook his head, as he answered, "*Ich verstehe nicht Englische*,"—(I do not understand English).

Moreover, when we spoke to the Germans themselves as to the classical acquirements of their butchers and bakers, they laughed, and replied that Herr Cobden had said as much only because he had been soundly rated in the Cöln and other papers for his abuse of the Germans, in his speech about the Foreign Legion.

Nevertheless, there is doubtlessly a greater waste of time in German schools upon languages that the lads will never, perhaps, have occasion to use in after-life, than there is in English academies. Many a German youth, who has bothered his brains till he could write a theme in Greek with almost the same fluency as in his native tongue, settles down in life as a clerk in a post-office perhaps, or shopman to a dry-salter, or some equally classical occupation.

We ourselves wasted seven of the best years of our life at Westminster School, where we were not even taught our own language, nor even writing nor reckoning, but bored to death simply with the dead tongues; and in proof of the advantages derivable from such a system of education we can safely say, that by the time our whiskers had begun to sprout, and we were sent into the world to get our living out of the elements by which we were surrounded, we were in the same beastly ignorance as any Carib—not only of the physical world about us, but of our own natures and our fellow-creatures, as well as of all that was right, true, beautiful, or indeed noble in life.

When Latin constituted the universal language, as it

were, of the learned world, and when books were written only in that tongue, to be ignorant of it was to be incapable of holding communion with the wisest minds. When, too, the New Testament was to be read merely in the original Greek, and it was therefore necessary for those who were not Grecian scholars to obtain their only knowledge of the doctrines through the interpretation of priests and monks, a knowledge of that language became almost essential to every one desiring to be either wise or good.

But surely such a state of things has long since passed away, and these same dead tongues come to be mere intellectual fopperies—the flashy ornaments with which learned dandies like bedizen their minds; even as some personally vain fool thinks it a bit of glory to have his fingers and shirt-front tricked out with jewels.

Now, as we have said before, you see in Prussia the same state of things as existed in our country about a century back; and as English people were classically mad many years ago, when the Parsons, the Bentleys, and the Parrs, constituted the great literary prodigies, so you find the Germans to this day exulting in the full vigour of the antiquated tomfoolery.

“Oh, you really must be introduced to the Herr von Sägespäne,” said a German friend of ours, “for he has written nineteen volumes upon the antiquities of Coblenz alone.”

Such is the Prussian *beau idéal* of literary excellence. But so far was it from ours, that when we had got to know the above-mentioned old fogie by sight we always, immediately we saw him coming towards us, rushed down the first turning as precipitately as if the learned antiquary had been a mad bull, for fear that some of our friends might be sufficiently spiteful to introduce us to what Carlyle

would certainly have styled the "Windbag." During the latter part of our stay in Coblenz, too, we lived in dread of having two or three of the antiquary's nineteen cart-loads of old rubbish shot into our minds.

The reader must not misunderstand us in our banter, for we would not have it thought that we hold it waste of time to acquire a knowledge of the past. All we wish to imply is that such matters should be the *appendices* to education, and not made to constitute the entire text-book itself.

It seems to us, as indeed we said years ago, that a man's true sphere of action lies in the future, and that he should be so educated as to have his mind continually turned in that direction, and taught how to infer from present phenomena events to come; for as all happiness is either of a physical, intellectual, or moral character (and education is of use only as a means of promoting the happiness of the being himself, or those among whom his life is to be passed), so really good schooling appears to us to consist in teaching the future man the laws of the physical, intellectual, and moral universe surrounding him; and thus to give him power, not only over the elements of material nature, but over the minds of his fellow-creatures as well, and, moreover, over those propensities and passions of his own heart, without the ability to govern which he is but little removed from the animals about him. In a word, we would have the youth instructed in all kinds of scientific knowledge, and trained, also, to a perception of the beautiful, by the study of the various arts in connexion with it; and, further, inspired with a fervent love of all that is good and noble, not only by the continual contemplation of the lives and acts of those who have constituted the best, and kindest of our race, but by infusing into his heart such a

pervading sense of all that was done and said by the great Teacher, that the Saviour's precepts should constitute his mainsprings of action, and the Saviour's life the bright example by which his own should be shaped.

This is what appears to us should form the body and bones of education, and compared with which surely the pedantry of languages, and even the fripperies of grammar and the display of accomplishments, are pure vanity. The one deals with things, and men, and acts, and the other with merely words and books. The one seeks to breed wisdom and goodness, while the other tends to foster only learning and prejudice.

Measured, then, by such a standard as the above, the German classical studies dwindle into the purest frivolity.

In the report of the British Association concerning the means of improving the position of science and its cultivators in England, Sir Charles Lyell contrasts the state of Germany with that of our own nation, with reference to the teaching of physical truths. He says, "In Germany, not only in cities where there are universities—but almost everywhere in places where there exists a school of considerable size, for boys under the usual university age—there is at least one teacher to be found whose business it is specially to give instruction in Natural Philosophy and Natural History, and who has charge of a collection of natural objects. Frequently," he adds, "these masters are so much devoted to some one of the branches which they teach as to be authors of original papers in scientific periodicals."

The above observations are upon a level with those of Mr. Cobden, as regards the *strict truth*.

Sir Charles doubtlessly made a rapid tour through the country, and, being a scientific celebrity, saw chiefly the

scientific society whenever he became the guest of a native in any German town. Finding, therefore, all the company to be, like himself, possessed of considerable scientific acquirements, and little dreaming that the assembly of all the wise heads in the place had been gathered together under one roof, in order to meet the London *savant*, he came to the conclusion that there was a general cultivation of "Wissenschaft" throughout Deutschland.

Now we have lived for many long months in the capital of the Rhenish provinces, and though the town contains more than 20,000 inhabitants, the whole of the *savans* comprised in it can easily be stowed in a small back-parlour. Nor does the place boast any museum, or collection of paintings, or public library, or Mechanics' Institute, or, indeed, any establishment of any kind for the teaching of scientific knowledge to the people. And yet it is the permanent residence of the Crown Prince, and often the temporary one of the King himself: so that there would be no lack of patronage for such appliances, if there were any disposition on the part of the people for the foundation of them.

True, there is at the Gymnasium (which is about equivalent to one of our grammar-schools) a professor of Natural Philosophy, to instruct the boys upon Mechanics, &c.; and again, at the Protestant School, there is a gentleman, who is perhaps the most eminent follower of science in all the town, for the teaching of botany to the children; and, moreover, at the other schools there may be an occasional exhibition of a solar microscope by some travelling possessor of such an instrument. But this, we believe, in all honesty, makes up the entire machinery for scientific teaching extant in the capital of the Rhenish provinces,—the more learned professors at the schools being about equivalent in talent and

~~status~~ to those gentlemen who teach chemistry and astronomy now-a-days at the greater proportion of our own seminaries.

Moreover, so that we might do the people no injustice, we attended a grand meeting of the united "Wissenschaft" at Coblenz, in a back-room at one of the hotels. Here the entire congregation consisted of not more than two score people; and among the number were some dozen officers, who, having dropped in merely to kill the time, were not long in falling asleep, and then amused the company by snoring through the lectures. At this meeting we heard a paper read upon "drinking water" by one of the physicians of the town, and in which an attempt was made to prove that the *goitre*, so prevalent in the districts, was due to a deficiency of carbonate of lime in the fluid (!); we heard, too, a lecture on the formation of the "Laager See;" as well as a brief exposition of the principle of complementary colours, illustrated by pieces of tinted paper.

Surely none of these matters tend to bear out Sir Charles Lyell's assertion as to the superior machinery existing throughout Germany for the dissemination of scientific knowledge; especially as there is hardly a town in England without a Mechanics' Institute, boasting its library and classes, and bi-weekly lectures, all purposely designed for the teaching of persons engaged in commerce or handicrafts, and whereat the lectures delivered would certainly bear comparison with the papers read at the United Wissenschaft of Coblenz.

Further, judging by the utter ignorance of all the middle-class Germans with whom we were acquainted as to the commonest scientific truths, there is assuredly no comparison between the people of England and those of Prussia upon such matters.

"Ah! you Englishmen all know something of science,"

said a Coblenz *savant* to a friend of ours, so as to mark the difference between the acquirements of our countrymen and his own. The German, too, was as well fitted as Sir Charles to speak upon such matters, for he was a regular attendant at the meetings of our British Association.

But not only had we an opportunity of judging of the *general* attainments of the Rhenish people, in this respect, from the meetings of the United Wissenschaft of the Capital; but during our stay in Coblenz an English scientific gentleman, well known throughout Germany, not only for the elegance and lucid character of his experiments, but also for the beauty and completeness of his illustrative models and machinery, visited the town to lecture on the subject of Static and Voltaic Electricity; and though it was generally admitted that such apparatus had never before been seen by the Coblenzers—and many even of the *savans* had never set eyes on a galvanic battery in all their lives—few of the people, or indeed of the “learned professors,” thought it worth even five groschens (6*d.*) to be enlightened on the subject.

So ignorant, too, was the principal analytic chemist of the Rhenish capital concerning all that was shown on the occasion, that he did not scruple to take drawings of every instrument shown; and we ourselves had to pay for a Herr Lehrer before we could prevail upon him to witness the exhibition.

“I would rather have my ‘*Flasche*’ of vine than five groschens pay for all the ‘*Electriticät*’ and ‘*Galvanismus*’ in the velt,” said the refined and wise German, on being pressed to visit the place.

Further, we may add, that the chief analyst of the town had so little knowledge of the names of those English chemists to whom the world is indebted for the principal discoveries in that branch of science, that though one side of his room was

covered with portraits of LIEBIG and BERZELIUS, MISTERLICH and ROSE, and LAVOISIER and BERTHOLLET, and DUMAS—and, indeed, every foreigner who had added the least mite to the chemical knowledge-fund—yet not one British face ornamented his walls.

But “surely,” said we to the Doctor, “PRIESTLEY, the discoverer of oxygen, is worthy of a place among the others—and BLACK, the discoverer of ‘latent heat’—and CAVENDISH, too, he who first resolved water into two gases—and WOLLASTON, who originally taught metallurgists how platinum could be wrought—and DAVY again, who added more, perhaps, to chemical philosophy than any *one* mind that ever lived; DAVY, the discoverer of the alkaligenous and terrigenous metals; DAVY, who demonstrated chlorine to be an element, and thus deepened our insight into the affinities of things to an extent that chemists alone can appreciate—and DALTON, to whom we owe the atomic theory, a theory that has been as valuable to chemistry as that of gravitation to astronomy—and last, though certainly not least, FARADAY, the discoverer of ‘magneto-electricity,’ whose *Experimental Researches* have poured such a flood of light upon the subject, that all who have a reverence for the great wisdom-teachers of the world cannot but entertain a worshipful feeling for one to whom they owe so much knowledge and so much happiness.”

But let us put the scientific attainments of the Rhenish people to a *practical* test. Do not let us deal with scientific *persons* but with scientific *things*, for if there be a greater knowledge of natural philosophy among the Germans than with us, we shall, of course, find in Deutschland a greater application of it than in England, to the purposes of everyday life.

Now, in a preceding volume we have informed the reader that a “bridge of boats,” as it is called, constitutes at Coblenz

the only communication between the two opposite banks of the Rhine. This bridge of boats consists of some thirty odd old barges, about as elegant in construction as the vessels which carry our coals along the Thames, whilst the gangway over them is formed of rude and shaky planks resting on the gun-wales of the craft.

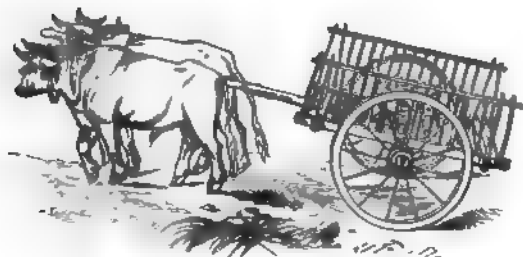
Surely such a construction cannot be cited as an overpowering evidence of engineering skill? But when the reader hears that this same boat-bridge has positively to be pulled to pieces each time a lighter or steamboat goes by the town, and that the traffic between the opposite shores is often thus delayed, for half-an-hour in the summer time, whilst in the winter—previous to the frost setting in—the barges have to be removed altogether, so that it frequently occurs that all communication is cut off for weeks between people but a few hundred yards apart—when an Englishman, we say, is told this, he will not be very long in making up his mind as to the scientific acquirements of a country in which such a state of things is tolerated. Neither can it be urged that the bridge of platformed barges is necessitated by the masses of ice that descend the river in winter, for the same rude contrivance still exists at Cöln, which is the principal merchant-town of the Rhine.* And, even if it were impossible to build a stone bridge from such a cause, a suspension one could not be open to the like objection; besides, there is our own grand construction over the Menai Straits for the inert Deutschers to copy.

Be assured, then, reader, that the most distinctive feature of the ordinary Prussian mind is its *utter ignorance upon all scientific matters*. Granted there are great and brilliant ex-

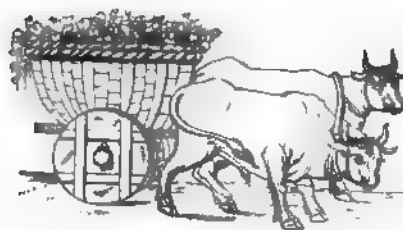
* While we are writing, the King of Prussia is just going to lay the foundation-stone of a permanent bridge at that town. Oct. 1st, 1855.

ceptions among the people, but LIEBIG, and SCHÖNBEIN, and ANGELANDER, and BESSEL are no more types of the ordinary intellect of Germany than all Englishmen are SHAKESPEARES, or NEWTONS, or HERSCHELs in mind.

While we write, for example, there crawls past our window the same ox-wagon as the people used when the Romans were



OX-WAGON AT PRESENT USED IN GERMANY.



ANCIENT ROMAN PLAUSTRUM (copied from a bas-relief at Rome).

here teaching them the arts of civilised life; and if we walked down to the Rhine we should see the very same rude, square-bowed boats that Germanicus originally taught them to build—now nearly 1800 years ago! Their ploughs, too, remain to this day the models of the old Roman “*aratra*,” and even the “*Haar-nadels*” and “*Runde-mütze’s*” worn by the peasant-women on the banks of the Middle-Rhine are merely the

remains of the old Roman fashions — as witness the subjoined engravings..



ROMAN "ACUS"
(from an engraving given in *Montfaucon*).



GRECIAN "MITRA"
(copied from an ancient vase).

Hence, with the Rhenish people, the world seems to have stood still since the time of Tiberius, or at least, Charlemagne.

"But have the Coblenz people no gas in their streets?" it may be asked. "Yes, they have," is the reply; "but a Frenchman manufactures it for them."

"Have they no steam-engines?" "Certainly; but they are all constructed in England."

Their steam-vessels are built by English shipwrights. Their railways, again, are cut by English navigators, and managed by English directors; their mines are almost all worked by Englishmen; and Englishmen, too, are mostly at the head of their factories.

Indeed, the German mind is naturally so slow, and the people so innately averse to any land-conveyance that travels at a quicker pace than an aged cow, or to any vessel that cuts through the water at a more rapid rate than a Dutch "*trek-schuit*," that at the last Revolution the populace fired at the steam-tugs as they passed up the Rhine, and we were credibly assured, that should another such outbreak take place, every engine in the land would be destroyed.

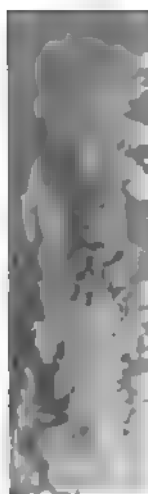
Now, did you ever happen, sapient reader—we suppose

we must call you so—to see a fire in any of the German towns? Were you ever roused from your slumbers in the dead of the night by the “*Nacht-wacht*” who sits perched up in the church-steeple, bellowing with his horn through the air like some spectral bull? Did you ever hear the watchman, who ordinarily whistles the hour through the streets at night time, roar “*heraus*,” as he banged at the shutters of all the houses in the street?—for in this most scientific country there are neither knockers nor bells to the doors; no! nor any fire-brigade connected with the town—every citizen being compelled by law to assist at the extinction of the flames.

Did you ever, at such a time, hasten to the burning house, and witness the *wonderful* scientific attainments of these highly-educated *Deutschers*? Have you seen them, as we have, bring the water in barrels from the river-side?—the nation of *savans* having neither mains in the street nor cisterns in the houses? Have you ever heard of whole towns being destroyed owing to the defective appliances throughout Germany upon these matters—as well as the utter ignorance of the people where to throw the thimblesful of water that they bring, one by one, to the spot? Did you ever read that it was an English engineer (Mr. Lindley) who extinguished the great fire at Hamburg, after the poor, simple Germans, had let it burn on for three days and nights, destroying nearly 2000 houses and upwards of 60 streets?

Let us add, too, that at the time the Coblenz prison was on fire, it was the English chaplain who stayed the ravages of the flames, as was testified by the public thanks of the town voted him in consequence. And we ourselves have been forced to show these wiseacres how to act on a similar occasion.

In fine it may be said, without injustice to the nation, that the peculiar complexion of the German mind is of that childish



or simpletonic quality which English young gentlemen delight to denominate as "verdant," and that often their acknowledged *savans* devote their whole lives to the study of the most frivolous subjects.

Once we were introduced to a German *Weiser*, who, a Teutonic friend assured us, bore a high reputation in the Rhenish provinces. We naturally begged to be informed to what point of science he directed his attention. Was it Astronomy, we wondered, by which he sought to fathom the infinite ocean of space? Or was it Geology that he studied, in order to read the wondrous story of creation graven on the everlasting tablets of the rocks? Or was it Physiology that he was striving to unriddle, so as to get even a glimpse into the profound mysteries of life and organism? or Chemistry? or Mechanics? or Botany?

No! it was none of these. Neither the stars, nor the rocks, nor the flowers, nor human life interested him: only—*Cockchafers!*

He was, we were assured, the greatest "*Coleopterist*"—or rather cockchaferist, in all the world.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(14.)

THE LAKE OF CONSTANZ AND ISLANDS OF MAINAU AND REICHENAU.

The Lake of Constanz (Germ. *Boden See*) and the Lake of Lemman are the two frontier-lakes of Switzerland, and that of Constanz performs for the Rhine the same process of filtration as that of Lemman effects for the Rhone. The Rhine

enters the Bodensee at a little below the point called *Rhein-eck* (Rhine corner)—where it has formed an extensive delta by the accumulation of deposits—and flows out under the walls of the city of Constanze into an arm or branch of the lake itself, called the *Unter See* (lower lake).

The Constanze Lake is about 220 square miles in superficial extent, and 120 miles in circumference. Its form resembles that of the stump of an old tree, with a double branch or fork protruding from it at the end by Constanze—the northern branch or prolongation bearing the name of the *Ueberlingen See*, while the southern one is called, as we have said, the *Unter- (or Zeller-) See*.

Its extreme length measured S.E. and N.W. from *Bregenz* to *Ludwigshafen*, at the end of the *Ueberlingen See*, is about 40 miles;* the distance from Constanze to Bregenz being about 80 miles. Its greatest breadth, on the other hand, between *Rorschach* and *Friedrichshafen* is about 10 miles, while from *Friedrichshafen* to *Romanshorn* it is only 7 miles wide.†

* These figures are given vaguely, because all the authorities agree to differ on the subject. M'Culloch, in his "Geographical Dictionary," gives 34 miles as the length of the lake, but does not state *from* and *to* what points the measurement is taken. Murray, however, makes it 44 miles long from Bregenz to Constanze only (!); whilst Herr Ottman Schönhuth—the most reliable authority—makes the entire length from Bregenz to Ludwigshafen only 16 stunden, which is equal to 8 German miles or 37½ English miles.

† The times taken by the steamboats to traverse the lake are as follow :—

From Constanze to Lindau	3 hours
„ „ Rorschach	2½ „
„ „ Friedrichshafen	1½ „
„ „ Meersburg	½ „
„ „ Ueberlingen	1½ „
From Lindau to Rorschach	2 „
„ „ Friedrichshafen	1½ „
„ „ Meersburg	5 „
From Friedrichshafen to Rorschach	1½ „
„ „ „ Romanshorn	1 „
„ „ „ Meersburg	1½ „
From Meersburg to Ueberlingen	1 „
„ „ Ludwigshafen	1 „

But though smaller in superficial extent than the Lake of Geneva, it exceeds it in the volume of its water, being upwards of 300 yards in depth at its most profound point; the Ueberlingen prolongation, however, has a depth of but 500 feet, while the branch called the Unter- (or Zeller-) See, measures only 60 feet of water at its deepest part, and is fordable at others.

The elevation of the lake is between 1200 and 1300 feet above the level of the sea, and yet it seldom freezes: it has, indeed, being covered with ice but five times in the last six centuries; viz. in the years 1277, 1560, 1573, 1695, and 1829-30.

Sometimes, when the snow is melting rapidly in the summer—and from other causes not yet explained—the waters of the lake rise several feet (upwards of six or eight) in a day. The liquid contents, however, are, as a rule, the smallest in the winter time, and the greatest in summer. (See footnote, p. 312.) Numerous small streams augment the body of water poured in by the Rhine, and contribute, in a measure, to fill up the basin of the Lake.

The wind which is the most dangerous to boats upon the Lake is that which comes from the south, and is called by the Swiss, "*Föhn*." The danger arises not only from the suddenness with which it bursts over the water, but to the "ground swell," which at such times is considerably increased. This ground-swell is termed "*Ruhos*," and is a phenomenon peculiar to the Lakes of Constanx and Geneva: it consists in a sudden rising or commotion of the water—occasionally without any wind to stir it—which at such times is thrown up against the banks with considerable force. The approach of the *ruh* is always indicated by a whitish-grey fog, followed by thick black clouds.

The lake abounds in fish, of which 25 species have been enumerated, and these are usually caught with nets.

Its coasts traverse five European states; viz. Austria (in the province of Vorarlberg), Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, and Switzerland (in the Cantons of St. Gall and Thurgau); the latter nation, indeed, possesses the whole of the southern coast, with the exception of the town of Constanx. The principal cities on its banks are Bregenz in Austria, Lindau in Bavaria, Friedrichshafen in Württemberg, Meersburg and Constanx in Baden, Romanshorn Arbon and Rorschach in Switzerland.

The original name of the Bodensee was "*Lacus Brigantinus*," and the part of the Lake between Bregenz and Lindau called the "*Bregenzsee*" to this day. Towards the end of the ninth century, however, it obtained the title of "*Lacus Potamius*," or *Podamius*, and this was afterwards corrupted into *Bodamer See*, *Bodmer See*, *Bodam See*, and finally to *Bodensee*. At the end of the lacustrine branch called the *Überlingen See*, there is a town still bearing the name of *Bodmann*, and some persons doubt whether this gave its name to, or derived it from, the Lake.

The first mention of this Lake is under the title of *Lacus Brigantinus*, during the reign of Augustus, who sent his stepson Claudius Drusus, as well as his eldest son, Tiberius Nero, to subdue the South German tribes, who were making incursions into the Roman territories. Tiberius advanced through the Gallic provinces, and Drusus up the Rhine, and on meeting at Arbon they beheld the Lake for the first time. Tiberius is said to have fitted out a fleet and sailed over the Lake, landing on an island which some suppose to have been *Reichenau*; but which others, with more probability, affirm to have been *Lindau*.

At this time three savage tribes dwelt upon the banks: (1), the *Helvetians*, who occupied the southern or Swiss bank of the

Lake, and came originally from the canton of St. Gall; (2), the *Rhætians*, occupying the whole of the south-eastern banks by Rorschach, and who were formerly an important race in Italy, and inhabited, under the name of Etruscans, the country between the Tiber and the Apennines; and (3), the *Vindelicians*, (the Augsburgers) who possessed the greater part of the northern banks by Bregenz and Lindau, and originally came, it is said, from Illyria. Under the Romans, the Swiss bank of the lake was called "*Rhætia prima*," and the Swabian (or Baden) bank, "*Rhætia secunda*."

The Romans not only greatly improved the country, but taught the people how to cultivate the land, and planted the first fruit-trees on the banks. At Arbon (anciently called "*Arbor felix*") the first Roman castle was built upon the shore. The Romans remained in the neighbourhood till the middle of the third century, when the Alemanni appeared upon the banks and overran the country, being afterwards joined by the Suevi (Swabians). Both of these tribes settled on the borders of the Lake, and continued in possession of the country until the end of the fifth century, when they were conquered by the Franks and became the subjects of King Clovis.

The Lake has but few picturesque charms in comparison with those of Geneva or Lucerne. Its banks are flat, or at best but slightly sloping, and (except at the end, by Bregenz, where the Vorarlberg mountains are seen looming like a long, low cloud, just above the horizon) it is devoid of any peculiarly Alpine features. Indeed, the sight of the country round about Constanz seldom fails to disappoint the visitor, who comes there elate with the notion of getting his first peep at Swiss scenery. He finds, however, merely a huge pool of blue water, environed with landscapes that by no means

equal those of either the lochs of Scotland or the Cumberland lakes in beauty.

After a time, however, the distant Alps begin to make their appearance; and on a bright clear day, towards the end of the autumn, the summits of the higher mountains may be seen with their cap of snow, white and billowy as cumulus-clouds; while the fertility of the Swiss and German shores serves, with the fresh colours of the vegetation, to compensate for their level character.

Then the Lake itself is always a more or less pleasing object—with the busy steamers traversing its surface, and the sound of the paddle-wheels for ever pulsing like a heart across the broad expanse of water, and the little pleasure-boats dancing in the distant light like summer insects; while the mirror-like surface of the immense pool seems as if scratched here and there with the long trail of the passing boats, and the grey-brown plume of smoke from some far-off steamer hangs over the water like an enormous wraith of cobweb in the air.

Then there are the lovely nights, when the moon converts the entire lake into one large plate of burnished silver; and the villages on the opposite shore are like so many knots of fire-flies, with their many lights; and the distant hills seem like monster spectres in the sky. Occasionally, at such times, when the night-breeze is chilled with its sweep across the Alpine snow, as well as the broad expanse of water over which it has to travel, the sirocco pours its warm and pleasant breath—sudden as a burst of sunlight—upon the cheek, touching it with exquisite softness, and feeling as beautifully tepid as if the frame had been steeped, all of an instant, in a bath of new milk. At the upper part of the Lake, where the expanse is narrowed, the sirocco has considerable force, and bursts so abruptly over the water that it becomes dangerous to small

boats. But at the Constanz end its strength is spent; and there it sweeps along most deliciously warm, and yet as bracingly fresh, as a spring-day. In Italy, however, the same breeze produces great laziness, owing to its extreme heat; though by the time it reaches Constanz it is so cooled by the Alpine snows and lakes which it passes over by the way, that it is at once pleasant and refreshing as cows' breath.

The Lake steamers, of which there are about a dozen, make Sunday excursions to the Island of Mainau,—or Meinau, as it is often called,—where there is usually a band and a dance at the insular "*Caffé u. Weinwirtschaft*," for the delight of the folk from the surrounding shores.

There are, strictly speaking, three islands in the Lake of Constanz. The first of these is Lindau, which is rather a city built up in the middle of the water than a patch of insulated land, and is situate at the upper or eastern end of the Lake. The other islands, however, belong respectively to the lacustrine branches, termed the Ueberlinger and the Unter See—the island of *Mainau* being situate at a short distance from the mouth of the former, and that of *Reichenau* set in the middle of the latter.

The entire surface of Mainau is but 125 square acres in extent; the island containing merely a palace, a tavern, and a farm. The name Main-au is said to signify, literally, fine pasture-land; for in the 16th century the island was called "*Mayen-aue*;" that is to say, May-meadows or pleasure-fields.

According to tradition, the Lord of Bodmann originally possessed the island, and his daughter, when it came to be her property, gave it to her lover, who was one of the Knights of the German Order. But the chronicles of Reichenau tell a different tale, showing that it formerly belonged to the monks of *that* island, and that they assigned it to the

Knights of Langenstein, who in their turn made it over to the Knights of the Teutonic Order; for in the archives of Reichenau there is a record, to the effect that the Knight Arnold of Langenstein and his four sons gave Mainau, in 1293, as a free gift to the Teutonic Order of Knights, upon the consideration of their paying 20lbs. of wax as a tribute, every Candlemas, to the Bishop of Constanz.

In 1647 the Swedes, under Gustavus Wrangel, bombarded Mainau with seventeen ships; and on gaining possession of it, found property upon the island to the value of nearly half a million of money. Till 1806, Mainau was the Exchequer of the Order of German Knights.

By the treaty of Presburg the island was assigned to the Grand Duke of Baden, who subsequently sold it to Prince Esterhazy; but it is now the property of the Duke of Hamilton, who married the Princess of Baden.

The steam-boat to Mainau leaves Constanz at one o'clock every Sunday throughout the season, calling at Meersburg by the way, and allowing the passengers some two-hours' stay on the island itself. The boat in which we went (and remember, saintly reader, that even the Puritanical Scotch Member of Parliament danced on the Sabbath directly he got on the other side of the Channel) carried a small cargo of apparent working people, and petty tradesmen, and servants, besides a heavy sprinkling of soldiers (exclusive of the military band on board),—all bent on a holiday trip, the fare there and back being but sixpence, second class.

The day was a lovely autumn one, and the snow-capped tips of the Vorarlberg hills at the upper end of the Lake were tinted half yellow with the rich warm sunlight. The line of the mountain-chain, too, lengthened as we beat across the Lake; and the round dome of the Sentis came out grandly with its faint powdering here and there of early autumn

snow. We could see, too, the crooked back of the "*Altmann* (Old Man), and the jagged line of the "*Kurfürsten*" hills (the "Prince Elector" mountains—so called from there being seven of them in number), as well as the tall cone of the "*Kamor*." These were the principal peaks of the "Appenzeller Alps;" but to the right of them stretched the fine diadem-like line of the "Bernese Alps," and to the left undulated the billowy chain of the "Tyrolese Alps;" whilst in front of the taller hills—which seemed almost as though modelled out of the white clouds themselves—there ran a long dark screen of a lesser mountain-chain, that contrasted magnificently with the bright silver peaks of the higher Alps behind. The Lake itself was the colour of blue tempered steel, and as its little waves danced in the sun-beams it shone with all the golden metallic colouring of a mackarel's back.

In less than half-an-hour we were at Meersburg, a town that, in the distance, seemed like a city of white marble palaces terracing a steep hill-side. On nearing the shore, however, the marble palaces dwindled into buildings more like large white-washed workhouses and barracks. One of these we learnt was the "*Seminar*" (town school) of the place, but another proved to be a real palace, whilst the remainder were the prisons and customs-offices of the town. Here was a small pier with a tiny harbour, and this our steamer entered, while the band played and drew the Sunday-folk to the quay, like bees swarming at the sound of a gong. In a few moments afterwards the boat, with a heavy addition to its human cargo, steamed out of the haven again, while the boys ran shouting along to the end of the pier to see the vessel go by.

Not long after this the island of Mainau began to grow and grow, rising, as it were, from out the water; and a few more twirls of the paddles brought us alongside the little square stone tank there doing duty for a haven. High on top of the

island mound was seen a French-looking palace, (formerly the Commandery of the Knights of the Teutonic Order); the façade of which reminded one of St. Cloud, with the exception that it was striped with red sandstone pillars, and at the end towards Lindau there was a chapel-like building; whilst in front of the palace a broad stone terrace jutted out somewhat after the fashion of the "Altan" at Heidelberg, and this was dotted with persons watching the holiday-makers land.

Once on shore, the island was found to be like a garden with its careful cultivation; and after ascending the pathway round one corner of the pretty patch of earth we came to an archway, where stood the money-taker with a soup-plate, demanding twopence of each person who entered.

At the back of the palace a long range of outhouses had been converted into a *Gasthof*, and here were bowered seats at the end of a garden. Hither the people came to drink their "*neu Wein*" (see p. 365) and "*halbe Portione Caffé*," while the military band that had landed with the passengers played waltzes and mazourkas at intervals, and the girls danced with their sergeants and sweethearts.

Round the palace stretched pretty-enough gardens, and at the rear were orchards, and meadows, and crops that told of the luxuriant soil. Behind the palace, towards Constanx, the land shelved gradually down to the water-side, and here was a narrow bridge, scarcely wider than the gangway from a steamer's floating-pier, connecting the island with the neighbouring shore. From its extreme narrowness the bridge had the appearance of an interminable raised rope-walk.

The view of the Alps from the terrace and gardens at Mainau is very fine, commanding as the balcony does the entire sweep of the Lake from one end to the other.

The palace contains little that is peculiar except the "*Wappen*," or escutcheons of the Knights-Commander of the Teutonic Order—a work that was recently executed for Prince Esterhazy.

The first inscription upon this is "FRATER RUDOLPH VON SCHAFFUS, COMMANDEUR, $\overline{\text{AO}}$ 1264;" the *Wappen* itself being headed—

VERZEICHNISS
DER SCHILD UND WAPPEN
DEREN HOCHWÜRDIGE
HERREN COMANDEURS
STADTHALTERS-HAUS COMANDEURS UND HOFMEISTERS
DER REICHS COMANDE
MAYNAU.

The last inscription on the *Wappen* is as follows:—

CON : JOS : SIG : CARL
REICH V. REICHENSTEIN BROMBACH
COMANDEUR $\overline{\text{AO}}$ 1805.

The island of *Reichenau*, of which a view is given in the vignette to the title-page of this book, is situate, as we have said, in the "Under Lake," as it is called in German—in contradistinction to the Upper (Ueberlinger) branch of the water.

This is considerably larger than Mainau, being $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and upwards of 2 miles broad, so that it is nearly the size of Sark in the British Channel. It boasts three distinct villages or hamlets—one called *Oberzell* (Upper Cell), situate at the end of the island by Constanx, and containing some 300 inhabitants; another, at the opposite extremity, named *Unterzell* (Under Cell), with a population of 150; and the

third, styled *Mittelzell* (Middle Cell), numbering as many as 1000 souls.

The earliest mention of this island is in the eighth century, when it belonged to an Austrian land-steward ("landvogt") of the name of Zintlas, after whom it was then called "*Zintlas-au*." At this period it seems to have been a wilderness, and infested by lizards and snakes. Zintlas, however, persuaded the Bishop Pirminius to allow a Kloster to be established upon it; immediately after which, we are assured, the reptiles all disappeared from its shores, and the desert became a garden—the island being then so highly cultivated as to obtain for it the name of *Reiche-Aue* (rich pasture-land).

The Kloster of Reichenau, up to the middle of the 14th century, was one of the wealthiest and most renowned, while its schools and scholars ranked as the most learned, in all Germany. During 1350–1400, however, the monastery grew poor, as the monks became depraved; and in the 16th century it was assigned to the Bishop of Constanz.

The island at the present day displays little or no traces of its former monastic greatness, or even superior culture. It is approached from the Baden side of the Rhine by a long narrow shoal-bank, planted on either side with poplars, and having a small bridge (like the gangway over a moat) at the end near the island.

The island itself is a long oval in form, and rises to a mound-like height in the centre. This part is called the "*Hohenwart*" (the high look-out), and has a belvedere built upon it at the cost of Herr Hofrath von Seyfried, whose rondelled residence is seen close by.

The principal objects worthy of notice on the island are the old Münster Kirche in the Middle-zell, and the ruins of the Castle of "*Schopfeln*" (*Scopula*) in the Upper-zell.

The Münster was built in the year 806 by Abbot Hatto I.,

and contains some carvings of the 15th century, as well as some primitive German pictures, and a number of relics (including a tooth of the Evangelist St. Mark!), together with some mediæval communion services.

The castle of Schopfeln, on the other hand, which immediately adjoins the bridge, is said to have been the residence of the Abbots of Reichenau, and to have afforded an asylum to fugitives in the olden times. Nothing now remains of the Burg but a mere hedge of walls. Its destruction was brought about, we are told, by the Provost Mangold having thrust out, with his own fingers, the eyes of some Constanx fishermen who had intruded on the island,—an act of cruelty which so incensed the Constanzers, that they came down in a body and rased not only the castle, but several of the monastic residences, to the ground.

¶ i.

Ignorant Superstition—“Holy Coat” of Trèves—Educational Test—The Dumb Press of Germany.

But, so that we may neither unduly humiliate the Rhenish people nor exalt our own, let us test the relative wisdom of the two races in a still more convincing manner. The Great Exhibition of 1851, it is well known, was open for rather better than 23 weeks, or altogether 144 days, and was visited during that time by upwards of six million people: so that the average number of attendants was more than 40,000 per diem. The “Holy Coat of Trèves,” on the other hand, was exhibited in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Helen at Trier, in 1844 (after an interval of 34 years), and was viewed by 1,100,000 pilgrims in eight weeks, which

gives an average of nearly 20,000 daily attendants. Now this so-called Holy Coat is feigned to be the identical garment without a seam worn by Christ himself; * and though the imposition is of so glaring a character that no person possessing a brain bigger than a walnut would credit it for one moment, nevertheless, 1 in every 15 individuals of the entire Prussian population made a pilgrimage to the city, in order to set eyes on the rag; the daily number of attendants being no less than half as many as those who flocked to our own Great Exhibition.

If, then, we consider the character of the two "shows"—the blasphemous cheat practised at the one, and the wondrous display of all the world's art and science concentrated at the other; and, moreover, how none but the merest simpletons

* This garment is exhibited only at long intervals of time—between 25 and 30 years; but we are credibly informed that it is very doubtful as to whether it will be ever shown again in public: for during the last exhibition so many Romists seceded from the Church, and founded the new sect of German Catholics under Ronge (the author of the celebrated letter denouncing the imposition), that the Papal authorities will fear to cause a similarly large (or, probably, owing to the spread of knowledge—a much greater) secession, by another exhibition. Nevertheless, a considerable number of the German people may be seen to carry small medals of the "*HELLIGE ROCK*," as indicative, not only that they still belong to the "faithful," but that they formed part of the pilgrims who visited the relic. These medals have touched the hem of the venerated garment, and the simple wearers of them pray to them and kiss them when they are sick or in trouble. No mention of the existence of this coat occurs in history until the year 1000. The Romists, nevertheless, aver that it was deposited in the Cathedral of Trier by St. Helena, the founder of the edifice, mother of Constantine the Great, and pseudo-discoverer of the cross of Christ, on May 3d, A.D. 328. But, Helena was the wife of Constantius Chlorus, the Roman emperor, who died at York, in Great Britain, A.D. 306; so that, as she was born in the year 247, she must have been just upon 60 when she became a widow. Nevertheless, 22 years after that event, when the old lady must have reached her 81st year, according to Cocker—and 258 years, too, after Titus had razed the holy city to the ground—the venerable dame, as the tale runs, dug up the three crosses on Mount Calvary, and was enabled to distinguish that on which Christ suffered from those of the two thieves by its immediately curing a sick woman who touched it. But if this feat could have been performed only in the lady's octogenarianhood, surely she must have been an extraordinary woman to have been able to visit Germany

could have had the least belief, or found the smallest delight in the sight of the sham relic, and how only those who possessed some *slight* intellect could have been gratified by the contemplation of the manufactures and machinery of the entire globe;—if these matters, we say, be placed side by side, what a strong sense does the contrast give us as to the mental difference between the two peoples!

What matters it though educational statistics tell us that, taking the whole of Prussia, there is 1 attendant at school to every 6 of the entire population,* since assuredly the statistics as to the number of visitors to the sham Holy Coat show us,

subsequent to that date, and found almost all the ancient German churches and cathedrals—as that of Bonn, Trèves, and Florins church in Coblenz, &c. &c., as well as to deposit the Holy Coat in the *Trierische Domkirche*—seeing that, according to history, she died in 328—the very same year as she is affirmed to have discovered the cross and founded the church on Mount Calvary! “The Holy Coat,” says Professor J. Marr, in his “*Geschichte des heil: Rockes zu Trier*,” “is without seam, being woven throughout, and having wide sleeves without any folds. Its colour is dark-brown, and some believe they can discover spots, as if of blood, upon it in places. The material is light and fine; the sleeves are 1 foot 6 inches long; the entire breadth of the garment, with the sleeves, is 5 feet 5 inches; below the sleeves, it is 2 feet 4 inches wide; and at the lowermost part of all, 3 feet 7 inches. The entire length amounts to 5 feet 1 inches.” In shape it is not unlike a lady’s chemise; and the style of manufacture resembles that of an enormous Guernsey. It was exhibited in a kind of gandy wardrobe, having a glass plate in front of it, through which the coat appeared hanging on a pole, that was suspended from the top by means of a golden cord at either end. At the bottom of the wardrobe was a circular aperture at either side, large enough to admit the arm, and near this sat a priest, ready to introduce any object for the faithful, and “bless” it, by bringing it into contact with the hem of the garment, “and all for the small charge of —.” At the little shop in Coblenz, where we purchased a medal, the woman assured us that a calico picture of the coat which we obtained there, as well as the metallic memorial itself, had both been “*angerührt*,” and that therefore she could not *sell* them to us as Protestants; but if we chose to give something to the poor in exchange for them, we might become the future proprietors of the blessed relics.

* According to the census of 1843, the population of Prussia, exclusive of Neufchatel, was very nearly 15½ millions; and of this number it was calculated that about ¼th of the whole, or not quite 3 millions, were between 6 and 14 years

at the same time, that there is 1 idiot to every 15 souls throughout the country?

of age. The educational returns of the same period show us, on the other hand, that the number of children receiving instruction throughout the kingdom was, in round numbers, 2,300,000; so that, according to this statement, there would appear to be about 600,000 children of the above ages receiving no instruction. As a set-off, however, it is urged that some children are in too delicate a state of health to begin their education at so early a period, whilst others have finished it at their 12th or 13th year. Again, the return does not include the attendance at the first-class academies, as "gymnasiums, lyceums," &c.; so that, making allowance for all these circumstances, it is said that every child born within the limits of the Prussian territory—with the exception of a few districts in Posen—may be considered to be "educated."

The following table, exhibiting the comparative state of education in Holland, Belgium, France, and Prussia, has been compiled from the returns of 1836:—

Kingdom.	Population.	No. of Schools.	No. of Pupils.	No. of Pupils to every 100 of Population.
France (1832)	32,569,223	42,092	1,968,200	7.7
Belgium (1835)	4,165,953	5,563	411,543	9.7
Holland (1835)	2,528,387	2,832	304,459	12.0
Prussia (1831)	12,726,823	22,612	2,045,204	16.1

The subjoined statement shows the per-centage of scholars to the population in various parts of Europe and America, between the years 1830 and 1835:—

	No. of Pupils to every 100 of Population.		No. of Pupils to every 100 of Population.
State of Maine (1833)	33.3	Canton of Neuchâtel (1832)	15.6
„ New Hampshire (1833)	33.3	Province of Friesland (1835)	14.7
„ New York (1834) ...	27.7	Wurtemberg (1830)	14.3
„ Massachusetts (1833)	25.0	Denmark (1834)	14.3
„ Vermont (1831)	25.0	Norway (1834)	14.3
„ Ohio (1833)	25.0	Bavaria (1831)	12.5
„ New Jersey	20.0	Holland (1835)	12.0
Canton of Zürich (1832)	20.0	Pennsylvania	11.1
„ Argovia (1832) ...	18.8	Switzerland (1834)	11.1
Saxony (1834)	18.2	Austria (1832)	10.
Bohemia (1833)	17.5	Belgium (1835)	9.7
Prussia (1831)	16.6	England (1833)	9.0
Canton of Vaud (1834)	16.6	Scotland (1834)	9.0
Duchy of Baden (1830)	16.6	Lombardy (1832)	7.9
Province of Drenthe (1835).	16.6	Ireland (1831)	7.6
„ Overijssel (1835)	16.1	France (1834)	7.5

Since the date of the above returns, the proportion of scholars in England has

Nor should it be imagined that this same superstitious idiocy is limited to the vulgar; for it is not only those who have attended the schools that believe in such blasphemous falsities, but even those who are the teachers of the scholars. We have heard a Herr Lehrer, in this so-called educated land,

vastly increased, as may be seen by the subjoined tables, which are copied from those of Mr. Horace Mann, in the census of 1851 :—

Years.	Population.	Number of Scholars.		No. of Scholars to every 100 of Population.	
		Day Scholars.	Sunday Scholars.	Day Scholars.	Sunday Scholars.
1818	11,642,683	674,883	477,225	5·8	4·1
1833	14,386,415	1,276,947	1,548,890	8·6	10·7
1851	17,927,609	2,144,378	2,407,642	11·9	13·4

Hence it would appear, that if we add together the day and Sunday scholars throughout England and Wales, we shall find that the gross number of persons receiving *some* instruction with us was upwards of 4½ millions, out of a population of nearly 18 millions; which is rather better than ¼th of the whole, or as high as 25·6 scholars to every 100 people.

In Prussia, attendance at school is *enforced by law*. Every child, on the attainment of its sixth year, *must* be sent either to a public or private school, some one of which it is bound to attend daily, till such time as the minister of the parish certifies that it has acquired the education befitting its station, which usually occurs when it has reached its fourteenth year. If the child be absent from school, unless from illness, more than once or twice in each month, its name is sent to the Burgomeisterie, and the parent is fined one groschen for every day's non-attendance. This rule is carried out with the children of the poor only—the rich being supposed to be sufficiently desirous of having their children educated to save the authorities the trouble of looking after them. At the “*elementar schule*,” the children in the lower forms learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing; whilst those in the upper forms are taught, in addition to the preceding matters, geography, history, and a little German literature, as well as being prepared for confirmation. Moreover, on particular days, the minister of the religion to which the pupil may belong visits the school, in order to give the youth instruction in religion. The “*elementary*” books used in these schools are certainly superior to our own—especially those on the subject of arithmetic, which is taught *rationally*, rather than *memorially*. The discipline, however, is carried to a stupid extreme, and the progress among the scholars is hardly more rapid than that of the ox-wagons.

assure us that he knew for a positive fact that holy water would not putrefy; and though we endeavoured to prove to the tomfool that the putrefaction of organic substances depended upon laws that the Almighty had impressed upon matter at the creation of the world, and that one might as well believe it was possible to stay a cannon-ball in its course by a few passes of a priest's hands as that a *Pfaffe*, by merely blessing the water, could prevent the decomposition of the animal and vegetable matter contained in it—still the "*dummer Kerl*" was reason-proof, and shook his empty head until it almost rattled again.

Further, the streets in this same scientific nation are thronged throughout the summer with extensive processions of pilgrims, who go chanting along the thoroughfares, so that they may be *heard*, as well as "seen of men," whilst on their way to or from some far-famed shrine that is to cure the poor witless things of their epilepsy, their goitre, cancers, scrofula, rheumatism, or some other terrible affliction that is upon them.

Now in England, owing to increased knowledge of late years, we have come to see that the phenomena of health and disease depend upon God's will as expressed in the laws of the human constitution, and that it is our duty, if we would avoid bodily suffering, to study His sanitary commandments, as much even as the sacred mandates enjoined in the Testament itself. Our people now know, that it is only by conforming to those commandments that we can hope to rid ourselves of any violent evil that has come upon us, owing to some breach of the health-laws—since it is the Almighty himself who ordained, that if we would save the life of one suffering from a dose of corrosive sublimate, prayers offered up to a wooden image or waxen doll should be of no avail, but *simple white of egg*, on the other hand, of the highest possible virtue.

A large proportion of the "scientific" Germans, however, think otherwise; therapeutics to them is still a matter either

of witchcraft or charms, or else it is a subject requiring fervent prayer, rather than a patient study of the anatomy and physiology of our own bodies. Diseases come, the *Deutschers* believe, not from any disregard of sanitary laws on the part of ourselves or forefathers, but from some demon power who delights in tormenting poor human nature; and cures are wrought, not by a knowledge of the exquisite organic machinery composing the human frame, but by burning penny candles to some illumination-loving virgin or saint.*

* While we are on the subject of the scientific ignorance of the German people, we may add, that a *Deutsch* schoolmaster assured us that the following was an infallible cure for the toothache :—Remove a portion of the outer bark from an alder-tree; cut a small piece of the green wood immediately beneath it, and having shaped the splint to a point, pierce the gum with this, so that the end may be covered with blood; then replace the blood-stained splint at the part of the tree from which the wood was removed, and cover it over again with the bark, when the patient will find in a short time that all the pain will have left him! This is about equal in intelligence to the mediæval practice of binding up the wound, and applying the salves to the weapon that inflicted it.

The same worthy related to us a *marvellous* occurrence in connexion with the death of one of his own relations, and which we cite here merely for the purpose of exposing the fallacy of it. His brother was a priest in the *Hundsrück*, and whilst our informant was staying with him at the village parsonage, one bright summer's night the picture of their uncle, who had settled in Australia, suddenly fell from the wall flat upon its face, without either the nail or cord by which it was hung having given way. This struck them both as so *ominous* an event, that a note was made of the exact moment and hour at which it occurred; and in some six months afterwards a letter was received from Australia, stating that *on that very day and hour* their uncle had suddenly died from an apoplectic stroke.

The tale was told us with such perfect faith in the connexion between the two events, on account of their *simultaneous* occurrence, that it was evident our friend the schoolmaster was a much better Catholic than geographer, it being well known to every schoolboy with us, that any two places having different meridians must, therefore, have different times; so that, as Australia lies between 113° and 153° east of Greenwich, it is manifest (since every 15° of longitude are equal to an hour of time) that the death of the uncle, in order to have occurred *simultaneously* with the fall of the picture, must have happened from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours *later* by the clocks in Australia than the ominous indication occurred, according to the clocks in the *Hundsrück*.

Now, these same pilgrim processions appear such downright wickedness and folly to us, that we never saw from our window the sly old gentleman in his lace-frock accompanying the simple train of peasants to the gates of the city, but he seemed to us the archest quack and charlatan that ever appeared in the streets of a town; and those poor sick and ulcerous country people, the silliest dupes to be found, perhaps, throughout the globe: so that we could not help thinking, that though 1 in every 6 of the Prussian people is to be found within a school, 1 in every 2 almost of the adult population ought to be locked up inside some lunatic asylum.

If you cite such matters to a German as a proof of the ignorance of his countrymen—despite the boasted education of Prussia—he would tell you that they are only the *Katholischen* who have faith in such things, and that, according to the returns, there are three Protestants to every two Papists in the country.

We reply, that we are not discussing religious creeds, but worldly wisdom, and that if the people were really in the educated state that some would have us believe, it would be impossible, as the above-mentioned conduct is opposed to all reason, for upwards of six millions of individuals (out of a population of sixteen millions) to place the least credence in such impositions.

Even among those, however, who profess to be more enlightened than their fellows, you find the smallest possible amount of worldly wisdom; so little, indeed, that a London journeyman tailor or shoemaker possesses a keener knowledge of life than the most learned German professor.

The simple reason why a London mechanic or handicraftsman has a quicker perception of character, and is more apt

in suiting himself to what are termed the ways of the world than the profoundest "*Philosoph*" we have stumbled over in Germany, is, because the *Deutschers* generally mistake learning for wisdom, and study books rather than men and things: in a word, they have great knowledge of grammar, but little of the world, and are to be found poring over their *Göthe* and *Schiller* when they should be out struggling with the circumstances around them,—acting rather than dreaming.

For the real business of life, almost every man among us is aware that he has to *educate himself*, and that the knowledge which he acquires at school, or indeed which he gets out of books, avails him little or nothing as a means of "making his way in society"—the principles of that ambitious style of architecture which enables a man to be the builder of his own fortunes being as yet unwritten and untaught. And it is precisely because your phlegmatic German is of too inert a nature to acquire such worldly lore for himself, and because he is satisfied to remain the architect of aërial castles only, and to live for ever in tobacco-cloud land, that he and his brothers are content to eat black bread and drink a decoction of burnt acorns for coffee, sweetened with beet-root instead of sugar.

But let us proceed to explain, more particularly, why London workmen must *necessarily* be more quick-witted than the scholastic professors of Germany.

The mental difference between the two classes of people we are not disposed to refer solely to that wondrous intermixture of race, which has infused into an Englishman's blood not alone the poetic qualities of the old Celtic stock, but the bravery of the ancient Romans, the hardiness and nautical tendencies of the Scandinavians, together with the chivalry of the early Normans, as well as the purity and the love of free-

dom which distinguished the Anglo-Saxon people; so that British veins may be said to contain the essence, as it were, of all the noblest tribes the world ever saw—a commingling of natures, which, if the maxim be true that the continual interbreeding among the same stock tends to the degeneration of the species, would assuredly serve to give extra vigour and spirit to the original nature of the race.

But, putting this purely physical view on one side, and assuming the Germans to have come from the same stock as ourselves, there is a still more cogent reason why the "*Deutsche*" should be less worldly-wise than "*Engländer*."

If every man were left to himself to obtain a knowledge of the world, and the people round about him, assuredly even the Newtons and Shakspeares, and the Göthes and Leibnizes, would be little better than savages—so small is the number of facts that a man can know of his own cognizance, and so limited the experience even of the longest and most adventurous lives. When we look back upon the several truth-funde that make up the various sciences, and see how many minds it has taken to raise the philosophic structure of each, and what a mere mite of knowledge even the greatest intellects have added to the entire mass, verily the tribe of individual philosophers dwindles almost into the insignificance of the *avallijiri*; whilst in their aggregate capacity they become magnified into the patient and persevering builders-up of new territories. Even in those arts, too,—such as drawing and painting—in which extraordinary skill is regarded as a *natural* gift, how it startles us to find that it took near upon a thousand years for the ancient artists to pass from a knowledge of mere outline to that of light and shade!

So comparatively impotent, indeed, are the operations of isolated genius, that it is impossible for any one man to be philosophically great by his own unaided exertions; and it

is the marked feature of the present age, that every thoroughly educated mind is but an *aggregate of all the profoundest intellects that have preceded him*. To know astronomy is to know what Ptolemy and Copernicus, and Tycho Brahé and Kepler, and Newton and Galileo, and Herschel, all thought in connexion with the subject. To have an acquaintance with chemistry is to see into the constitution of the various substances by which we are surrounded, with almost the same penetrating eyes as Boyle and Ståhl, and Lavoisier and Berthollet, and Black and Cavendish, and Davy and Dalton, and Berzelius and Faraday, and Liebig—and, indeed, the very wisest upon such matters. Further, to possess a knowledge of mathematics is merely to have our mind filled with the same truths as once informed Pythagoras and Euclid, and the Moorish inventors of algebra, as well as those vast geniuses to whom we owe the differential and integral calculus, and the wondrous discoveries of fluxions and logarithms. What, again, is the study of poetry itself, but learning to look at the beauties and glories of Nature with almost the same exquisite sense as Homer and Virgil, and Milton and Spencer, and Dante and Ariosto, and Shakspeare and Wordsworth, and Göthe and Schiller, severally regarded them?

Enlarged education, therefore, is but *enlarged intercommunion* with the wisest and most graceful spirits that have gone before us; and without some such intercommunion our minds would differ but little from that of Peter the Wild Boy, or Caspar Hauser himself. Education, however, even in its best sense, brings us into mental association merely with the geniuses of *past* times; but in an age of progress like the present, when almost each day tends to the mental improvement of the community as well as to its social advancement, it is necessary that the nation which would not lag behind the rest of the world should possess some means

of communing with the geniuses of the present time also. For us, in commerce, an Exchange is required where the principal merchants may come together to ascertain the real values of things, by the chafing of competition one with the other; so, in order to arrive at the truth of things, it is essential that there should be some institution like a free press, where the principal intellects of a nation may congregate, as it were, and by the interchange of thought come at what is really valuable or worthless to the State. If, too, the events of history be to the science of national government what physical phenomena are to natural philosophy, it is necessary that for the present policy of a nation the present history of it should be duly chronicled and discussed. Moreover, how can the people be expected to have a reverence for their governors, unless the reasons for each particular act of the Government be candidly and truthfully made known?

Now there is nothing which forms so marked a difference between England and other nations as the character of the English and Continental press. Indeed we know of no institution of which our countrymen have so much reason to be proud as the "Times," and other daily London newspapers — those large volumes of yesterday's History of England, or rather of yesterday's History of the entire world; and nothing of which a foreigner should be so heartily ashamed as those flimsy handbills, half-filled with a portion of some sentimental novel, which Parisians have the impudence to call "Journals," and the Germans "*Zeitungs*," and which for printing as well as intelligence are barely superior to "Y^e English Mercurie, published by Authoritie for y^e Prevention of False Reports," in the year 1588; whilst in size as well as the quality of the paper and print they are almost on a par with our halfpenny ballads.

Reverting, then, to our former question, let us go on to test

by such principles the intellectual advantages of a "highly educated" German with those of a London mechanic. Let us see whether even Herr Sägespäne himself,—the learned and long-winded author of nineteen volumes on the antiquities of Coblenz alone,—is likely to have a better knowledge of the world than John Hornyhand the blacksmith, whose entire education consisted, most probably, of a couple of years at dame's school.

Herr Sägespäne can tell you the Roman legion that was stationed at Coblenz; he knows exactly how many Roman tiles have been discovered with the number of that same legion imprinted upon them; he can point out to you the very spot where Cæsar crossed the Rhine at Engers; he is acquainted, too, with the precise number of pounds of meat that the peasants and citizens were permitted to eat on Fridays, so as to raise the necessary funds for building the bridge across the Mosel; he is, moreover, very particular in the use of his "*accusativum cum infinitivo*," and intensely orthodox as to the position of the verb at the end of all his capital sentences, and at the beginning of his subordinate ones. Nevertheless, of the condition of his fellow-creatures round about him, or of the means of improving their worldly circumstances, or of the causes affecting either the price of their labour or the value of his own food, or, indeed, any point of knowledge connected with the worldly welfare of himself or his fellows, he is utterly and supremely ignorant.*

* A young English friend of ours, who was living with a Coblenz professor, was anxious to read Puffendorf in the original German; and on consulting the professor as to where he could obtain the book, he was asked why he desired to study a work of such a nature: for, said the professor, no one in our country but those who are regularly educating themselves for some of the higher departments of government ever dreams of looking into treatises of that class. Our friend, however, astonished the German, by telling him that an English gentleman took an interest in all subjects connected with the principles of right government, and did not consider his education *complete* until he knew some little, at least, about the matter.

Our friend the blacksmith, on the other hand, when he writes a letter, always puts a small *i* for the first personal pronoun, and finds, indeed, any literary performance a work of such extreme labour, that he keeps on biting his tongue while engaged in the act, as if it were positive physical pain to him. Yet ask John how the revenue of the government is raised, and whether he thinks it wise or just in a community to levy its taxes by imposts on the meat and flour of the people; or ask him how wages are regulated, or whether the number of paupers in the country are on the increase or decrease; and our word for it, this same grimy blacksmith will answer in a manner that, though perhaps neither grammatically correct nor rhetorically elegant, will nevertheless be full of good, rough, common sense, and exhibit such attention to the principles that contribute to the well-being of a nation as would go far to found a new reputation for a German Weiser.

This knowledge our blacksmith acquired, certainly not in the schools, but, on the contrary, at the little coffee-shop where he takes his morning's breakfast, and where he sees *all* the daily newspapers; so that even he, as well as the richest in the land, reaps the benefit of that large machinery for the daily supply of worldly wisdom which makes up a London morning journal. Not a single question affecting the happiness or welfare of the country that is discussed in Parliament, but our blacksmith has the opinions of many of the wisest minds in the country concerning the measure, reported *verbatim* for his perusal on the morrow; and thus he has either the prime-minister of the kingdom for his teacher on the subject, or else he takes a lesson in politics of my Lords Palmerston, or Russell, or Macaulay, or Messrs. Gladstone or Roebuck, as he pleases. Nor is this all, for writers who have made the subject their special study have plied their pens during the night, in order to condense the matter of the previous evening's debate within the

compass of a few moments' attention, and have put the beneficial or injurious tendencies of the question so lucidly and strikingly before him, that he is even saved the trouble of weighing the *pros* and *cons* in connexion with it for himself. Again, not a book of note appears but our blacksmith is more or less informed upon its contents; not a kingdom, nor hardly a capital town, exists throughout the globe, but some talented "special correspondent" is located there, so that he and others may be conversant with the events occurring all over the world; and thus our friend is made, by the graphic power of the literary art, to be mentally present at every bloody struggle in the Crimea or India, without either feeling the rigours of the climate or experiencing the dangers of the battle-field.

Moreover, it is not only to the eminent intellect employed on the London press that every journeyman mechanic in our country knows more of the world about him than even your continental bigwigs; but, be it said, it is to the scrupulous honesty and truth of the writers for such journals, that the very country itself is largely indebted for the dignity of its national character. We ourselves have been personally acquainted with the economy of some few metropolitan newspapers, and we can conscientiously affirm that we never knew one literary gentleman employed upon them who could have been prevailed upon by *any* inducement to pen a single line against his real sentiments. Many ignorant persons, however, are still inclined to believe that press-writing is a species of literary advocacy for which authors, like counsellors, may be found to uphold or defend any cause, provided they be duly fee-ed; but we can solemnly avow, from our personal knowledge, that so far from this being the practice, we never knew a writer of any note who would not have indignantly spurned any such offer: so that, instead of its being just to class English journalists in the same category with hireling

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ginally belonged to the vocation, and where even the proudest nobles deem it an honour to be allowed to contribute leading articles to the papers; — England, where journalists derive incomes from the exercise of their intellects and conscience, the amount of which is usually as large as the pay of a Prussian general officer, and often considerably higher than the revenues of a German prince; — England, where the protection of the interests of the community is a special and honourable profession, whose members are ready, not only to denounce any iniquity on the part of the Government, but also to demand justice for the humblest and most helpless individual in the land; — England, where the political and literary essays that appear daily or weekly in the leading journals are infinitely finer for their truth, their vigour, their out-speaking, their fancy, their wit, or their English, than all the feeble elegancies of the “Spectator,” “Tattler,” or “Rambler,” or indeed any of the writings in the so-called British Classics; — England, where the revenue of the richest man in the kingdom could not offer a sufficient inducement to the leading journal to make it “*worth its while*” to swerve from its public duty; — England, where no patrician, and not even the prime-minister of the country, possesses the same influence over the people as the editor of a reputable newspaper; — England, too, where the power and interest of even the highest personage in the realm are unable to dictate the tone of a single paragraph, and where the wrongs of the most impotent and abject in the nation can still find a disinterested friend and champion to redress them!

Germany, where the people are all taught to read and write, and yet where all have nothing in their journals worth the reading, and where the writers are permitted to write only such articles as the *police* may deem to be beneficial or injurious to the well-being of the multitude; — Germany, where the wondrous invention of printing by movable types was

originally conceived, and yet where the invention has done less for the elevation of the great body of the people than in any other part of civilised Europe;—Germany, where not only printing was born, but where, as if to make the glory all its own, the steam-press was first designed, and yet where hardly one such press is to be found throughout the entire length and breadth of the land;—Germany, where the “*Polizei Director*” is still the virtual editor of each newspaper, where the literary class have hardly yet risen above the dignity or boldness of the court-fool, and upon whose people the inventions of their own great countrymen, Gutenberg and König, have been comparatively wasted.*

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(15.)

THE CITY OF CONSTANZ.

The pier of Constanz, from which the accompanying view is taken, has lately been built by the Government, “at a large expense,” say the guide-books; for Constanz being situated at the lower end of the lake to which it lends its name, is the principal port for the merchandise of the towns bordering the *Boden See*.

The pier itself reminds one somewhat of Ramsgate, having

* During our stay at one of the Rhenish hotels, at the time of Lord Lyndhurst’s bitter speech against the Government of Prussia, the police entered the *saal*, and seized every newspaper, foreign or English, that contained a single paragraph in connexion with his lordship’s exposure of the dishonesty of the Prussian government.



B. Foster

L. I. Roberts

The City of Constantinople as seen from the harbour



1893

1893

July 1st, 1893, at the house of the "Lighthouse"

a long curved arm, with a little lighthouse at the end, stretching far before the town. Here in the *Hafen* lie the Constanz steamers, the "HELVETIA," and "BODEN," and "FRIEDRICH," and "STADT CONSTANZ," and others, that are daily engaged in traversing the lake or descending the Rhine to Schaffhausen. Within the harbour are one or two hoys, rigged like the Boulogne fishing-boats, and from the hold of one of these they are now hoisting up furniture on to the quay, which is already littered with tables, cupboards, bedsteads, and chairs.

At the end of the haven by the shore, stands the temporary shed of the steam-boat office, and close beside it the little guard-house-like Custom-house.* .

The first impression of Constanz obtained from this point of sight gives one the notion of its being a busy little town, with somewhat the character of our own watering-places; while the immense old palatial-looking building facing the harbour, with its tall dark roof, and peculiar deep valance of wood hanging straight under its eaves, has a half-imposing effect; though for a long time the stranger is puzzled to tell whether it is an enormous Swiss barn, a town-hall, or a warehouse. It turns out, however, to be the old *Consilium's Saal* in which

* Constanz is, despite the dulness of its streets, an agreeable-enough halting-place—owing to the excellent quarters afforded by the "*Hôtel du Brochet*" (German, *Gasthof zum Hecht*)—while making excursions round the lake. Indeed, the Brochet is one of the pleasantest and most reasonable Gasthofs in all Germany, and the attention and civility of the landlord, Herr Kepler, as well as his general intelligence, render it an excellent home for the time being. Herr Kepler, moreover, is an expert angler; indeed, you no sooner set foot in his *salle à manger* than you become acquainted with the tastes of the landlord, for the room is hung round with engravings of the several classes of fish, as well as large paintings of monster pike and trout caught by mine host himself. Here we stayed nearly a month, and experienced so much courtesy, as well as derived so much information from the landlord, that, dull as the town might be, we found the hotel so lively and comfortable that we were loth to leave it.

Joh. Huss was tried; and is, indeed, one of the most interesting objects in the place.

The open-work spire towering in the distance (*vide* steel-engraving), with the squat balbous-tipped towers on either side of it, is that of the Constanx Munster; whilst the low, long building at the extreme corner of the picture, is the old Dominican Monastery where Huss was imprisoned, and the remains of his dungeon are still to be seen.

It is the past life of Constanx, indeed, that makes up its present interest to English minds; but this part of the subject we shall treat under a distinct head.

Suffice it for the present to say, that Constanx is considered to have derived its name from its founder, the Roman Emperor Constantius Chlorus, father of Constantine the Great and husband of that remarkably wonderful old lady St. Helena, who, after her husband's death at York, discovered, we are told, the Holy Cross, and founded half the Cathedrals in Germany after her death! (See p. 344.) Before the time of Constantius, however, the Romans had constructed a fortress named Valeria, but this having been destroyed by the peasants in the neighbourhood, Constantius Chlorus not only rebuilt the stronghold, but surrounded it with a town, to which he gave his name, and which soon rose to a high degree of splendour.

From the time of the foundation of the city, Constanx attained great celebrity in the records of the Christian Church.

In the middle ages it was raised to the rank of an Imperial city, and its prosperity continued to increase up to the period of the famous Council, which forms at once the most important and the darkest page in its history. After which its glory began to fade rapidly, and it now serves only to increase the list of worn-out "Holy Cities;" for the same story has to be

told of this *Dom-Stadt* as of all the other Romish Cathedral-towns bordering the Rhine.

The great river begins its ecclesiastical tale at Köln (a tale full of vain attempts to struggle against the Christian Revolution, and to revive the priestly glories of past times), and ends its wretched history at Constanz. The mason's chisel, chipping away at new towers or fresh choirs, rings in the ear, as we have said, at every ancient basilic city that we visit along the Rhine shores; and here, as usual, the same impotent work goes on. The civic chronicles, too, speak only of a like decay in the commerce and industry of the place, telling how the town at one time numbered some 40,000 souls within its walls, and how, at the present hour, it can boast but little more than one-eighth of its former population; while the streets themselves, that are now deserted almost as a city of the plague, form a melancholy contrast with the accounts of its ancient trade, and with even the horde of beggars that formerly swarmed about its colony of convents.

Indeed, the chief town of the Boden-See (as the Germans style the Lake of Constanz) is but a mere civic wreck—a capital that no more belongs to the present time than do the exhumed ruins of Pompeii. Its silent and idle thoroughfares would lead one to believe that it was the sleeping city of romance, the people themselves seeming to be hardly yet wide-awake, or fairly roused out of their mediæval slumber. The very sight of its antiquated chandler-like shops gives the place a half-fossil look, as if it were some *Megatherium Hauptstadt* that had just been dug out of antediluvian deposits, while the natives have the same lively air as if they had been for centuries immured, like toads, in rocks.

Many of the buildings of Constanz, we are told, remain unaltered since the fifteenth century; but these, unlike the

houses at Schaffhausen, have all the cumbrous inconveniences of past architecture, without any of its beauty,—being mere things of cobwebs and dry-rot, and utterly wanting the quaint grace of old-fashioned forms.

The streets, which are narrow as a Scotch wynd, and close as the Jews' Quarter at Frankfort, twist about like a river, and are paved with big shingles, that surely *must* be petrified potatoes, over which we walk as pleasantly as we should upon a bed of small cannon-balls. Not a cart, nor scarcely an ox-wagon, interrupts your stroll in the road, and you meet as few people by the way as you do in an English country town during church hours on a Sunday.

The places of business here are of the most primitive and unostentatious character. The baker, for instance, writes the price of bread with chalk on a slate that dangles outside the door, and serves his customers with the *Brötlchens* through an open pane in his parlour window. The butcher's shop is wired all over in front, and you can just see in the darkness one or two scraps of meat hanging at the back. Not a fruiterer's, fishmonger's, poulterer's, nor even pastrycook's, is to be found in the place; nor do we remember to have seen a milliner's or tailor's establishment within the city walls—though we stopped nearly a month in the town, and trudged over every inch of the paving. Even the bookseller's, one had to hunt for, as diligently as boys are wont to do after the plums in a school-pudding; and here we found a case of matted sticks of sealing-wax and limp "*colle à bouche*" fixed against the door-post. The *Mode-waaren Handlung* (haberdasher's) was the only trade that could boast a regular shop-front; and even this had a sash full of panes hardly bigger than sheets of letter-paper. The sole business that seemed to thrive was the publican's, for every sixth house was a *Weinwirtschaft* or a *Bierbrauerei*, or else a *Gasthaus*, or a *Caffé u. Restauration*.

Round about the town there was, of course, the usual belt of old rickety rampart-walls and dried-up moats, set at intervals with roofless watch-towers, rotten drawbridges, and city-gates falling from their hinges; whilst in front of every one of these a dapper little Baden soldier was to be seen pacing up and down, restless as a caged hyena, near his red-and-yellow-striped sentry-box — waiting anxiously, we suppose, for the Quixotic general, who was to come and sack the mouldy old place.

But though there seemed to be little or nothing doing within the town, still you were sure to find posted at each of the city-gates a couple of big-cloaked and heavy-piped customs' officers, intent on interfering and stopping even the little business that went on; and we can vouch for the interest the officials took in their work, for we ourselves saw them turn two infants out of a child's chaise, so as to be sure that the "go-cart" was not made a vehicle for smuggling.

Were it not for the morning patrol of milk-women, with their huge churn-like vessels strapped to their backs, or else with their monster tin-cans slung on a kind of velocipede, and wheeled before them through the streets; were it not, too, for one or two straggling hawkers of "new wine," with their carts laden with hogsheads that are ornamented with bunches of flowers at the bung-hole; and now and then a stray peep at a watchmaker at work in some peddling jeweller's shop window, — were it not for such rare sights as these, we repeat, the visitor would really imagine that Constanz was another Zurich, and that no business was transacted in the city out of the fair time.

This same new wine, by the by, requires a word or two from us, it being unknown in England. It is a decoction that, to look at, has much the appearance of "Soyer's Nectar,"

or, what amounts to the same thing, a dilute infusion of rose hair-oil—or, better still, a mixture of raspberry cream and water. It tastes exactly like crude ginger-beer, feeling somewhat icky or sharp to the tongue, especially when beginning to “work.” To be candid, it was far from pleasant—not to say nasty; for though the Germans called it sweet, it was to us precisely like so much “penny pop” in a state of violent ferment—not having the least flavour of grapes or wine about it. It is sold at about six *kreutzers* (two-pence) the quart, and is drunk by the people at vintage time in all the beer and wine-houses; for it seems to be highly esteemed by the peasants. At this season, too, you see casks of the “*new Wein*” rolled on board the steamers as you ascend or descend the Rhine,—such casks being closed merely with wisps of straw at the bung-holes (for corks could not be kept in them); and as the straw is pulled out after the barrels have been ranged on the deck, the gas rushes from the vents like the spluttering of a liberated soda-water cork in the dog-days.

The Rhine-bridge at Constanz is somewhat peculiar, being bordered with mills along one side of it, and covered over for half its length. At the Constanz end stands a huge city gateway, similar to those about the rampart walls; and on one side, as you enter the broad-covered way, there is a small cabin-like lodge, where you have to pay some couple of *kreutzers* at your two or three first visits, after which (as you are politely informed by the toll-mistress) you are free of the thoroughfare for life.

The covered part of the bridge is like a long loft, with the rafters and backs of the tiles showing overhead. The side towards the lake is open, whilst on the other side, towards Schaffhausen, the gangway is flanked by a series

of flour and saw-mills. Here the place seems to vibrate with the throbbing of the water-wheels at work between the piers below, and the clatter of the machinery above; whilst there is a kind of mixed smell of new bread and turpentine from the sacks of flour and sawdust hard by. Before the mill-doors, too, stand wagons with sides like plate-racks, and with the unyoked oxen feeding in front of them, as they wait for their load. Here dusty-haired millers are seen lolling out of the square window-holes, and the pathway is littered with huge trunks of trees, sliced three parts down into planks, and looking like immense fans, or logs divided into so many leaves.

Then, as the one wagon crawls by, you can feel the very piles and joists of the bridge totter again; and on your return the wind blows smartly down the long covered way, as if it were some ventilating shaft to the town.

§ 2.

OF THE MORAL CREED OF THE PRUSSIAN — DUELLING — SENSE OF FAIR PLAY — WELLINGTON AND BLÜCHER — ENGLISH AND FOREIGN JUDGES — DEFICIENT GENTLEMANLY FEELING — TREATMENT OF POOR AND SERVANTS.

That the Prussian people are not remarkable as a body for their wisdom — even though there be a greater amount of school-learning in the kingdom than in any other European state — none who have read the preceding articles can for a moment doubt. But if clear-headedness be not their *forte*, they are, perhaps, good-hearted, and are kindly and charitable to one another; and, moreover, impressed with so high a sense of

honour, that they would not only be incapable of any meanness themselves, but unwilling to witness any wrong done by others to their fellows: — in a word, if we are unable to speak of them as an intellectual race, can we, consistently with truth, call them a noble, a generous, a just, a kindly, or a philanthropic one?

Let us see.

Last "*Fastnacht*" (Shrove Tuesday) a public "*Maskirté Bal*" was given at Trèves, and late in the evening a Prussian officer went to rouse a companion-in-arms, who was asleep on one of the tables in the refreshment-room. As he shook his friend, and called him by his name, a Jew, who was drinking there, mocked him; whereupon the officer seized a glass of wine that was standing near him, and dashed the contents into the Israelite's face. The Jew muttered some words of revenge between his teeth, and withdrew from the "*saal*." The officers returned to the ball-room, and shortly after, while they were dancing there, the Hebrew came back and threw a tumbler of water at the lieutenant who had treated him in a similar manner. *In an instant the officer's sword was unsheathed, and the Jew, though unarmed, attacked upon the spot; he raised a chair to defend himself, but was soon run through the body, and whilst in the act of falling, thrust through the throat by the enraged lieutenant.* On the morrow the officer went to his colonel, and reported himself as having "*stuck a Jew,*" whereupon he was placed under arrest, and subsequently tried; but though he was found guilty, the punishment awarded was *nominally* a year's confinement in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, but which *virtually* consisted in being compelled to return to his quarters at the same hour as the private soldiers every night.

It may, however, be urged in justification of so lenient a sentence, that it is necessary to uphold a high feeling of

“honour” among gentlemen in the army; though, surely, honour, even in Prussia, cannot be supposed to lie in drawing a sword upon a defenceless man.

In Prussia it is by no means uncommon to see the face of gentlemen seamed with long white scars. These are generally the marks of “honourable” wounds obtained in duels that were fought during the University life of the individuals; and in the cemetery at Bonn tombstones may be seen bearing some such tragic record of boy-murders (see *ante*, p. 130).

This species of sanguinary barbarism is winked at by the authorities of Prussia, where it is still believed to be noble to take life, and where the silly and savage custom of duelling to this day prevails—*silly*, because the trial by single combat, though, perhaps, justifiable amid the ignorance and superstition of the Middle Ages (for in the wager of battle God was supposed to “defend the right”), becomes an idiotic ceremony, now that we no longer believe the Almighty pronounces his judgments at affairs of honour and savage ferocity; and silly, because in times of police, when personal defence is rendered unnecessary, the qualities of the bulldog cease to be a virtue.

The Prussians, moreover, are, as a nation, utterly ignorant of that kind of chivalrous equity which in England is denominated “*fair play*”—indeed, there is no word in German by which to express the idea. Hence, not only do we find officers to believe it to be honourable to draw their swords on defenceless men, but almost every German carries a long knife, which the law alone restrains him from using at each insult. In illustration of this custom we may remind the reader, that when the German Legion quarrelled with our Marines at Shorncliffe, the *Deutschers* drew their knives upon our men, though the Marines used only their belts against the Legion.

Hence it is idle to tell the reader that a Prussian neither

thinks it unfair to strike or kick an antagonist on the ground, nor cowardly to attack a person much smaller or weaker than himself. Two grown men may often be seen during some street-brawl to flirt their hands like a fan close before each other's face, in very fear of striking a blow; and, on the other hand, two less cautious boys will, while quarrelling, slip off their boots and proceed to batter one another's head with the hob-nailed heels.* As an additional illustration of the bravery of the Prussian youth, we may cite the fact, that at the "*Schwimm-schule*" (swimming-school), where the pupils are made to dangle in the water by means of a rope attached to a long pole—as if they were gigantic minnows at the end of a Brobdignagian fishing-rod—great hulking lads may be repeatedly found heard to howl at the dread of entering the water.

* The following is the customary scene that precedes a street encounter among the German boys:—

SMALLER BOY (*throwing a stone at another, and running off afterwards as fast as he can*). *Dau Laus-jung!*—(Thou lousy brat!)

BIGGER BOY (*rushing up to the other, and putting his face quite close to that of the SMALLER BOY, whilst he holds his clenched fist straight down by his thigh*). *Machst dau dat noch ein mal sonst gebe ich dir ein paar tüchtige auf die Backen.*—(Doeat thou that again, and I will give thee something strong to strike against thy cheek.)

SMALLER BOY (*thrusting his face close against that of the BIGGER BOY, and holding his fist down by his thigh in the same manner as the other*). *Geb dau nur Acht sonst kriegst dau auch ein paar.*—(Give heed, or else thou wilt also catch something.)

BIGGER BOY (*nodding his head very rapidly, close in front of the other's face*). *Dau frecher Gasse jung! dau bist in den Püdeln geboren!*—(Thou impudent street urchin, thou be'st born in the gutters!)

SMALLER BOY (*showing his clenched teeth, and thrusting his fist further behind him*). *Dau Sou-hex!*—(Thou pig-witch!)

BIGGER BOY (*also thrusting his fist further from him, and getting closer up to the other*). *Rühre mich nur an.*—(Lay only a finger on me.)

SMALLER BOY (*drawing closer to the other as well*). *Ich will dir dat schön zeigen.*—(I will soon let thee see that.)

BIGGER BOY (*working his fist backwards and forwards by his side, as if he was preparing for a stroke at billiards rather than to deal a blow at his anta-*

But if the Prussians be not characterised by an excess of manly courage, assuredly they are not remarkable, as a body of people, for any great nobility of spirit.

We were once speaking with a Coblenz professor concerning the barbarous atrocity of the wounded Russians at Inkermann, who shot young Edgington, of the 95th, whilst his generous enemy was in the act of giving him some water to drink. "And why should they not so do?" inquired the simple Deutsch savage. "They did want one another to kill, and surely it was like a '*dummer Engländer*' to vish him some vasser to give. Oh! no, the Deutschers would never that do." And the Lehrer chuckled, as if he believed any generosity shown to an enemy to be an act of folly rather than virtue.

Now many may fancy that we do the Prussians some

gonist). Ich bin gar nit bang vor dir du kleiner Köweschen!—(I am not at all afraid of thee, thou little dwarf!)

SMALLER BOY (*working his fist backwards and forwards like the other*). Ich bin auch gar nit bang vor dir du geckiger Kerl!—(I be also not at all afraid of thee, thou stupid dolt!)

BIGGER BOY (*growing white in the face*). Dau wirst schön sehen.—(Thou wilt soon see.)

SMALLER BOY (*running away as he cries*). Dau laus-kop dat dau bist! dau hast ja tausend Läus auf den Koff. Ich habe eine gesehen deinen Hals herunter kriechen.—(Thou lousy head that thou be'st! thou hast yet a thousand lice in thy head. I have seen one crawling down thy neck.)

The BIGGER BOY chases the SMALLER BOY and strikes him on the back, his arm describing a half circle as he makes the blow, and his head being kept down like that of a goat when butting.

SMALLER BOY *butts goat-fashion in return, and thumps roundly at the back of the BIGGER BOY for a few moments.*

BIGGER BOY *begins to howl, and taking his leathern belt from round his tunic, commences belabouring the head of the SMALLER BOY with the metal clasp.*

SMALLER BOY *removes his shoe, and thumps away at the crown of the BIGGER BOY with the heavy iron heel.*

Both howl loudly, till the mother of the BIGGER BOY comes and drags him from the encounter. SMALLER BOY scampers off shouting, "Dau Laus-kop dat dau bist!"

wrong by instancing the above as a type of the national feeling, but that their greatest Generals have been equally deficient in a sense of magnanimity, the following extract from the "Wellington Despatches," concerning the conduct of Blücher after the battle of Waterloo, will abundantly testify:—

"General ——— has been here this day to negotiate for Napoleon's passing to America, to which commission I have answered that I have no authority. The Prussians think the Jacobins wish to give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. *Blücher wishes to kill him*, but I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with *so foul a transaction*; that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions *to become executioners*; and that I was determined, that if the sovereigns wished put him to death, they should appoint an executioner,—that should not be me.

"WELLINGTON." *

Not only, then, does the above letter stand as a lasting record as to the difference between the characters of the Prussian and English heroes of Waterloo, but to this day it may be cited as an illustration of the difference of feeling between the two nations.

Nor have even the better class of Prussian people any belief in the honesty of great men. According to their ideas, every individual, however high his standing in a country, has his price. Though they talk a great deal about their "Vaterland," the Germans, as a body, have little belief in the disinterestedness of patriotism, and are satisfied that even the noblest among them would sell his country if he could only get enough for it.

"Of course," said a Prussian "gentleman" to us, "your Admiral Napier was bribed by Nicholas, or he would never have come home without doing anything in the Baltic." This was said as if *we* really had the same belief in the purchasa-

* Gurwood, vol. xii. p. 516.

bility of honest Charley as the low-minded German himself; and when we politely informed the Prussian, that if he had made such a speech in public company in England he would have been thrown out of window, he shook his head, and said,—"Oh, the '*dummer Kerls*,' we would not the best man among us trust any farther than we could him see."

In order to probe to the bottom of this belief as to the bribery of the chief functionaries of Prussia, we asked the above worthy whether he really felt convinced that it was possible to influence the decision of the judges of his country by the private presentation of some gifts to them. He turned the matter quietly over in his mind for some little time, and then answered, "That money would certainly go a long way in the Prussian Law Courts; but though he could not remember any instance of a judge having been paid to give a cause against a person, still he was *quite sure* about the corruptibility of all the subordinate legal officers."

Whether such be really the case or not we cannot undertake to state; all we can conscientiously affirm is, that no Prussian has the same *thorough* belief in the Brutus-like integrity of the judges of his country that we have in England. Whether the distrust arise from the moral ignorance of the people, and their consequent incapability of believing in acts of disinterestedness, or whether it proceed from a sense of the low tone of moral feeling pervading the entire nation, it is difficult to decide; but that the suspicion generally, if not universally, exists, must be known to all who have lived for any time among the Germans.

The members of the Prussian police, however, certainly are not proof against the influence of groschens; this we can vouch for from our own personal experience, for even the superior officers of the *corps*, if they have any business to transact for you,—and the police manage all things in Prussia,

—look for their fee at parting as naturally as a fashionable physician.*

Moreover, the system of bribery is practised by every shop-keeper upon every German domestic: for a servant never pays a bill for her master but what she expects her customary allowance of a groschen out of every thaler. In the same manner, if you happen to enter a shop with one of your young children, the cunning tradesman will be sure to present the little thing with some trifling article, as a means of bribing you yourself to return to his establishment at a future time; and that this is the real motive for the gratuity there cannot be a doubt, since, owing to the utter selfishness of the people, no one in Prussia would ever dream of giving anything for nothing.

This bribery and corruption of an entire household is fraught with considerable inconvenience: the smallest evil in connexion with the practice being that the groschens given to the servant are added to the price of the articles you pay for; since, in addition to this, your cook never rests quiet until she has worried you into dealing with the butcher or baker who allows her the highest per-centage out of your month's bills. If you go to any other shop than her own favourite, either she daily declares that the meat is tough, or the coffee has more than the usual amount of burnt acorns with it, or else the "milk breads" are not so large as at Herr Kartoffel's; so that not a morning passes without some complaint about the tradespeople, until she fairly worries or wheedles you into her own "*Lagers*." Moreover, whenever you change maids you have the same

* During our stay at Coblenz a new English chaplain came to do duty at the town, and, being of a "sporting" turn of mind, he went into the fields one day to shoot *krammets-vogel* (field-fares). The sentries on duty at the Karthäuser fortress heard the report of the clergyman's gun, and the field-police was directed to look to the matter. The minister was found with two birds in possession and no "*schieusse-erlaubniss*." The policeman vowed that he must have the clergyman up before the court; but, on some half-dozen groschens being presented to the fellow, nothing more was heard of the matter.

annoyance to go through with the new ones, each "*Mädchen*" having a different set of tradesmen by whom she is retained.

Indeed, one universal feeling of distrust seems to pervade every class of society in Germany. "I tell you I hate my fellow-creatures!" said one of the principal hotel-keepers of Coblenz to the British Chaplain; "and there isn't a *Deutscher* in the whole town that I would give credit to for six thalers."

Nor is this feeling of suspicion limited only to pecuniary matters. We hardly ever knew two Germans sit down in our rooms at the same time; for though the couple might have come to spend the evening with us, either of them would be sure, immediately that a fellow-countryman entered, and the one fancied the other was likely to stop, to remember, all of a sudden, some urgent business to carry him homewards,—this one had forgotten his door-key, (for all the houses in Coblenz are closed at ten), and that had merely called to apologise for having omitted to mention that he had promised to meet Herr von Somebody at the Casino. No matter, too, how lively or confidential the conversation had been before the entry of the other, a dead silence would be sure to ensue directly a second German put his head in at the door.

Thus it will be seen that the Prussians, taken in the aggregate, have neither any nobility of feeling nor any of that high sense of honour and generosity which is termed "chivalry of nature." Assuredly there is hardly a costermonger in England who has not perfect faith in the moral integrity of the judges by whom the laws are administered; and scarcely a mechanic would dream of doubting the pecuniary honesty of the ministers governing the country. In Germany, however, there is such a furious greed for groschens upon the heart of the whole nation that no *Deutsch* virtue, however austere its character may appear to the world, is deemed to be privately proof against

the temptation of thalers. Every one in Prussia,—ministers, generals, judges, journalists, police and custom-house officers,—are all regarded as capable of being *bought*, and every interest and public good, on the contrary, as being liable to be *sold*. This proceeds partly from the phlegmatic and callous nature of the race, and partly from the utter absence of all *moral* education among the people. True, the schoolboys are taught to say their "*Katechismus*" by heart, but such parrotry never was known to make pupils admire magnanimity, or to lead them to love the good merely for the good's sake. The consequence is that the Germans, as a nation, are grossly insensible to all moral greatness, and value every excellence merely by the number of "*Pfennings*" it will bring.

"Herr Luther, the astronomer at Dusseldorf," said we to a Lehrer of Coblenz, "has discovered a new planet."

"The large fool!" was the reply. "How many groschens will that into his pocket put?"

From the tone of the teacher it was evident, that had he learnt that the same individual had perilled his life to save another's, the same high-minded response would have been made.

Nor is there throughout Prussia anything equivalent to what Englishmen term "*gentlemanly* feeling,—none of that intense objection to any meanness or dirtiness of conduct,—none of that freedom from all suspicion, and that generous tendency to believe every one of our associates to be as honourable as ourselves, until he is proved to be otherwise;—none of that liberal disposition to regard money as almost valueless in comparison with the real dignities and charities of life;—in fine, not a glimmer of any of the complex multitude of positive and negative virtues which we in England believe to be necessary for the moral constitution of a true *gentleman*; such a character, so far as our observation goes, being

utterly unknown in Deutschland. For, no matter how high the worldly station of the individual we may converse with in Germany,—be he even one of the so-called “nobles” of the land,—you will find him, if you but probe the fellow by long acquaintance to the core, either ready to justify the opening of private letters, or else to uphold the use of spies, as a social institution, in order to obtain secret information for the ministers of the crown,—in a word, you will sooner or later discover that he is as utterly insensible to all moral ugliness as well as to all manly dignity as a Jew bumbailiff with us.

But, if there be little chivalrous feeling among the phlegmatic Germans of the present day—and surely it wants an emotional race to be a generous and self-denying one—there is, at the same time, but little sympathy to be found among them for the sufferings of their less lucky fellow-countrymen.

In England, the general development of the feeling of philanthropy constitutes the peculiar feature of the age; so much so, indeed, that many of our sterner writers have spoken of the public commiseration that is now shown, even to the vilest classes among us, as belonging to the “rose-water” school of sentiment. But though, perhaps, our fellow-feeling may occasionally lapse into the maudlin, it certainly speaks well for our national character that many of the charitable institutions of our land may be numbered amongst the most magnificent edifices of the capital;—our hospitals, our schools for the indigent blind, our asylums for veteran seamen, being absolute palaces designed for the shelter and relief of the poor. Nor do we ourselves care much for the nation where the “well-born” have not even imagination enough to view their position in life as a lucky accident—a prize drawn in the great lottery of existence; where the wealthy are unable to comprehend the difference that would have been produced in

their own sentiments and feelings had they been born among the needy classes; where the prosperous lack the sense to see that their own worldly advantages are, in the generality of cases, the result of birth or "good luck," or some peculiar physical or mental gift, rather than being prizes won solely by their own exertions—and that the sufferings and defects of the less lucky classes, on the other hand, either spring in the aggregate from the general frailties of human nature, or are the necessary evils of the prevailing social arrangements, rather than arising from any special vices of the people themselves; where, indeed, the gentlefolks cannot perceive that the vulgar would have been the same as they themselves, had Providence been but equally kind to the poor—and the most refined, the same as the unwashed, had Fate only treated the rich as harshly as the rest.

In Germany, no such sentimentality can be said to exist; for though there are no poor-houses in the land, and the great mass of the people almost as ill-conditioned as the peasantry in Ireland, and though even black bread is becoming a luxury, that is, being daily displaced from the tables of the poor by the still cheaper potato—nevertheless beggary in Prussia is a crime "*bei Strafe verboten*," (on pain of punishment forbidden).

Again, the treatment of the poorer class of domestics is but little less harsh than our mediæval villeinage.

"But will you tell her what will be her duties in the house?" said an English lady to a German, who was engaging her first Deutsch servant for her, the lady naturally thinking that it was necessary to see whether the girl *objected* to the situation.

"Oh! no, we never such foolish tings do," responded the gentleman; "she is born to obey; and if she will not, you have only to the '*Polizei*' to go, and they will soon make her."

"The '*Polizei*!'" was the simple exclamation.

“Yes! she brings her character from the Police-office,” added the Deutscher; “and if you did not choose to speak vell of her ven she vas leaving you, they vould not let her another place take.”

Nor have these wretched bondwomen much indulgence to hope for at the hands of their German mistresses. Many “ladies” have the coffee-grounds re-burnt for the use of their servants, and upon a decoction of these (without either milk or sugar) and a piece of sour black bread, without butter, the poor creatures have to make their breakfast, whilst their dinner consists of the poorest possible soup and dough dumplings; so that when a German “*braves Mädchen*” hears that English domestics sometimes grumble at having to eat cold meat, she considers the story to be one of those *Munchausenish* exaggerations that travellers are supposed to delight in. When the girl, too, finds that in an English family she gets sugar and butter, and meat *every day*, she boasts to her less lucky acquaintances that there is not a “*Fürstin*” in all Deutschland that lives better than she.

Some of the serving-girls, again, have to sit without fire in the winter nights, for even the wives of Generals we knew to have the ashes raked out of the kitchen-stove immediately after the dinner was cooked. And often when the poor creatures fall ill, they are left to moan in solitude in their wretched loft, (the usual sleeping-place allotted to German servants), and compelled to pay another girl to do their work for them.

“Yes,” said one to us, “they are hard grinding mistresses, and *will* have every groschen they may pay, out of the very bones of any one who works for them. That poor woman you see washing in the ‘*Hof*’ yonder, has to stand at the tub from 5 o’clock in the morning till 10 o’clock at night, and then they will almost grumble to give her the eight groschens (9½d.) in addition to the weak coffee and soup she has had

in the course of her day's work; and yet, poor soul, she has six children to keep at home."

That this is no extreme view of the hardships that the Rhenish domestics have to endure at the hands of many of their mistresses, we may cite the fact, which all who were in Coblenz at the beginning of the year 1855 will well remember, that at the time of the visit of some eminent Catholic missionaries to the town, they made the want of charity displayed by the German mistresses to their servants the subject of one of their discourses at the church.

Now, domestic servitude, especially with maids-of-all-work, is no very pleasant lot, even in the best of houses;—to have to bear the tyranny of every burst of temper, without exhibiting even the least sign of displeasure;—to be upbraided in no very measured terms, and yet not permitted to say a word even though the accusation be unjust;—to be doomed to the almost solitary confinement of a kitchen, and yet allowed to speak to no one, even on the doorstep of an evening;—to know no rest from labour, not even of a Sunday, except for one day in each month;—and to feel that your very bread *depends upon* the caprice of mistresses, who may object to give you a character immediately the least ill-feeling arises in their minds;—all these, surely, would be felt as severe trials, even by the most philosophic of mankind. But when we add to the above list of hardships that of coarse, ungenerous food, as well as utter neglect at the time of illness, and the continual dread of the police for the least offence—together with such a mere pittance in the shape of wages for the work, that nothing but beggary seems to await the poor things in their old age, and that too in a land where begging is "*bei Strafe verboten*;"—surely even a "stone-heart" would be softened, and show some little consideration for the sufferings of these wretched "*braves Mädchen*" of Deutschland.





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(16.)

THE CONCILIUM'S SAAL AT CONSTANZ.

The diocese of Constanz, in the "good old" Papal times, numbered, besides its cathedral, 22 collegiate churches, 350 monasteries, including 49 abbeys, and more than 2000 parishes. During the reign of the Emperor Sigismund it boasted 17,000 priests, and its bishop was lord of more than 100 castles and villages, besides being Sovereign-Governor of Constanz, Baron of the Island of Reichenau, Director of the Circle of Suabia, and Prince of the Empire—and having his chancellors, ministers, and guards, in true monarchical style.

The famous Council held in this city, in the years 1414–18, is said to have been attended by no less than a hundred thousand strangers, bringing with them as many as 30,000 horses. The Diet was composed of deputies, civil and ecclesiastic, from all parts of Christendom, and included, besides princes, 30 cardinals, 20 archbishops, 150 bishops, 4 patriarchs, 200 professors of universities and doctors of theology—together with a multitude of ambassadors, inferior prelates, abbots, friars, &c.

Indeed, the concourse of ecclesiastics and others flocking from all parts of Christendom to the Council was such, that not only were the houses in the town crowded to the attics with lodgers, but booths had to be erected in the streets, while thousands of pilgrims remained encamped in the fields without the walls. Religious processions, representations of miracles, and entertainments of every description, hourly followed each other; and thousands of individuals were employed solely in transporting thither the choicest delicacies of Europe for the maintenance of the assembled nobles and clergy.

At this period Constanz itself contained some 40,000 inhabitants; its cloth manufactures were the most celebrated throughout Europe, and its wealth the envy of all Germany. The session of the Council, however, attracted towards the town such an enormous host of strangers, that its working population and artisans were obliged to quit the city on account of the dearth of provisions and lodgings. The emigrants retired to the Canton of St. Gall, where they settled, and since that period Constanz has never regained its ancient prosperity.

The Council had for its main object the vindication of the authority of the General Councils, to which the Roman Pontiff was declared to be amenable; or, in other words, it sought, first, to put an end to the schism of the three Anti-Popes who then divided the Romish Church, viz. Gregory XII., who had been elected during the minor schism in the East, while Benedict XIII. (the Anti-Pope of Avignon) yet lived—and the infamous John XXIII., who had been chosen during the “greater schism” which followed. The second object of the Council was to consider and report on the doctrines of the “arch-heretic,” John Huss.

Indeed, the Diet professed to have but one single end in view—the remedying of the abuses of the Church. Accordingly, it commenced its proceedings with a declaration that a Council of the heads of the Church obtained, through divine right, supreme authority in all matters of religion—even superior to that of the Pope. Its next step, therefore, was to depose the existing Popes, and to elect Martin V. in their stead.

The crowning act of the Council, however,—an act which casts everlasting odium on its members—was the treacherous imprisonment and subsequent burning of John Huss, even though his protection had been guaranteed by the warrant of

“safe-conduct” granted him by the President of the Assembly—the Emperor Sigismund himself.

This John Huss was a Bohemian, and had assumed, as was usual in those days, the name of his native village, Hussinecz, which signified “goose.” Born of humble parents on the 6th of July, 1373 (for, say the Chronicles of Constanx, he was “43, and not a day,” at the time of his martyrdom), John Huss was indebted for his education to the bounty of one of the nobles of Bohemia. During his studentship at the New University of Prague he carried off many honours; and having been ordained priest in 1400, he was made minister to Bethlehem chapel in the Bohemian capital, and the year after elected Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy, being ultimately installed as Rector of the University. The Queen of Bohemia, too, appointed him her confessor, and he was even favoured by the King Wenceslas (Wenzels) himself.

But Wycliffe—“the Morning Star of the Reformation,” as he has been styled—only a few years prior to the birth of Huss, had published his essay *On the Truth and Meaning of Scripture*, in which he advocated the principle of “Gospel liberty,” or the right of private judgment; whilst in his tract, *On the Schism of the Popes*, he had not only denounced the Papal tyranny, as well as the idle and vicious lives of the clergy, but condemned the abuse of her temporalities by the Church. Moreover, in 1381, Wycliffe had published the twelve theses against “transubstantiation,” which the Archbishop of Canterbury had declared to be dangerous and heretical.

The works of the English Reformer had been carried by a Bohemian into his native country, and created a deep impression on the minds of many of the teachers in the University of Prague. Huss was among the first to embrace the

opinions propounded in them, and he made a vow after reading them, that he would disseminate their truth as far as his strength would allow him. He accordingly proceeded not only to translate the books into the language of the country, but to promulgate the doctrines contained in them, both in his philosophical theses and in his discourses from the pulpit—at once teaching and preaching that the Pope was Antichrist, and denouncing the vices of the Romish Church and clergy with a vehemence worthy of Wycliffe himself.

Numerous partisans collected themselves round about the heterodox professor, and adopted the name of “Hussites”—their principal tenets being a denunciation of the authority of the Pope, the futility of indulgences and excommunication, and the profanity of purgatory and the worship of the Virgin and the Saints; but above all, insisting upon the administration of the Sacrament with the cup as well as the wafer—a doctrine which gave to the sect the name also of “Cup-ites,” or “Callixtenes;” for such was their zeal for this particular principle, that they had the sign of the cup painted in their chapels, in their houses, and on their banners.

For a time the patronage of the Queen Sophia of Bohemia protected Huss, if not from molestation, at least from personal injury. But his intrepidity at length provoked the anger of the Archbishop of Prague and many of the Bohemian clergy, so that the prelate ordered the translations of Wycliffe to be burnt; whereupon upwards of 200 volumes, magnificently adorned (such was the estimation in which the English Reformer was held (were committed, we are told, to the flames, while Huss himself was suspended from his office as a priest, and forced to resign the Rectorship of the University.

He still, however, continued to preach, with even greater vehemence than before, against the Pope as Antichrist—against transubstantiation, as a vain conceit—and against

prayers for the dead and purgatory, as devices merely to fill the coffers of the Church.

Huss was at length, in 1410, summoned by Pope Alexander V. to appear in person at Bologna, and answer the charges raised against him by the Archbishop of Prague. But he who had taught that the Pope had no more authority than any other priest, and that the Papal rule was an odious tyranny, displayed of course no great alacrity in obeying the mandate; so that he was ere long declared to be excommunicated through contumacy, and the Cardinal Otto von Colonna gave orders that no mass nor any holy ceremony was to be performed in Prague as long as Huss remained in the town.

Hereupon frequent tumults—often attended with bloodshed—disturbed the streets of Prague; for the Hussites declared that their ministers had a right to celebrate the mass, whilst the Archbishop, on the other hand, called upon the authorities of the town for the execution of the Papal bull.

Not long after this, the Pope had ordered that a crusade should be instituted against Ladislaus, King of Naples, and the command afforded Huss another opportunity for assailing the Papal power. Accordingly, on the 24th August, 1413, he affixed to the gates of the University and the churches of Prague a challenge to all the doctors, who upheld the Pope's authority, to meet him and discuss the Papal claims to obedience and respect. But though no disputation ensued, the challenge led, as usual, to increased rivalry between the contending parties.

The day after the notice had been affixed to the church doors the populace rose against the Papal preachers, and maltreated a considerable number of them; whilst some of the Hussites, on hearing their tenets perverted by the Romish clergy, stood up in the church and gave the preachers the lie direct, and others rose in the midst of the

mass and denounced the Pope as the scarlet lady of Babylon.

The senate then gave orders for the arrest of three of these offenders, whereupon Huss, at the head of 2000 men, hastened to demand their liberation; but though he was assured that the magistrates had no intention of treating the prisoners with any severity, they were, every one of them, beheaded the same night in prison.

This naturally increased the bitterness of feeling among the dissidents, so that perpetual broils and riots raged in the Bohemian capital; for as the Hussites grew in number they grew also in boldness.

Bull after bull was fulminated, but with no effect; and at last Pope John XXIII. wrote an urgent letter to Wenceslas V. of Bohemia, beseeching him to extirpate a heresy that threatened the stability of the civil as well as the ecclesiastic institutions. Wenceslas, however (for Huss had still great influence over the mind of the Queen), paid no attention to the letter.

It was therefore considered necessary to repress the teachings of Huss and his followers with a strong hand, and it being evident that King Wenceslas was either unwilling or afraid to do so, his brother, the Emperor Sigismund, took the matter in hand, and summoned John Huss to surrender himself at the forthcoming Council of Constanz—there to explain and defend his doctrines.

The Reformer regarded the approach of the General Council with interest, believing that the assembly would lead to the reform of the discipline, if not the doctrines, of the Church; and therefore cheerfully prepared to conform to the summons.

Accordingly, having first affixed upon the palace and church doors of Prague a notice that he was going to Constanz to render account of the reform he had proposed in

the Church, he took his departure for that city, accompanied by his faithful friend, the Knight John of Chlum, and a few followers.

A thousand partisans wished to escort him, but Huss desired to go alone with John of Chlum and some 30 adherents; and having received a warrant of "safe-conduct," the little cavalcade left Prague for Constanx early in October, 1414.

In a letter that Huss wrote from Nürnberg during the journey, he says that he rode all the way with his head uncovered, and with free and open countenance, according to the ancient custom, to show that he felt himself secure; and that the innkeepers on the road treated him with great respect, and brought out large cans of wine wherever they halted; for which kindness he gave them a copy of the Ten Commandments printed in German, and nearly all stuck them over their doors.

The Emperor Sigismund had decided that the solemn opening of the Council should take place on the day of All-Saints, nevertheless, the inaugural mass was not celebrated until the 16th November—the Pope, John XXIII. (who had come to Constanx to join in the Council), presiding at the first sitting, and the Emperor Sigismund taking part in the high mass on Christmas eve that was celebrated in the Cathedral by the Pope himself.

The second session did not occur until the second day of March, 1415, when Pope John announced that he would renounce the tiara if Gregory and Benedict would consent to do so the same. But, to avoid a more formal abdication of the Papal throne—the Council having constrained him to make the promise of renunciation—John fled in the night, under the protection of the Duke of Tyrol, to the castle of Unnoth

at Schaffhausen. He was pursued, however, dragged from his retreat and hurried brought back to the Council; when he was thrown into prison at Gmündingen being imprisoned there but two days off from home, and finally dispossessed of the Patriarchate at its 12th sitting, on the 29th May.

Two days afterwards, John made a voluntary abdication, and Gregory also submitted to be imposed; his ambassador, Charles Maucasso, Lord of Rimini, consenting to the proceeding. Benedict alone refused to abandon the throne, to which he insisted he had been rightfully elected.

The trial of Huss did not take place till the 5th of June, 1415—seven months after the opening of the Council. We can read the sequel of the Reformer's touching history, from his advent to his death, in the very stones of Constance.

Huss had arrived at Constance on Nov. 3, full of hope and courage; and two doors from the *Schoetz-Thor* (Carved Gate), is still to be seen the house in which he and Von Chlum sojourned till Nov. 25, when he was seized and cast into prison. The house in those days went by the sign of "*our Table*," and was kept by one Fran Elias Pfisterin. Here he paid for a week for his bed and room, which in one of his letters he complains of, as being exorbitantly dear.

The dwelling is still standing, and has somewhat the appearance of a small country inn, with a pedimented attic projecting from the tiles—being but two storeys high, and fitted with one "long-light" of a window to each floor. Here the timbers are showing through the dirty plastered walls; and on the shutter of the ground-floor there is a rude inscription, over a pair of painted pistols, giving the present tenant's name, with the addition of his vocation—"gunsmith and armourer," while you can hear the sharp grating of the mechanic's file at work within. Beside the first-floor window is a small bas-relief bust

of Huss, roughly sculptured in stone, with the date of 1415 cut underneath it. The figure is represented with a kind of Inquisition cap on the head and a cropped beard. The features, however, give no sign of the character of the man.

“There are many *Pariser* and *Italianer* (Frenchmen and Italians) here,” says Huss, in a letter to his friends in Bohemia shortly after his arrival; “but not many Archbishops or Bishops,” he adds, “though the Cardinals are plentiful enough, and often to be seen in the streets riding on their mules.” He expresses fear, too, that owing to the dearness of things—horses fetching, he says, as much as 14s. each in Constanz—that he will not have money enough to keep him till the assembling of the Council.

But the “heretic” had little cause for alarm about his expenses; for in less than a month he was seized and thrown into jail, despite the Emperor’s warrant of safe-conduct.

Indeed, no sooner had he set foot in Constanz, than he found the Pope and fathers all hostile to him; for never had any man so many opponents, even though his purity of morals was such as none could assail. The very day after his arrival, Michel de Causis, the agent of the Cardinal Colonna, affixed a notice to the Cathedral doors, denouncing him as a dangerous heretic, and warning all good Christians against holding communion with him. Further, he says in one of his letters that on the day of High Mass, though all the ministers had a place set aside for them, they would not grant *him* one.

On the morning of the 28th November he was cited to appear before the Cardinals, and though he then told them he had no desire to dispute with them, but merely wished to prove the truth of his doctrines, and have them introduced into the Church, he was in the evening arrested under the Cardinals’ warrant, and shut up in one of the monkish dungeons of the town.

In the *Dominicanner Insel* (the Island of the Dominican Monastery), which is merely a few acres of land, insulated by a broad ditch from the adjoining shore (*vide* the map of Old Constanz given at page 403, where the Cloister is shown on the right, and the Hafen—with the old Council-chamber at the end—on the left, jutting out into the water), there may be seen the remains of the “Inquisition prison,” in which Huss was confined, after his removal from the house near the *Schnetz-Thor*.

This island is still partly walled in, and behind the crowd of trees you can just see the empty lancet-windows of the huge chapel-like monastery itself, with long strips of newly-dyed scarlet calico suspended from the roof; for it is now the *Röthe Fabrik* (red kerchief manufactory) of M. Macaire.

Crossing the little wooden-bridge which reaches from the *Ober-Mauer* (Outer Wall) to the island, and passing through an old round-arched gateway, we came to the courtyard, where on one side is the *Comptoir* of the factory, with a small retinue of clerks at work within. Here we enter to ask permission to see the old dungeon—a favour which is invariably granted; whereupon a clerk accompanies us along a range of low cloisters, the walls of which are still decorated with old frescoes, though the colours are half faded out of the plaster. Thus we come to the chapel of the monastery itself, which is now a mere shell, with unglazed windows and bare walls, and the whole length filled with long red and white kerchief-pieces dangling from the rafters above, while the ground is littered with large casks and carboys.

Hence we pass on to the garden, the green grass of which, too, is striped red with handkerchief-pieces, and so reach the front of the buildings facing the lake. Here are seen the remains of an old rondel at one end of the building, and the guide, drawing our attention to some broken bond-stones

projecting from the rondel-wall, tells us that Huss's dungeon formerly stood there, but was taken down some few years ago to make room for the works.

After this we are conducted to a crypt-like sacristy, with the ceiling groined and still painted cathedral-fashion; and here the altar-like niche is found to be filled with small barrels and chemical bottles, instead of the "*Monstrans*" and gilt candlesticks of old, whilst the air is pungent with the fumes of nitric acid rather than incense.

We are now shown a heavy block of stone, about 18 inches square, having an iron ring fixed in its centre. To this ring was John Huss chained.

The attendant chips off a small splinter of the relic, bows as he presents you with the memorial, and the show is finished.

Huss was kept in prison from the end of November, 1414, to the middle of the next year, without a trial. At first, while in his dungeon, he was treated with some little lenience, but the cardinals at length gave orders that no indulgence should be shown him, and the poor martyr began to sicken with the severity of his confinement.

Worn out with suspense he demanded a public trial, and offered to retract if he should be convinced of error; and at last a hearing was voted, and the accusations registered against him.

Seven long months had been occupied in formulating and examining the principles contained in his works; four cardinals, two generals of the monastic orders, and six doctors, had been intrusted with the examination of them. Two bishops had been sent expressly into Bohemia to inquire into and report upon the doctrines which he had preached and professed. Commissioners, moreover, had been appointed to receive the depositions of witnesses and to analyse the pro-

positions extracted from his writings. In a word, what was proposed to be a simple conference, now assumed the aspect of a trial and grave proceeding. A copy of the charges was furnished him, but, as usual at such proceedings, he was denied an advocate.

Now let us proceed to inspect the old *Concilium's Saal*, where the great ecclesiastical Diet, before which John Huss was arraigned, held its sittings.

The steel engraving represents the end of the building next the *Ober-Mauer*, along which we have to pass on our way to and from the old Dominican Kloster.

Let us cross the little bridge leading to the harbour, at the end of which the Saal stands, and so obtain a nearer view of the building. You perceive it gives you the notion, as we said, of an old Swiss barn; the steep and almost pyramidal roof is set with kind of pigeon-house-like attics at the corners, and immediately beneath the eaves, there hangs a deep valance, as it were, of old brown wood, and which indeed constitutes the main peculiarity of the building.

As we stroll round the walls we find at the back a board inscribed, for the guidance of sight-seers, with the following notice in two languages:—"Auf diesen Concilium's Saal ist der Eingang vornen" (the entrance to the Concilium's Saal is at the front).

On reaching the said entrance we perceive another polyglot notice over the arched doorway, running as follows:—

CONCILIUM'S SAAL.

SAMLUNG GESCHICHTLICHER DENKWÜRDIGKEITEN.

And beneath this is painted an English translation in the following words, "*Gallery of Remarkables Antiquities.*"

A narrow staircase leads to the long loft, or bare barn-like chamber, in which the Council formerly held its sittings. At that time the building was comparatively new, having been erected only 26 years before the session of the Diet; though even now it has but few marks of age about it. Along the chamber is ranged a series of square oaken pillars, or rather posts, and these are marked with numbers for the merchants who now assemble here three times a-year, for the sale of cloth manufactured in Switzerland and Wirtemberg. The chamber below is still devoted to the purposes of a *Kaufhaus* (Exchange).

The old Council-chamber, denuded and desolate as it now appears, reminds one of the bare deck of an immense man-of-war laid up in ordinary.

Here it was that Huss, on the 5th of June, in the presence of the Emperor and the assembled cardinals, bishops, kings, princes, nobles, and priests of Christendom, was shown his printed works, and on his admitting them to have been written by him, the principles deduced from them were read over to him.

Of these, some he qualified, so as to remove their obnoxious spirit; others he evaded; and a few he denied; whereupon the Emperor Sigismund and the Archbishop of Cambray exhorted him to submit unconditionally to the Church. Huss again assured them that he had come there with that design, if it could be proved to him that he was wrong.

On the following day, thirty-nine propositions drawn up from his works were submitted to him, the priests and monks screaming at him the while, "like the Jews at Jesus," to use Huss's own words—while many cried aloud, "Burn his works! burn them!"

Repeated and urgent were the efforts now made by the Emperor and nobles, the Pope and cardinals, to induce

him to recant; but, in obedience to the voice within him, the steadfast Bohemian would not gainsay his honest belief. When, therefore, the assembly found him so resolute, they began to threaten him with the utmost vengeance of the law, ecclesiastical and civil.

At the third hearing, the Emperor Sigismund said to him, as a last appeal, "John Huss, you have two courses still open to you: either to retract all your heresies and throw yourself on the mercy of the Council, or else to abide stubbornly by your doctrines; in which case we shall know how to deal with you; and rather than let such a heretic live," he added emphatically, while utterly ignoring his written pledge of protection, "I would light your stake myself."

Hereupon the Bishop of Poland roared out, "We know well what to do with miscreants."

But the undaunted Reformer calmly awaited the doom he now plainly saw before him. He could not recant, and knew, therefore, that he could not escape.

At the 15th sitting of the Council, the doctrines of John Huss were formally condemned as "gross and damnable heresies," 250 prelates taking part in the memorable decree.

Let us, however, continue our historical search among the antiquities of the town.

At the end of the Concilium's Saal there is a partition, with a door leading to "The Gallery of Remarkables Antiquities" within. On opening this we find ourselves in a kind of small Tussaud's exhibition, with a sprinkling of old pots, china, coins, and noseless busts, that give it somewhat the character of a miniature museum.

The first objects here that strike the sight are three dressed figures the size of life, ranged under a rude canopy, and standing on a small raised platform. The figures are so-

called models of John Huss, Jerome of Prague, (his faithful friend and fellow-sufferer,) and Father Cölestin—the latter being the Dominican friar who was the principal opponent of Huss at the Council.

These figures are far more ludicrous than solemn, being as unnatural as tailors' dummies, and the faces carved about as artistically as barbers' blocks. They are indeed but mere "Guys," that seem to be fit for a bonfire rather than serving to impress one with the terror of the stake. The monk is habited in a "frock" of coarse blue flannel, whilst Huss and Jerome of Prague are dressed in kind of black bathing-gown-like gaberdines, and wear Inquisition-like caps; each of the figures being in the uncomfortable attitude of toppling over.

On the same platform are exhibited the "*trône et fauteuil de l'Empereur Sigismund*," which is merely a rude square old arm-chair, that was once gilt perhaps, and covered with blue velvet—small strips of which are still clinging to the seat. Not many feet from this, again, stands the throne and fauteuil of Pope Martin V., and this is in shape like a pair of calipers, but has now merely a bundle of horse-hair protruding through the ragged velvet seat.

At one end of the exhibition-room there projects a small closet, about as big as a knife-house, representing "the prison wherein John Huss was kept for three months," and with an inscription on the wall to the following effect:—

"The prison of John Huss, formerly upon the Isle of the Dominicans. The form and size (of the original) were the same, (the model being fitted up,) with the identical door, window, and some bricks, which formed part of the original floor, and on which are some letters supposed to have been cut by Huss himself. He was confined in it 92 days."

At the side of this again is a certificate from M. Macaire, saying that "on account of alterations in his premises he has

transferred the above-mentioned parts of the original dungeon to M. Castel, antiquarian of Constanz."

This dungeon is somewhat after the style of a ship's berth, and the original door is now merely an old worm-eaten thick wooden portal, with huge rusty iron hinges and bolts, and fitted with a little trap, through which the bread used to be handed in.

As the loquacious little watchmaker—who is the proprietor of the exhibition, and pursues his trade in one corner of the room during the absence of visitors—points out these things to you, he keeps brushing away at some watch-wheels that he holds in his hand, while he exclaims, in strong nasal German-French, "*Oh! ong u traité ce pauvre homme pire qu'un chieng!*"

Not far from the "model prison" is a wooden and battered life-size figure of Abraham kneeling, with a ram at his feet. This has the same square Inquisition cap on the head as the figure of Huss, and formerly formed part of the pulpit in the Cathedral. The populace, however, mistook the figure, on account of the cap, for the effigy of the "heretic" himself, and delighted to deface it by driving nails into its cheeks and eyes. It has now no nose, and the face is as if pitted with the small-pox from the heads of the tacks that have been hammered into the wood.

From the Council-chamber where the martyr was tried, let us now pass to the Cathedral where he was condemned.

The Constanz Münster is hardly to be reckoned handsome, after the eye has been pampered with the Doms at Strasburg and Freiburg. The open tower, which has been newly raised, is but a mere copy of the steeple of the latter edifice; while the spiral staircase, showing within the open stone tubes, are but duplicates of the turret columns of Strasburg. There

is, however, a curious carved doorway at the principal entrance, that is rich as the screen to some choir.

In the interior the nave is supported by sixteen pillars, each of which is a single block, with solid Byzantine capitals. Near one of these, the custos points out to you the spot where the "heresiarch Huss" stood when sentence of death by burning was pronounced against him..

From his dungeon in the cloisters at the back of the Cathedral, Huss was led forth at six in the morning, on the 6th of July, 1415, and "was received," says Professor Eiselein, "by the Archbishop of Riga (to whose care, as keeper of the seals of the Council, Huss had latterly been entrusted), at St. Stephan's Kirche, in the *Platten Strasse* (this church, with its sharp steeple, may be seen nearly facing the Cathedral in the map given at page 403); after which he was conducted by the beadles to the front of the Dom, where, "being a heretic," he was obliged to wait outside the door till the mass was over.

Then the portals were thrown back, and he was taken by four bishops—the deputies of four national Churches—to the sixth pillar in the nave, where he was put to kneel on a huge slab of stone, with a pole supporting a priest's robes beside him. The Bishop, Jacob of Lodi, hereupon, as the Death-sentencer (*Galgen-pater*) of the Council, discoursed upon the words of Paul, "that the body of sin may be destroyed."

"Huss, however," the Bishop added, "had come to Constanx under the Emperor's warrant of safe-conduct;" and at the mention of the words the Reformer cast upon the Emperor, who sat there in his robe of state, such a withering look of rebuke that it made the royal liar grow crimson with shame.

Next, the Bishop of Concordia read a decree, in which sentence of excommunication, with two months' imprison-

ment, was pronounced against every man, whatever his dignity—were he emperor, king, cardinal, archbishop or bishop—who should presume, by speaking or moving, to testify either applause or disapprobation during the solemn act about to take place.

Hereupon the Procurator of the Council slowly rose from his seat, and demanded that the doctrines preached and taught by John Huss in the kingdom of Bohemia should be condemned as “heretical, seditious, captious, and offensive to pious ears.”

This part of the sentence having been formally carried out, Huss was once more exhorted to recant; and, he having once more refused, the Bishop of Concordia proceeded to pronounce two sentences: first, that his works should everywhere be committed to the flames; and secondly, that he himself should be degraded from the priesthood, by the Archbishop of Milan and six bishops, as one with whom the Church of Christ had no longer any concern: after which he was to be handed over to the secular authorities, to be dealt with according to the criminal law.

Accordingly, when he had been dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and the Communion cup placed in his hand, he was once again desired to retract, and on his repeated refusal the chalice was snatched from him by the Bishops, and his priest's garments torn from his back piece by piece; after which all traces of the tonsure were erased by cutting his hair in the form of a cross, and a tall paper cap, painted with devils and bearing the inscription—“HERESIARCHA,” put on his head; and in this state he was led to the porch, so that he might see his “accursed” works burnt in the fire before his eyes.

This done, he was taken back to the Cathedral, where he was publicly expelled from the church, the Bishops uttering these words the while:—“The Church has hence-

forth nothing further to do with thee,—it gives thy body over to the law, and thy soul to the *devil*." Whereupon he was cursed as Judas, smitten on both cheeks, and finally cast with a thrust of the foot from the Cathedral doors, where the law officers waited to receive him.



JOHN HUSS ON HIS WAY TO THE STAKE.

(From a Drawing in the Archives of the Counts von Königsegg, in Aulendorf.)

Und so es aller ding der
kommen was democht
was die Justel in dem fure
gantz do es sich ist der
hender und do es was
ist och und ward der bist
schmadyt den man schmadyt
on mocht von der Cardin
al pangsalmacht am roff

und ist fard an der stadt
von die ist ward die vor
dahinge genby und von
der litz telt ist ist erlich
ist ist der schmadyt hender
kome darnach firt man
ist then genbythen was
balay in den Rier.

Then the Emperor condemned him to be burnt, and he was immediately transferred to the charge of the Elector Palatine.

According to an old law, the executioner was entitled to everything that at the time of death might be upon the person of those suffering at his hands. It was, however, in this instance, ordered that Huss should be burnt with all his clothes on: and when the priests heard that he was really to suffer martyrdom at the stake, they raised such a yell of delight, and looked so loudly at the poor Bohemian, that Sigismund was obliged to announce that all who should again be guilty of such misconduct should be forthwith ejected from the Cathedral.

Huss, however, during all the insults heaped upon him, behaved with the greatest fortitude and patience; and to the last moment of his life, indeed, put to shame the cruelties of his persecutors.

From the church we are led to the neighbouring cloisters, to see the martyr's last prison. This consists of a small cellar let into the wall at the end of the cloisters, the door being secured with peculiar old padlocks. Though there is little extraordinary about the place — for it is merely a dark damp vault, with a strong ratty smell pervading it — the mere sight of the dungeon stirs the soul with violent indignation.

In this dismal hole John Huss passed his last night, for he was led hence early in the morning, as we have said, to be stripped of his robes, and thence to be carried to the stake. Here, too, it was that he wrote the subjoined touching epistle — his last letter to his Bohemian friends: —

“John Huss to his Friends in Bohemia.

“Allow me to use this my last opportunity, in order to impress upon you that you can put trust in nothing in this world; therefore

devote yourselves entirely to the service of God. I have good reason to warn you that you cannot depend on princes, nor on any other man, for there is no help in them. God alone remains true and steadfast. What He promises He assuredly performs. I resign myself wholly to His merciful promise, and trust devoutly to His grace. According as I have endeavoured to be His servant, even so have I no fear of His forsaking me. I hope much from the words of our gracious Saviour—‘Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things’ (and, verily, my life is the smallest thing that I can offer Him, seeing that He gave it me Himself), ‘I will make thee a ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ (Matt. xxv. 23.) I shall soon exchange my long afflictions for eternal bliss and tranquillity. The God of peace and all Heaven support you. This is, beyond doubt, the last letter I shall ever write to you. I have cause to believe that I shall be called upon to-morrow to answer with my life the charges that have been raised against me. Still, even in this I comfort myself with the consolation of Jesus Christ; and I am not frightened of that which kills the body, since it cannot destroy the soul. Sigismund has dealt falsely in everything. God, however, forgive him. You have heard in how severe a strain he spoke against me. Farewell! Pray that you fall not into temptation. I look forward with joy to my death-day. Seek you to live so that you may die happily.

“JOHN HUSS.”

The last scene of all is the site of the martyrdom itself.

This is now merely a large orchard, reached by the *Paradieser-Thor*, that leads to the road to Zurich. Passing the “*Caffé zum Gutle*” and the line of market-gardens bordering the road, we turn off into a field on the left.

Here, as we bend our steps towards the reverend spot, we hear the sharp grating of the whetstone, and shortly afterwards, as we approach the mower, the ear catches the

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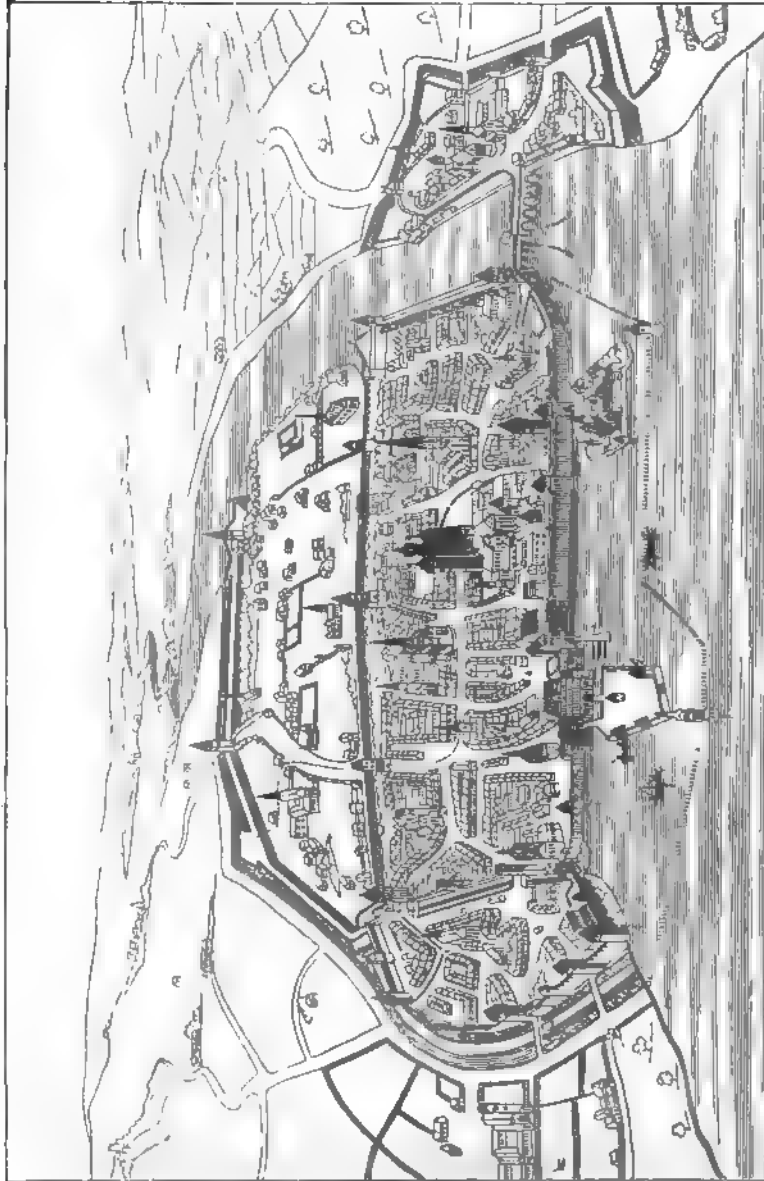
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But let us follow warmer prints than rustic groups.

* At the close of the 4th July, 1415—the same day as
 he had been publicly condemned in the Cathedral—came the
 learned Professor Koonen, — they set forth the martyr (whose
 wearing white robes, and who kept chanting hymns by the
 way) from the Cathedral porch, through the town-gates, to-
 wards the ‘*Brak*’* — as indicated by the dotted line in the
 subjoined wood-engraving.

* This word *Brak* is thought by some to be a derivative of the French
brake — so that the present name of the field would have been given to it, not
 only subsequent to, but in consequence of the martyrdom. A better origin
 for the tale, however, is that which makes it a mere corruption of “*des Prugis*”
 — literally, the place of the stake.



THE CITY OF CONSTANZ IN THE TIME OF JOHN HUSS A.D. 1415.
 (The dotted line from the Cathedral to the field, just within the outer walls of the town, indicates the route by which the martyr
 was led to the stake.)

“I am not a man of blood,” said Huss, “I am a man of God. I will not fight with you, but I will die for the truth.”

“You are a man of God,” said the Elector, “but you are a man of blood. You will not fight with me, but you will fight with me in the end.”

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After this long and bitter dispute, the Elector, who had been the whole year residing in Switzerland, and there making a party, having placed Huss in the middle, when Ulrich of Murbach, accompanied him and returned whether he wished or no, to the charges of his heresy was close at hand.

Huss replied, that, having no great sin on his soul, he had no need of a confessor: whereupon the Elector, John Ludwig von der Pfalz, ordered the executioner to do his duty.

Accordingly Huss was tied to the stake, with his face turned towards the west; and at this critical moment the Elector Palatine, with the Marshal of the Empire, approached, and for the last time renewed the exhortation that he would renounce his “heresies” and save his life. But the hero, for the hundredth time, would not listen to the entreaties, and declared his willingness to die for the truth.

The final resolve was no sooner uttered than the command was given to fire the fagots, and then Huss prayed aloud, as the flames curled about him, crying,—“*Jesu Christe! Alibi vivi, qui passus es pro nobis, miserere mei*—

miserere mei!” and continued repeating the supplication till the smoke choked his utterance and ultimately suffocated him.

The wind had blown the paper cap from his head, but the executioner seized it and thrust it in the fire, “so that nothing that belonged to him should escape the flames.”

At eleven o'clock, on the 6th July, 1415, the body of the heroic John Huss was reduced to ashes. Even these, however, were not allowed to rest undisturbed, but were swept together, thrown in a cart, and cast into the Rhine,—the martyr being, as the chronicles say, “42 years and not a day”—the anniversary of his birth having been chosen as the date of his death.

“If the goose,” said Huss, shortly before his death, and with a quaint play upon the meaning of his name, in prophetic allusion to the coming Reformation, “if the goose, which is only a peaceful bird, and whose flight is not high in the air, has been snared by the wicked, other birds, soaring more boldly, shall hereafter break through the toils—for instead of a feeble goose the truth shall send forth eagles and keen-eyed vultures.”

Some few years back it was proposed to erect a monument to the memory of the first heroic Reformer of Germany, and large sums of money were collected, not only in the neighbourhood of his martyrdom, but from Bohemia in particular. But when permission was applied for to carry out the work, it was found that the Emperor of Austria had written to the Grand Duke of Baden requesting that he would put his veto upon such an undertaking, “*as it would be likely to bring the memory of the Emperor Sigismund into contempt.*” (!)

"The first thing I saw when I stepped out of the car was a vast, open landscape. The air was fresh and cool, and the sun was shining brightly. I felt a sense of freedom and adventure. The road ahead was long and winding, and I knew that I was about to embark on a journey of discovery. The first few miles were uneventful, but then I saw a small village in the distance. I stopped the car and walked towards it. The people there were friendly and welcoming. They showed me around the village and told me about the history of the area. I was fascinated by everything I saw and heard. The journey was not just about the destination, but about the experience itself. I had found a new world, and I was determined to explore it all."

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dat is die place I should like to go to! Why, it must be like the Garten of Eten for die happiness of die people. Only tink," added he, "not one pfaffe, nor one parson, nor one preacher, as you Engländer call dem, to look after you, and take care dat you tink as dey do. Yes, dat must be the glücklichest spot in all die velt; for dare die people cannot abuse one another for being dark or double-faced; and I believe, if die great Lord vere to come again on earth, dat is die place he should go to."

Had the reader had the same experience as ourselves as to the extent of the brotherly love, as well as the amount of religious liberty, prevalent in Prussia, he would be able to find some excuse for the sentiments in the preceding speech. Had he heard, as we have, the German Protestants affirm that the Catholic Sisters of Charity, who wait upon the residents every month for alms for the poor, make a practice of putting the money in their own pockets; and that the nuns, who go round the market begging of each peasant woman for vegetables for the hospital soup; do so only that they may get a good dinner themselves,—had they known the Catholics, on the other hand, to declare that the "*Blankopfs*" (which is the popular name for the Lutherans) were a dark set of people, and had none but dismal-faced hypocrites among them,—were they aware, too, that throughout "tolerant" Germany there are Catholic and Protestant butchers, and bakers, and grocers, and that one who belongs to the "*Evangelische*" portion of the community would never think of buying even so much as a "*Wasser-brödchen*" (water-roll) of one who is "*Katolische*," and that, on the other hand, a "*good Catholic*," as the phrase runs, would never drink Protestant coffee, nor eat Protestant beef,—had he been present while ladies discoursed upon the advantage of some Fräulein starting in business as a milliner, and urged, "That as she was a Protestant, every Lutheran

lady in the town would, of course, buy their bonnets at her shop,"—had they seen, too, the "Protestant Weekly Journal," (*"Kirchlicher Anzeiger der evangelischen Gemeine zu Coblenz,"*) containing announcements of Evangelisch pastry-cooks and Lutheran bookbinders*—indeed, had they witnessed and listened to but one tithe of the want of charity and loving-kindness that prevails among the several sects in a German town, they would have agreed with us, that religious liberty, though it is upheld by the State in Prussia, is certainly *not* carried out by the people.

In proof of this general intolerance on the part of one sect towards another in Germany, we may remind the reader (for the fact was chronicled in the English newspapers at the time) that Herr Sontag of Coblenz was publicly excommunicated at the *Castor-kirche* in 1856, and that merely for having committed the heinous sin of marrying a Protestant lady!

Scarcely a day passes, too, but you are told some wretched bit of religious scandal that has been propagated by the intolerant bigots of this same tolerant country. Either you are assured that, during the exhibition of the "Holy Coat" at Trèves, some gentleman's servant requested leave of his master to make a journey into the country in order to visit his dying father, and that the master, being called away from Coblenz to some town on the banks of the Mosel, saw—while looking out of window at the procession of pilgrims on their way to Trèves—his own servant among the troop, limping along

* A copy of this same journal, for the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, contains (after giving a programme of the services and preachers, lessons and psalms, at the different Protestant churches in Coblenz throughout the week) a short list of business-notices (*"geschäftliche Anzeiger"*), of which the following may be cited as a sample:—

"The Widow Müller, by the Market, urgently recommends her meal and flour warehouse to the Evangelical community. She sells meal in small as well as large quantities."

upon a pair of crutches; and who thereupon confessed, on being taxed with the imposition, that the Herr Pastor at his church had given him 40 thalers to go as a cripple to Trèves, and be "*miraculously cured*" immediately he was brought into connexion with the sacred garment. Or else some one who has a relation at an Apotheke's in a country town, will declare to you that the Lutheran clergyman of the village was wont, while out on his rounds, to drop in at the chemist's and ask them to oblige him with a glass; whereupon he would draw a bottle of some strong water from a secret pocket and toss off a portion of it, saying, that it would never do for one of his cloth to be seen entering a "*Weinwirtschaft*" (common tavern).

Nor are these the tales of mere ignorant gossips, but stories repeated by the educated teachers at the principal schools; so that when such intolerance prevails, even among the Lehrers, the German children may be said to learn fanaticism with their very alphabet; and though the people, in after life, cannot openly persecute, still it is impossible to prevent them secretly slandering the members of any opposite church to their own.

Moreover, while we are on the subject of clerical scandal we may mention that one, who knew the priests well, declared to us, that it was by no means unusual in the German country villages to see the gown of the Herr Pastor's cook hanging on a nail beside the ghostly (*geistlich*) gentleman's coat behind the door. Now, we would not for a moment unjustly doubt the chastity of these worthies; but, as unprejudiced individuals, we must confess, that there certainly *does* appear to be some reason for the report which insinuates that their Catholic reverences are frequently inclined to live on very intimate terms with their housekeepers: for the bishops have ordained that no pastor shall have a maidservant living with him under fifty

years of age,—an order that is said to have been enjoined with the view of preventing any little tell-tales appearing in the village. There is a Deutsch Joe Miller current throughout Germany, that a bishop having put up one evening at a village parsonage, a buxom young damsel made her appearance at the “coffee-drinking” with the cups, whereupon the bishop stared, first at the girl and then at the Herr Pastor; but he had hardly recovered from his surprise, when another young and equally good-looking serving-maid entered with the “*Hörnchens*” and the cakes. This was more than the right reverend father could bear; so, immediately the servant had quitted the room, the dignitary asked the pastor whether he was not aware of the injunction which prohibited priests from having maid-servants resident with them under fifty years of age. The Herr Pastor replied that he was; but, as one of the girls was twenty-six and the other twenty-four, the bishop would see that he had possessed himself of the entire *volume* of years, though he had preferred taking it “in two parts.”

Nor has the Prussian Government itself such a respect for religious liberty as would at the first glance appear; for a few months’ residence in Germany is sufficient to teach one, that though there be no particular Church connected with the State in that country, there is a greater amount of religious tyranny, and (as it is impossible to make people devout by Act of Parliament) a greater amount of religious hypocrisy, than obtains in any other land. Indeed, we know of no nation in which parsons have such entire sway over the people.

In the first place, no person can be married unless able to produce their confirmation papers; nor can they obtain any situation under government, unless they be provided with the same documents. Again, all who fill any government post must go to church once, at least, on the Sunday; and professors

at schools must not only do the same thing themselves, but keep no servant in their family who absents herself from church service.

Now, all this extreme religious rigour is reported to be owing to a letter that was addressed by the Pope to the various crowned heads of the Continent, after the kingdom-panics of 1848, and in which his Holiness is said to have informed the monarchs that the several national disturbances had arisen from the lack of religious care for the people throughout the various governments: though surely his far-seeing Saintliness might have called to mind, that it was only in those countries where priestcraft was rampant that revolutions had broken out, and that England—where there were fewer priests, and soldiers, and police agents, than in any other European State—was about the only throne that escaped. Nevertheless, Prussia, in its wisdom, became immediately determined to employ no one in the administration of its public affairs who was not a *devout Christian* (or what would well pass muster as a *profound hypocrite*); and the consequence is, we meet German professors and government officers on their way to church, who whisper to you, as they wink their eye, to let you see they have no faith in the mockery, that they are going to “eat their god” according to law. Moreover, it is a rule that every true Catholic must confess at least at Easter, (if not oftener throughout the year), under pain of excommunication—whilst excommunication brings loss of office, and friends, and living. Hence, at Easter you are freely informed, by those whom you know to be merely *official* devotees, that they tell all manner of lies to the priests in order to obtain their license to play the Christian for the ensuing twelvemonth.

The religious tyranny of Prussia, however, is not merely part and parcel of the government institutions, but it extends

itself throughout every form of society. We have already spoken of the hatred, or, at least, the contempt which the members of the different churches bear towards one another, and how each is but too glad to give circulation to any tale that tends to detract from the reputation of the opposite sect; and we have now to add to the list of sectarian virtues, that every member of society in Prussia acts, as it were, as a religious spy upon the conduct and speech of his associates. This is more especially the case with the Papists; because, owing to the system of confession, the priest's ear can be made the secret receptacle of all the religious gossip and slander throughout the town. Again, by such means the Catholic shepherds are enabled to learn who are their *true sheep*, as well as who are the hungry wolves among the flock who *will* have meat even on the Friday; so that there is hardly a Romist in all Prussia who does not live in positive dread, not only of being maligned by the Protestants, but of being reported to his priest, either as a Friday meat-eater or as a backslider of some kind or other.

"*Lieber Gott, Frau Fresser!*" cries a "prayer-sister," as she pokes her head in at the door and begins sniffing, while she steals towards the kitchen; "I suppose you are ill, my dear, as I smell meat, and it is Friday."

Accordingly, the next time the "prayer-sister" visits the confessional, she takes care to include among her sins the great temptation she underwent at Herr Fresser's, whose family was going to have meat on a fast-day.

But not only are the prayer-sisters thus used as Papal police, but the Catholic servants of every household act as the same kind of spies upon the master and his friends.

"I think, madame, there will be enough meat for supper," said our maid, (for dining at midday makes an early supper equivalent to a late dinner,) "even though the Herr Doctor

will be here, as you say; for *he* is a good Catholic, and would not eat flesh *to-day*."

The Herr Doctor, however, when he visited us in the evening, was more inclined to veal cutlets and salad than to the dietetic ceremonies of the Romish Church, so he supped heartily off the forbidden dainties, much to the horror of the maid, who looked significantly at his plate as she removed it from the table. And when we told the Doctor at a later hour of the evening of what the servant had said in the morning, he turned pale, and we could see by his look that he knew he would be duly reported to the priests at the next confession.

Indeed, Catholics themselves have told us, that it is impossible to conceive the amount of priestly despotism that is practised in Prussia, where servants act as spies upon every household—and where every Catholic friend or acquaintance is but too ready to play the informer against those whom he visits or meets in society—where the priest hears of every little thing that occurs in every family—and where, when he finds an individual who is lax in his observances of the forms enjoined by his religion, he considers it his *duty* to privately *warn* the members of his flock against the dangers of holding any communion with such a character; so that Catholic tradesmen occasionally find their Catholic customers dropping off one by one, and gentlefolks their friends and visitors growing daily less and less in number.

Indeed, we have known Catholics in Coblenz who refused to keep a servant, because, if she were of their own religion, she could act as a tale-bearer to their priest; whilst they would not dream of admitting a Protestant cook into their family. Others, again, we knew, who, though they dreaded and hated the tyrant "*Pfaffen*," made every one of them that they met in the street the most profound bow as they passed, merely to *seem* to respect them; and others, moreover, who have

assured us that they were not acquainted with one Catholic in all Coblenz whom they could or would implicitly trust.

Now, the Protestant bigot must not rub his hands with glee, under the belief that we cite these facts as arguments against the practice of confession in a *religious* point of view. We say again, we have nothing to do with the particular forms or ceremonies that different sects may imagine to be acceptable to the Almighty, and we have too sincere a regard for the principles of religious liberty, which we are here advocating, to dream of reviling or mocking any body of people for matters which concern themselves and the Creator only. We repeat, that it is merely as a *social* institution that we here speak of the confessional and other church ceremonies, and whose effects upon the community we believe we have a perfect right, as what the Scotch call "humanists," to criticise.

It is in the same spirit that the following remarks are made; for our opinions, so far from being dictated by any sectarian feeling, proceed rather from a true Catholic feeling: our objections being raised not against the *creed* of the people indulging in such observances, but merely against the observances themselves, as being *degrading to mankind*, and having a tendency to foster the worst errors of the dark ages, rather than to propagate the enlightenment of the present.

The art of healing, for instance, was in the ignorance of past times regarded as being more intimately connected with religion than with medicine; so that the priests in those days were the sole physicians, and the multitude were taught to drink at Holy Wells, or to kiss the bones of defunct "saints," as the only means of getting cured of their diseases. Within the last few centuries, however, different notions have come over the people; we have learnt that the Almighty Power that

made the human body has ordained certain laws of health in connexion with it, and that it is merely by studying and conforming to these that we can hope to continue in, or to be restored to, a state of bodily or mental sanity. Surely, too, we may say, without being accused of "philosophic infidelity," that experience teaches us that disorders are oftener healed nowadays by medicine than by prayer—the very principles of medicine itself being but the scientific rendering of the Creator's sanitary commandments; and whereas the doctrines taught by the physician inspire us with the highest sense of the wisdom and goodness of Him who framed us (showing us that bodily affliction comes either from an ignorant or wilful infraction of some health-law), the therapeutic principles taught by the priest, on the other hand, tend only to make mankind regard the Creator as some evil power dispensing afflictions from mere malevolence, and consenting to remit them only after long penance and supplication. So that, making every generous allowance for the faith of zealots, we must confess that we cannot help regarding the priests who still lead people forth to drink at Holy Wells and pray at Holy Shrines as impudent charlatans—the Morisons, and Holloways, and Parrs of the altar, who grow fat, not only upon the bodily miseries, but upon the mental and spiritual degradation of the poor whom it is their duty, as Christian ministers, to protect.

"*Ja! mein Herr,*" said our Catholic servant to us, "they have, indeed, got the key of heaven at the '*Jesuiten-kirche*,' and it's made of solid gold."

Now, there is no other view to be taken of such teaching as this but that it is the dissemination of *deliberate lies* among the people; since the priest who told it to the poor ignorant girl must have known either that there was *no* such key in the church, or else that it was *not* the key of heaven. Nor can Catholics shuffle out of the iniquity by saying that it was

merely "a pious fraud," since it is impossible to find any holy intention in filling the minds of the people with the most degrading notions of an after-life.

But cheats like the above are daily practised, not only upon the so-called "educated" populace of Germany, but the children as well. At the school which our little girl attended in Coblenz, a Herr Capellan used to come weekly to instruct the classes upon matters of Bible History, &c.; and this fellow had the audacity to tell the young pupils that the Cross of Christ, when it was dug up by St. Helena 328 years after the Crucifixion, was found to be in a complete state of preservation, and to have none but *gold* nails about it! Moreover, the mere infants, as it were, are made to believe that Christ himself puts all the presents on the Christmas-tree: so that the very first lesson they get in religion is a *lie*.

How, then, is it possible for a country to hope to take rank among the enlightened nations of Europe, when the very children have their minds stuffed with these and similar falsehoods as the highest truths; and where the people must either remain with scarcely more sense than zoophytes in order to have faith in such things, or else, if they have brains enough to discover the imposition, they ultimately come to think even the belief in a Creator to be one of the follies engendered by superstition?

"But, papa," said our little girl, after seeing at the Church of St. Ursula at Cologne a thorn that was said to be from Christ's crown, "if that isn't true, how do we know that all things told us about Jesus are not stories?"

Again the servant, whilst out one day with our child, dropped in at the "*Wasser-Weib*" to obtain a pailful of holy water for the little crockery water-spicket-like font that she kept in the corner of her bedroom. "Is it *fest*?" asked the maid of one of the choir-boys, as if she were speaking of a





tap of beer rather than so much prestigiated "*aqua pumpi*." "Oh, yes!" was the lad's reply, as she dipped her bottle into the little stone basin; "I have only just got it from the hands of the pastor." On hearing this, the *Mädchen* tried to prevail upon our child, also, to take a little of the water, telling her that she need not be afraid of thunder and lightning so long as she had got *that* by her; for in the most violent storm she had only to sprinkle the room with a few drops of the blessed liquid, and it would be impossible for her to be struck dead after that.

Hence, on such poor wretches as these, the great discovery of Franklin has been utterly wasted, the German populace being still taught to regard the Almighty as a kind of Romish Jupiter—a Papal Thor, who delights in dealing out death by thunderbolts.

A few weeks after our family had been enlightened as to the electric power of holy water, we saw two priests among the audience at one of the lectures given by Herr Finn upon "*Galvanismus und Electricität*;" and as the lecturer explained and illustrated the properties of the marvellous fluid, we could not help wondering whether these same priests would have the honesty to tell their flock that a metal rod was the only safeguard against lightning, and that the virtue of holy water, in such cases, had been proved to be a mere flam.

Interpolated Rhénish Scenes.

(17.)

FRIEDRICHSHAFEN.

The royal villa of Friedrichshafen is one of the most striking objects on the shores of the Lake of Constanx. Its

twin square towers, and its white walls and castellated gables, are visible at almost every turn of the steamer. It is seen in the engraving standing out on a small neck of land, and girt with its gardens and trees.

The town itself has scarcely an object worthy of notice. Though it boasts a large *Hafen*, and has a railway in junction with the pier for the facilitation of traffic, besides a palace in immediate proximity with the town, the street (for there is but one in the whole of this *Schloss-stadt*), has even a more desolate appearance than the highways of Constanx itself.

Not a single shop, indeed, is visible. True, there is one house with a sign of fancy rolls carved over the door, but not a bit of bread is to be seen in the window. There is another house, too, with a small case of nails, tools, and saucepans, hung beside the door-posts, and this belongs to the ironmonger of the place. Then the butcher has a wire-work screen in front of his shop, as at Constanx, but not a single joint is to be caught sight of behind it.

The houses at the water's edge are the backs of those in the "High Street," as it is called, and they start straight up out of the pool, after the fashion of the amphibious structures in our own Jacob's Island.

At the time of our visit to the place two of the German "*Handwerk-burschers*," (handicraftsmen), who were completing their "*Wandelschaft*," (the travelling term of their apprenticeship), had crossed in the steamer with us; these, as usual, had their knapsacks at their back, and a spare pair of hob-nailed shoes and an umbrella strapped on to the top: but really one would have fancied that the town was suffering from a superabundance of workmen, from the manner in which the poor fellows were cross-questioned by the officials, and made to show their passports to the officer stationed at the gangway

of the vessel, before they could obtain permission to enter the town.

The *Katolische Pfarr-kirche* (Catholic parish-church) of the place is a wretched ungainly building, with a kind of cottage gable-wall for a steeple. In one corner facing the planted and turfed Platz, at the side of the edifice (standing, as it does, a little distance back from the street), there is a large niche, protected by a wire-work screen. Within this is seen a rude and painted stone tableau, the figures of which are sculptured the size of life. The subject of the representation is the Mount of Olives, the principal figure being Christ in a long brown gown and a bright blue scarf about him, and the other an angel with large white wings, holding a golden cup, from which he is about to offer drink to the Saviour; whilst the accessories are a huge modelled pea-green tree in the foreground, and a painted city and rocks in the distance.

Journeying on towards the palace we reach the *Neustadt*, which is a long line of small villas set on the top of a sloping bank that stretches down to the water's edge. The slope is laid out in petty detached gardens, after the fashion of the *Rheinlusts* by Rüdesheim and St. Goar, and each having a wooden summer-house for the owners to sit and smoke in as they gaze upon the Lake.

In front of these are two or three small bathing institutions, which are mere wooden sheds, raised upon stilt-like piles, and stretching far out into the water.

Nor is the sight of the palace itself worth the walk from the station, the building being utterly deficient in ornament, the walls bare as a Quaker's meeting-house, and pierced with as many windows as a *Caserne*.

Indeed the only sign of life and activity is at the railway-station and the harbour, and here the scream of the whistle, the

rumbling of the barrels along the quays, and the jangling of the bars of iron on the stones, give you some faint notion that you are really living in the nineteenth century.

Friedrichshafen is part of the kingdom of Wirtemberg, whose territory stretches from a little above Immenstadt to Kressbronn, a little below Lindau.

The history of this town needs but a few lines.

In the first place, Friedrichshafen originally consisted of two distinct settlements; namely, *Buch-horn* and *Hofen*—the former occupying the site of the present town, and the latter that of the palace.

In the year 837, Buch-horn (then called *Buachihorn*) was strongly fortified; so that when, a century afterwards, it was attacked by a horde of Hungarians, it was impossible to subdue it. The city was made free in the thirteenth century by Rudolph I., and the Emperor Albrecht made a law that no monks should possess any property in it.

In the year 1292 the town was taken by the Bishop of Constanx, and in 1363 it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. It was afterwards rebuilt, and then taken by the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War.

In 1802 it came into the hands of Bavaria, and passed subsequently (in 1805) to Friedrich, King of Wirtemberg, who proceeded to convert the ancient monastery of Hofen into a summer residenz, and immediately afterwards Buch-horn and Hofen came to be called the City and Palace of Friedrichs-hafen. Neustadt was built at the same time, so as to connect the Schloss with the town.

King Wilhelm, however, added, we are told, greatly to the prosperity of the place by the construction of the harbour, and building the first steamers that ever traversed the Lake, so that Friedrichshafen came to be closely allied by commerce with the Swiss shore.

On the 7th July, 1850, the railway was opened, and this was also the first *Eisenbahn* in connexion with the Boden See.

¶ i.

Religious Creed continued—A Modern Prophecy—Canonized Dolls—Pharisaical Processions and Public Praying.

During our residence at Coblenz, too, a report was circulated that a prophecy had been made, which, with the usual and very convenient vagueness of such matters, foretold that on the 1st of July, 1855, something dreadful was to happen somewhere to somebody. At length the prophetic rumour took a more definite form, and resolved itself into a statement that some one, whilst in a trance at Coblenz, had declared that the world was to come to an end at the expiration of the month of June, at which period the Protestants, we were politely informed, were to be all destroyed, and the Catholics to live on. As the time drew near for the fulfilment of the predicted catastrophe, the German Papists became more and more alarmed, and on the morning of the 1st of July all were a-gog, wondering in what manner, and at what moment, the dreadful event was to come to pass. At length an announcement was made at one of the schools that a telegraphic message had been received, stating that the Pope had been assassinated in his bed early that morning; and immediately there was one general exclamation of, "*Das ist die Prophezei!*" uttered by the great body of Catholics, who seemed to have wholly forgotten that the prediction referred to a totally different circumstance.

Nor should it be imagined that we here chronicle the sentiments of the mere vulgar upon the subject; for at the

fashionable watering-place of Ems, where the German nobility and gentry love to sip their hot salts every summer, such was the belief in the tale, that the Catholic church-bells were tolled and funeral masses performed throughout the day.

Moreover, it must in truthfulness be added, that the worship of the gaudily-dressed religious dolls, representative of the Virgin, has not the *most* elevating effect upon the minds of the people. At the corner of the street by the "*Korn Pforte*," in Coblenz, there stood a huge puppet of the "*Mutter Gottes*" in a glass case, and this was tricked out in a fresh dress almost every month through the year. In Lent it was in deep black; in May, in sky-blue and silver-tinsel; next it would be decked in white robes, and these again would give place to drab and Dutch metal; whilst each time the poor peasants and ox-cart drivers went past the figure, they would bow the head and cross themselves in very awe of the sanctified Judy.

But not only does this doll-worship go on in the public streets, but there is scarcely a Catholic old baby of a woman who has not in her room some puppet, either of the Virgin or her patron saint, that she prays to and amuses herself with, and makes clothes for, as the very children do with us—with the exception, however, that our little ones are not quite simple enough to worship the lumps of wax or wood that they dress up. A "prayer-sister," whom we knew, and who, a Catholic told us, was "full to the throat with the number of gods (wafers) she had swallowed," spent a good part of her time in dressing and undressing a big "Marionette" figure that she had dubbed St. Francis; and at the "*Drei Schweizer*" (*Trois Suisses*) hotel, where we passed the winter of 1854-55, the old maid of a landlady had another such puppet, but this was tricked out in female robes, and christened the "Holy Virgin;"

and though the ancient *Fräulein* continually said her prayers to it, and had it always before her eyes, we can answer that it by no means influenced her conduct in life: for if she told her beads to the doll at one moment, she would fall to cheating hard the next; so that, despite the “*real presence*” of the blessed wax Virgin, she tried to impose upon us to an enormous extent, and, indeed, seemed really to have more fear of the police than the “Mother of God;” for it was only on our protesting that we would go to the office of the Commissary concerning her overcharges, that she consented to take no less than 10% off a bill of 30% odd.

Nor is it only in the matter of canonised dolls that this human degradation goes on. Once we were in an ironmonger’s shop at Coblenz, when a peasant, who was making a few purchases, requested to be shown some brass images of Christ upon the Cross; whereupon the shopwoman took down a brown-paper packet full of stamped sheet-brass, that looked like a bundle of finger-plates for doors, but which, in reality, turned out to be a whole quire of mere thin shells of crucifixes. The peasant selected the one that pleased her best, and having purchased some showy nails by way of garniture to the article, the shopwoman proceeded to chalk her reckoning on the counter; and there it ran, something after the following:—
1 iron pot, 7 groschens; 1 reaping-hook, 4 groschens; 1 basket headpad, 1 groschen; 1 butter-stamper, 1½ groschen; 1 *Jesus Christus*, 5 groschens; and so on.

Further, we cannot end this section of our subject without raising our voice against those public displays of religion in the streets, which partake more of the flaunty character of theatrical pageants than the unostentatious ceremonies befitting the worship of Him who entered Jerusalem on a jackass. We know that the dignitaries of the Romish Church lay great

stress on what they term "the *external* aids to religion;" but surely to those who have faith in the injunction that, in our religious observances, "we are *not* to be as the hypocrites are, who love to appear praying in the streets, that they may be seen of men," the long trains of priests and choristers chanting portions of the Church service through the thoroughfares of almost every Catholic town in Germany cannot but appear as the external aids to *hypocrisy*.

In the month of June, on St. Peter and St. Paul's day, occurs the "*Trohn-leichname-fest*" (*Corpus Christi* feast, or, as the French call it, *La Fête Dieu*), and for some time before the anniversary, in 1855, we heard on all sides that "God" was to be carried along the streets, and the "Heaven" borne through the town—which blasphemy we afterwards found to signify that the head of the Catholic Church was to carry the large silver hand-screen called the "*Monstranz*," or "host," under a tawdry blue silk canopy, not unlike the upper part of a small four-post bedstead, and which is dignified by the name of the "*Himmel*." Prior to the fête our *braves Mädchen* was busy with the white muslin dress which she had kept, she said, for fifteen years, and used only for such street-shows; and this was duly washed and starched, so that she might make her appearance in public as one of the chanters; a pound of prunes, moreover, being eaten immediately after breakfast, in order to clear her voice for the anthems. On the morning of the event all the shops were closed, the carriage-ways of the town strewn with flowers, and the sides of the streets literally walled with green boughs, whilst in every open place there was erected a tawdry altar, with as extensive a show of candles as a tallow-chandler's shop-window; and at these the priests were to stop and pray, like the very hypocrites spoken of by Christ, so that there might be no mistake about their being *seen* of men.

The sight was wondrous to those who had heard tell of "educated" Prussia and the "philosophic" Germans—to behold government ministers, noblemen and generals, judges, advocates, physicians, and professors, as well as the great majority of the people, all out in the streets, singing anthems at the tail of an old gold-beplastered priest, who went stalking along under the bed-canopy called the *himmel*, and with a bellman at his side, ringing away as he displayed the bugaboo "*Monstranz*" to the awe-stricken multitude, every one of whom bared the head and fell upon the knees at the mere sight of the silver ornament.

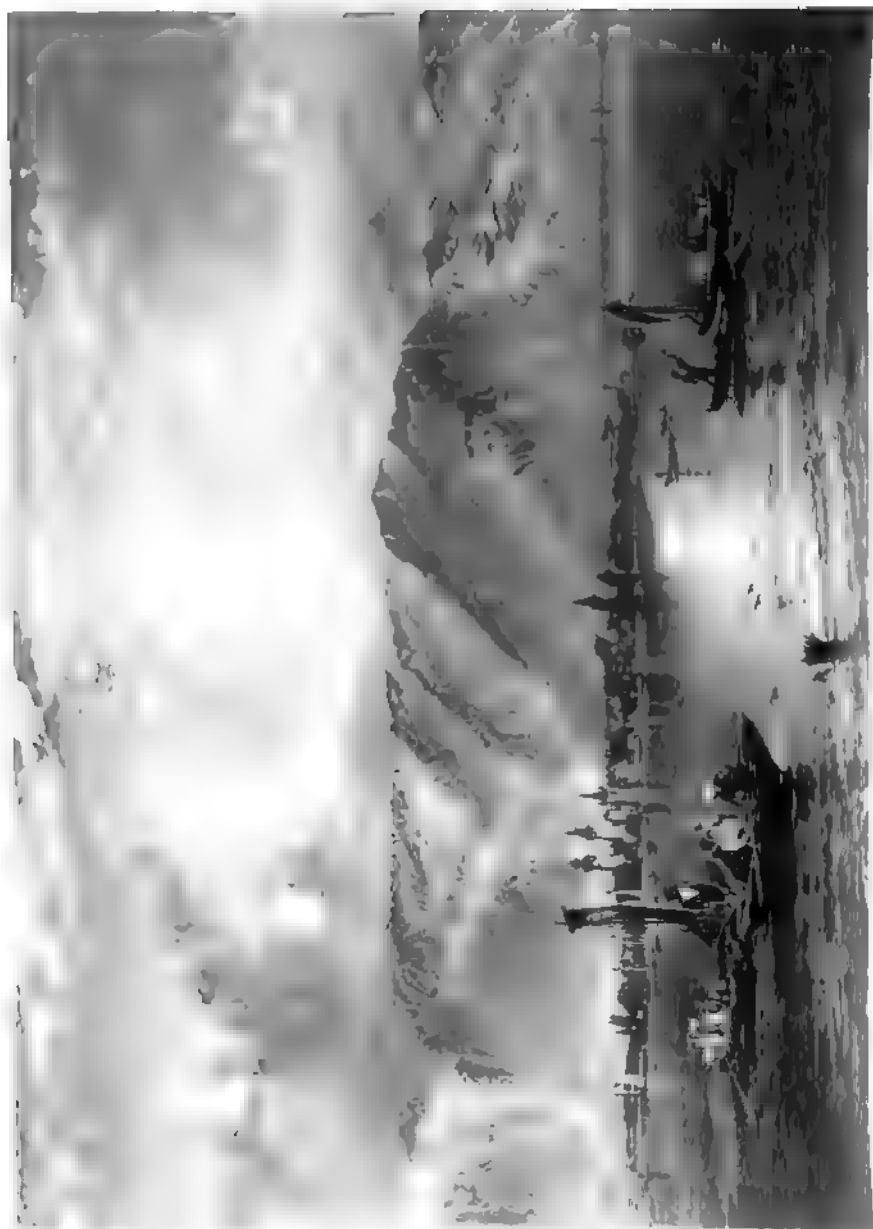
Such street-displays as the above are far from being uncommon occurrences in the Rhenish capital, for, during our stay there, scarcely a month passed but what there was some similar religious show going on in the thoroughfares. Either it was the feast of St. Aloysius, the patron saint of little children, and then every Catholic school in the town turned out with the boys and girls, duly "got up" for the occasion, squalling along the highways; or else it was Green Thursday, *i. e.* the Thursday before Easter, when good Catholics live principally on "green-stuff," and the priests go in procession to administer the sacrament to all the sick in the town; and then the silver chalice, called the "*Ciborium*," which the simple people tell you contains their gods (*Ang.* wafers), is carried ostentatiously through the principal *Strasser*, and the multitude go down on their knees in the gutters at the mere sight of the holy wafer-box.

Not only, however, are these street religious shows got up by the priests, but they are even indulged in by private individuals, who seem to be by no means anxious to "retire to their closet and *shut the door*," when they are about to pray, but, on the contrary, take especial care to obtrude their piety upon the notice of the public in general. This spirit of public

praying and religious ostentation constitutes the great pharisaical vice of the age. The far-seeing people of the Stock Exchange have the following saying,—“The man who goes to church *once* on the Sunday, trust him; the man who goes *twice*, beware of him; the man who goes *thrice*, have nothing at all to do with him!” and assuredly the desire “to be seen of men” during our devotions, and love of “trumpeting” our charity, according to the Sermon on the Mount, rank as hypocritical rather than Christian observances.

On Ash-Wednesday the Catholics walk through the town with long dirty streaks on their foreheads, as a sign that they have been marked with the embers by the priest; and on White Monday the girls parade the streets in book-muslin and long veils, for two or three days after their first communion. At other times you will meet a small band of young ladies marching through the town in the costume of ballet-dancers, and carrying huge bouquets that they are going to present to some schoolmaster or schoolmistress on his or her saint's day, the lady or gentleman remaining at home the while, in order to receive the customary gifts from the pupils; and which gifts consist generally of coffee-cups, or flowers, or cakes, or sweetmeats, or wine, or a pound or two of prunes: though occasionally a canary is given, and we *have* heard of the presentation of a silver teapot, that was subscribed for by the whole school and duly blessed by the priest—whilst, in return for such favours, the young scholars are treated to a farthing picture of some apocryphal saint or mythical “*schutze-engel*” (guardian angel).

Indeed, the German Papists seem to be determined not to “hide their light under a bushel,” but find especial pleasure in sticking it on some street or road-side altar, as well as in carrying candles through the public thoroughfares, so that people may be the better able to see how holy they are.





Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(18.)

LINDAU.

We are now in the kingdom of Bavaria, and the sentry-boxes and railings (which at Constanz were striped yellow and red, as indicative of the duchy of Baden, and at Friedrichshafen green and red, as distinctive of the kingdom of Wirtemberg) are now chequered blue and white, as the national colours of Bavaria. Indeed, every fresh half-hour here brings us into connexion with some new Government, and custom-house officers swarm as thickly as policemen in better-regulated towns; whilst there are as many different uniforms for the soldiers as there are liveries to the footmen waiting in the hall of our Italian Opera on a "Drawing-room night."

The Bavarian territory bordering the Lake of Constanz reaches from Kressbronn, a little below Lindau, to Wiedach, a little above it.

Lindau is a kind of Upper-Rhenish Holland, being a city built out in the water, and surrounded with a thick wattle-work of piles. Indeed the town is dammed and double dammed (if we may be allowed the expression without offending ears polite) all round with rows of piles, the tips of which peep above the water like the stumps of so many monster rushes. The island city is connected with the land at the back by a long wooden bridge, on the one hand, and an equally long railway embankment, thrown up across the water, on the other.

Seen from the deck of the steamer in the middle of the Lake, Lindau is a pretty-enough object, bristling with its many old towers and church-steeples, and belted with its

rampart-walls, while the Vorarlberg hills rise in fine pyramidal masses up close at the back of it—these hills being, as it were, the last ripple of the expiring land-wave that once swept over Switzerland, and tossed up the plains there in Alpine billows, raising a very tempest of mountains in the solid earth!

The two towers that are seen as we approach the island-city from the Lake, and which remind one somewhat of the palace at Friedrichshafen, are the twin-turrets of the sister churches—the one Protestant, the other Catholic; whilst the turret standing close at the water's edge is the old battlemented *Diebs-thurm* (thief's tower), that is now but a mere useless mediæval toy.

The *Hafen* lies round the corner, and was at the time of our visit not yet finished, but, as at the neighbouring city of Friedrichshafen, the "*Bahn-hof*" (railway-station) stood close at the back of it, and there were large storehouses ready for the bonding of goods.

The town stretches away in a line from the harbour, which is at the upper end of the island, and though possessing few objects of special interest, has still neither the desolate look of Friedrichshafen nor the unpicturesque character of Constanz. The *Maximilian-Strasse* is perhaps the busiest thoroughfare, and here the houses have castellated gables, and pedimented roofs, and colonnaded ground-floors, and frescoed walls, and, indeed, a host of other such middle-age ornaments. The "*Land-thor*" (country gate) lies at the rear, at the point immediately behind the two church towers, and is a neat-enough modern structure, with a planted glacis-like Platz immediately on one side of it.

In this neighbourhood, too, lies the "*Heidenmauer*," (Heathen's Wall), which is said to date as far back as the Romans, by whom a settlement was originally established

at this part of the Lake. The wall, as at present standing, is merely a sharp corner of some old rampart, the solid masonry of which projects in places as if a number of bond-stones had been left for joining on to some other structure. On the top of this wall, too, a great bush of a tree grows from between the crevices of the stone-work.

Lindau was originally two small islands, though it is now but one. It was, according to the earliest records, a Roman settlement, and called *Lindaugia*, *Lindavia*, and, finally, *Lindau*—the name, it is said, being given to it on account of the Linden-trees that grew by the Powder-mill. The Lindauers, we are told, were the first fishermen upon the Lake.

Many centuries ago a cloister was founded upon it by one Lord Adelbert, who, during a violent storm upon the water, made a vow that if he were spared he would build a church to the Virgin, and who, on being landed at Lindau, caused the chapel to the cloister to be erected. Rudolph of Hapsburg speaks of Lindau as being a royal residenz. In 1396 the citizens rebelled against Maximilian I., when the principal traitors were beheaded in the town. In 1496, an Imperial Diet was held in Lindau; in 1530, the town adopted the principles of the Reformation.

During the Thirty Years' War it was fortified and enclosed within walls, and remained a place of special security till a few score years ago. It has suffered from fire repeatedly, having been burnt down in the years 948, 1264, 1339, 1720, and 1723, and was severely scourged also by the pest in the seventeenth century, when not less than 2000 of its people were destroyed by the plague.

Since 1801, Lindau has belonged to the Bavarians, and numbers now 3300 inhabitants, who are mostly Protestants; and possesses, besides a haven and a railway, a college of Natural Philosophy and a theatre.

§ 4.

THE POLITICAL CREED OF THE PRUSSIANS—LIMITS OF ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC GOVERNMENT—POLITICAL WICKEL-KINDER—“CONCESSIONS” TO EARN A LIVING—POTATOES DISPLACING BLACK BREAD—EXTREME POVERTY AND MEANNESS—A ROYAL BANQUET.

“I think they have all the wisest men in die welt at Berlin,” was the confidential opinion of a Prussian to us. Nevertheless the gentleman could hardly be considered a high authority in matters of wisdom, for it was he who had assured us that holy water would not rot. Nor had he any very extensive acquaintance with the sages of the other parts of the globe, seeing that his travels had never gone beyond a penny trip in the Vallendar steamboat.

If, too, we be not sorely mistaken, these same Berlin worthies belong to the palæozoic class of politicians, and have no more right to be ranked with the enlightened statesmen of Europe than the purblind old fogies of owls have to be cited as the ornithological types of profound intelligence.

If every *private* individual duly governed himself, it is manifest that the necessity for *public* government would cease; and that all possess a governing principle within them, the difference between our motives while awake and when dreaming affords sufficient proof. Hence it is simply because the *internal* government of the majority of people is defective that an *external* one is required, in order to prevent the members of society injuring their neighbours, either in person, property, or character; so that as it is every one's duty to respect the feelings and possessions of those by whom he is surrounded, the object of all enlightened government is merely to see that this duty is strictly performed: in fine, it is to prevent the strong op-

pressing the weak, the crafty cheating the simple, and the dishonest plundering the honest.

But though the external government has a perfect moral right to take care that each man does his duty to his *neighbour*, it has no title whatsoever to interfere with any one's duty to *himself*; in a word, though it may justly prevent an individual from destroying the happiness of his fellows, it cannot, with any show of reason, compel him to promote his own. It may, and indeed *ought*, to put a stop to assaults, and robbery, and plunder, but it should *not* prescribe the hour at which we are to go to bed, and clothes we should wear, or food we should eat, or how and where we should worship the Almighty. This, it is manifest, constitutes the broad line of demarcation between enlightened government and despotism—the one deals only with the *public* duties and rights of individuals, whilst the other meddles with their *private* ones.

Plain as the above distinction appears, it has nevertheless taken ages upon ages to make monarchs and ministers comprehend the principle; so that formerly we not only had a curfew-bell to ring the simple people to bed at a seasonable hour, but we had sumptuary laws to regulate the expenses of the different members of society, and which not only prescribed the costume that each was to appear in, but positively limited the length of the shoes to be worn by Masters Brown, Jones, and Robinson; whilst the most frivolous and vexatious restrictions were placed upon trade and business, as if it were the object of government to raise every possible impediment to a man's earning an honest living.

In England, luckily, we have outlived such political tomfoolery, and it has grown into a maxim now with the wisest statesmen, that “the best government is that which governs the least,”—consistently, of course, with security to the persons and possessions of the community.

The Berlin sages, however, are still in their political dotage, and, like half-imbecile greybeards, cannot help regarding even grown-up people as children; and assuredly the sight of the petrified bones of a megatherium, turned up in the strata at the present day, does not carry the mind more vividly into the past than does the sound of the 10 o'clock bell, which rings at Coblenz every night to warn all good people that it is time to retire to their beds, carry the thoughts backward to the darkest ages.

To the "mind's eye," indeed, the poor *Deutschers* appear in the nineteenth century as mere political babies—governmental "*Wickel-kinder*," that the old women at Berlin still believe it to be necessary to bind hand and foot in order to render upright—monarchical children, that are not yet able to *go alone*, and who cannot even *speak plainly*, poor little things! but who are obliged to be looked after at every step by their ugly nurses the police, and to be tied so closely to the apron-strings of their *gross-mutterisch* state authorities, that they dare not stir away from home without first asking permission of the "*Direction*."

It requires no little faith on the part of Englishmen to believe what an infinitesimally small amount of liberty Germans are permitted to enjoy.

Not only does the bell toll, as we have said, for all people to quit the wine and beer-houses before eleven, but it is forbidden by the police to talk either upon religion or politics in such places—the landlord, for the first offence, being punished by fine, and for the second by the permanent closing of his use. Now an Englishman, with the recollection of the Hyde Park riots in his mind, would fancy that the tyrannical insolence which presumes to dictate to grown men the subjects that they are to talk upon, would breed, at least, an *émeute*, if not a revolution, in the land. But no!

your German blood is but poor, tepid stuff, compared with the hot liquid that flows through English veins; and the nation which, in former times, permitted an Emperor to send a crier through the town, announcing that it was the imperial will and pleasure that Herr So-and-so should marry Fräulein Such-an-one, still lacks manly spirit enough to feel any indignity in having a royal padlock put upon its tongue.

Nor do the professors, and the physicians, and druggists, and stonemasons, and a hundred other professions and trades, think it in any way despotic that the right, or "concession," as it is called, to pursue their occupation should be at the disposal and consequently the mercy of the government; so that any disaffected member of the State can be immediately deprived of his bread as well as his license, and thus, by his utter ruin, be rendered an example to others. Operatives, moreover, must satisfy the police as to the quality of their work before they can be allowed to set up as masters; so that a political journeyman is compelled to hold his peace, unless he wishes to be doomed to manual labour for life. In other trades, again, a large sum of money must be deposited with the State authorities, and hence such depositors would hardly dare to raise their voice against the government; whilst even the servants are under the special charge of the *Polizei-Direction*.

Consequently it will be seen that the Prussian government takes care to have a finger in every person's business, so that the bread of the several members of the community may be more or less dependent upon the favour or "concession" of the functionaries, and thus silence at least be ensured, if positive good will cannot be obtained.

At present the government is but seldom called upon to exercise its power of ruining, by withholding the licenses of the different tradesmen and professional men of the kingdom. It is enough for English minds, however, that it *possesses* such

a power, and that the merchants and tradesmen of an European State should be in the same position as cab-drivers with us. Nevertheless we *have* heard of persons being deprived of their business, because they were known to be of more liberal politics than pleased the "police directors;" and this has acted as so strong a caution to others of the same turn of mind, that they have been rendered politically dumb—for the present.

"To dispose of even a shoestring in Prussia," said one of our informants, "requires a special license from the government, for which no less than 12 thalers (36s.) must be paid; and to be caught buying and selling without the gracious 'concession' of the constituted authorities, would render a man liable to imprisonment."

In such a state of things, when the government raises all kinds of fiscal and political obstacles to a man earning his livelihood by any handicraft, trade, or profession, a large body of spies, of course, become a necessary part of the executive machinery of the State; and certainly, in Prussia, these official vermin crawl about the people wherever they go.

A tradesman in Coblenz, into whose shop we had entered to make a trifling purchase, was so especially obsequious to us, that at the time we attributed his exceeding servility to vulgar trading manners. It turned out, however, that the man had obliged us by mistaking us for a government spy; for, on inquiring of a friend who we were, the shopman coolly told him that he had mistaken us for a "*Spaher*," whom he had seen the day before at Cochem on the Mosel, with a camera, engaged in taking photographs.

"Read that advertisement," said a German to us, pointing to a particular announcement in the "*Coblenzer Zeitung*." "What of it?" we asked; for it merely stated that Herr Hundertundachtzigflösche gave private instruction in English, French, and German; whereupon our friend assured us that

the so-called Lehrer, instead of being a private instructor, was really a common informer, for he was known to be employed by Government to furnish them with secret reports concerning the political opinions of those into whose houses he gained admission under the pretext of teaching.

Further, if you happen to have a German with you, supping in a private room in an hotel, he will be sure, before he ventures to speak upon any matter in connexion with the government of his country, to open the door and peep into the passage, so as to assure himself that there are no secret listeners; and even then he will not dare to converse in tones above a whisper, telling you, that in Prussia the very stones in the walls have got ears.

To such an extent does this spy system prevail, and so universal is the distrust of the Prussians concerning any one they meet in society, that it is impossible to get them to speak to you upon any national question before one another; for though they may be living in the same town, and are well acquainted with each other's business, nevertheless they know that if one bore the least ill feeling against the other, neither would hesitate to go privately to the police and repeat what his fellow-townsmen had stated.

That we may not seem to be unjustly prejudiced against the character of the Prussians, and blind to the vices of English people, let us here mention the fact that an English lady, resident in Coblenz, did not scruple, on account of some petty quarrel, to report to the *Polizei-Direction* that a countrywoman of hers was giving lessons in English without any concession from the authorities; and the consequence was, —as it is contrary to law in Prussia to earn a living without a permit from government—the poor governess was ordered to quit the town in four-and-twenty hours.

Now, where such a state of affairs prevails—where every

impediment is offered to extension of trade and the increase of arts and manufactures—where general distrust is fostered among the people by the employment of secret police-agents ramifying into every class of society—it is almost idle to state that, despite or through the continual meddling of the wise-acres at Berlin, the great body of the Prussian people are in a state of the most bitter and overwhelming poverty. Not only is the consumption of beef and mutton giving place to horseflesh, but the coarse and the sour black loaves of rye are becoming a delicacy, the less expensive potato being now used instead; and this in a country where white bread has long been regarded in the light of cake. Herr Dieterici, the eminent Prussian statistician, indeed, informs us, that “whereas the corn crops of Prussia may be valued at between 150 and 200 million thalers, the potato crop must be estimated at nearly double that amount, or 350 million thalers.” In corroboration of this fact we may state, that one peasant family whom we visited, and which consisted of a man and his wife and six children, had not tasted meat throughout the year: they ate potatoes three times a-week, and the other three coffee and bread. The man and his wife, together with a sister who lived with them, and went out washing, earned among them one thaler a-week upon an average the year through, gaining $1\frac{1}{2}$ thaler weekly in the summer, and in the winter only a few groschens. The woman worked sometimes in the fields, and got three groschens a-day and her “*kost*” (eating); the man was employed upon the roads, and had, when he worked, five groschens a-day, whilst the sister earned from three to four groschens a-day in the summer, and one groschen a-day at spinning in the winter. Their food and household expenses were, weekly, as follows:— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coffee, 4 groschens (5*d*.); 12 lbs. of bread, 16 groschens (1*s.* 7*d.*.); 25 lbs. of potatoes, 10 groschens (1*s.*.); soap, 1 groschen;

candles, $1\frac{1}{2}$ groschens ; total, 33 groschens (3s. 4d.). No rent was paid, the cottage having been left the man by his father ; while their clothing they had given to them. Hence it would appear, that all which these nine people had to subsist upon was 5 lbs. $4\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. of solid food per diem ; and physiologists tell us, that two pounds of substantial nutriment are daily required to keep life in each full-grown individual. As the man and his wife were old, the above may, perhaps, be considered an extreme case ; it is cited, however, to give the English reader a notion of how very hard the poor of Germany live, or rather starve.

But coffee and potatoes are by no means an uncommon dinner among the working classes of Germany ; and when we tell them that a journeyman baker working in the Rhenish capital gets only two shillings a-week and his board and lodging, they will easily understand how poorly industry is paid in Rhineland. Indeed, during the winter-time, the poor of Coblenz, huddled together in the "*Wasserthurmsmauer*" and the "*Seilerwall*," are often glad to make a meal off a cat or a dog !

Nor are even the so-called rich of Germany much better off than our head clerks, since in Prussia, a person possessing a thousand thalers (150*l.*) a-year, is regarded as being in affluent circumstances, whilst one having three thousand thalers (450*l.*) per year, is looked upon as a positive millionaire. Further, the principal bankers are obliged to do a little in the wine-manufacturing business, as well as money dealing ; for the Germans, as a nation, seem hardly to have advanced beyond that monetary state of prosperity which delights in hoarding gold and silver coin in old stockings. Not only are those who possess a few thalers as deficient in enterprise as our superannuated cooks, but, owing to the general distrust existing throughout the nation, such a thing as commercial credit can

be hardly said to exist, the so-called merchants being, generally speaking, about on a level with our chandlers.

The most popular mode of investment consists of loans upon mortgage to small peasant proprietors, so that there is scarcely a farmer who is not, owing to the facility of contracting debt, embarrassed with the responsibilities he has to meet by way of interest every year. Another approved mode of investment is by depositing small sums in different names at the government pawnshops, which serve, as it were, for the Savings' Banks of Prussia: and at which $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent is allowed as interest to all depositors. Formerly the middle-classes were permitted to invest in these institutions to the amount of 99 thalers, though many had much larger sums in the institution under different names. At present, however, the privilege is restricted to servants, though only nominally so, for many gentlefolks still invest in the names of their domestics, it being difficult to find a Prussian who has spirit enough to employ his money in large commercial adventures; and thus it is that the mining and manufacturing resources of the country remain undeveloped to this day.

But, like all slow-witted people, the Prussians are an almost miserly race, — they will save something out of the smallest weekly pittance; and as the British Chaplain at Coblenz used to say, "you may obtain change for a thaler from apparently the most destitute of them." We have positively known a Herr Lehrer at one of the Government schools, who had money out upon mortgages, have the remains of the fat scraped out of the tins that he had hired to illuminate with on the night of the King's visit to Coblenz, in order that he might turn a groschen by the refuse grease; and further, a learned professor actually assured us, that he sent his daughter down with a scuttle of ashes every night to empty into the cesspool, because the people at Neuendorf

paid a little higher price for the manure when it was "*feste*."

But perhaps we cannot give a clearer illustration of the beggarly meanness, as well as the social hypocrisy, of Prussia, than by citing an incident connected, as Jenkins would say, with the highest person in the realm.

At the time of the King's visit to Coblenz, in order to be present at the betrothal of his niece, the young Princess, to the Prince of Baden, some half-a-dozen of the thousand-and-one German potentates came to take part in the ceremony. Now, we have before stated that the Palace at Coblenz contains nearly the same number of different families as a St. Giles's lodging-house with us, so that every floor and chamber being occupied by some royal or princely progeny, there is scarcely a closet left in which to stow any German Fürst who may come with his carpet-bag to visit his right royal cousins at Coblenz. Such a calamity befel the house of Prussia in the year 1855; for then, either the Kurfürst von Keinhemd or the Gros Herzog von Nich's-nutz had come to eat his *Sauerkraut* with Friedrich Wilhelm von Cliquot; but, unfortunately, though the palatial furniture could boast the luxury of a spare bed, the palatial linen-chest did not include the extravagance of a spare blanket wherewith to envelope the body of the "high-born" guest. Accordingly, the groom of the bedchamber had to be dispatched to Hoffmanns, the upholsterer, to arrange for the hire of something like a "Witney" for a day or two.

The next day, to his majesty's great horror, no less than three German crowned heads, anxious to avoid the expense of the *table-d'hôte* at the hotels at which they were staying, dropped in to take their "*Mittag-essen*" with the "*Konighihepaare*;" but, unfortunately, there was not even so much as a potato-salad or "*Dampf-nudel*" in the royal larder. In an instant, the lord-chamberlain was despatched to the nearest

"Gasthof," or tavern, to order five "portions" of soup, flesh, fowls, pudding, and fish; and at the dinner-hour we positively saw from our window the royal postilions, in their leathern breeches, hurrying along the parade with the five potages, and the three meats, and the seven "*légumes*" and "*hors-d'œuvres*," and the "*dessert*," and last, though not least, the black bread at discretion. And as the jockeys darted in among the trees, we could not help thinking that one would meet with as much hospitality from our Duke Humphry as he would be likely to experience on dropping in to take "pot-luck" with the King of Prussia.

It was at this period, too, that we had an opportunity of seeing how much love the Rhenish people really bore their monarch; and though the toadying burgomeister of Coblenz printed a pathetic appeal to the inhabitants of the town, calling upon the "flatholders" to treat his majesty to a hearty welcome and an illumination on his arrival, we must confess that a London street-market, on a Saturday night, could boast a greater profusion of light than the principal thoroughfares of the town. At many houses bits of carpet and woollen table-cover were hung out at window as extraordinary decorations; and along the window-sills of others, a few tooth-glasses, painted for the occasion, were made to do duty for coloured illumination lamps. Moreover, when the king drove through the streets, though the mounted police came first, and entreated the people to take their hats off, and cry "*Liberhoch!*" with their best lungs, as his majesty went by, still we do not exaggerate when we say that the shouting of the united voices would not have startled a hare from its form.

Indeed, to confess the truth, his Majesty is anything but beloved by the people of the Rhenish Provinces. This is partly owing to the great majority of Catholics to be found in that part of Prussia — for the Papists do not hesitate to tell the

Lutherans, that "Cliquot is your king, not ours." Moreover, the people generally feel bitterly grieved at the broken faith concerning the promised liberties after the Revolution of 1848.

"We care not how soon Napoleon comes among us," the Coblenzers have whispered in our ear over and over again, "for the Code of Laws which his uncle gave is the only little bit of freedom we know."

"Ja," others have said to us, "we do not speak to one another now, but we all know what is silently going on in each other's hearts, and when the next opportunity occurs we shall not be the sentimental fools we were in 1848, but we shall go out armed with long knives, and say merely, Are you with us, or against us?" Such is the political state of Prussia!

For the present degraded condition of the country and people, however, the natives have one invariable excuse. If you banter them upon their bridge of boats and ox-wagons in the nineteenth century, and their lack of water to their houses, and their drainless towns, you are told that it all proceeds from the poverty of the nation rather than from any want of intelligence among the people.

But *why* is the nation poor? If Prussia were nationally wise, it would be nationally rich as well; for surely a knowledge of the means that contribute to the "wealth of nations," constitutes not only a part of the wisdom, but also a part of the policy, of every enlightened kingdom; and though with individuals, it is *not* true that beggars are fools, nevertheless, it certainly holds good with *States*, that *general poverty results from general ignorance*. But it has become a cant among Germans to regard the misery of their countrymen as part of the inscrutable decrees of Providence, and to talk of England as being "the spoilt child of Europe,"—as if her riches, and her comforts, and her enlightened social appliances, had come by some gracious favour of the blind god Fortune,

rather than being the product of the industry, intelligence, and enterprise of her people. Is it not patent to every mind that England, in the world's race, had no particular indulgence shown her? Did the Almighty give her a more genial climate than Germany? or a more productive soil, or finer rivers by which to convey her produce from one point of the land to the other? But, say the Prussians, England is an island; as if they really fancied it was the only bit of land surrounded by water on the whole globe, and were ignorant of the fact that their own territory has a greater length of coast-line than ours! If, however, England's greatness be due to her insular position, the people of Madagascar, and Borneo, and Sumatra, and, indeed, the whole of Polynesia, should, instead of remaining in a savage condition, have long ago disputed with us the supreme power of the world; and even if it be said, on the other hand, that England's greatness is owing to her mechanical inventions, surely Germany had the same power to avail herself of *our* steam-engine and spinning-jenny as we had to make use of *her* printing!

How, then, comes it that the two countries are so different? We answer, Simply because the people differ in energy—in energy of body as well as mind, from each other.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(19.)

BREGENZ.

This is the prettiest of all the towns on the Lake. It lies in a bay, or large niche, as it were, of the Vorarlberg hills, which rise almost straight up behind it, and are exquisitely modelled

1915



February 1



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1911



with ravines and truncated peaks, whilst they are piled and heaped at the back, so that you might almost fancy they were dark, solid clouds—the mountain-steps leading to the very heavens themselves.

The curving shore here is embanked, and shelving with stone. The terraced roadway is speckled with white-fronted houses, and the waves (for the bay is rougher at this part than at any other) grate or chafe upon the masonry like the continued rustling of silk.

On entering the town, we find at first a largish open space, flanked with old-fashioned French-looking houses; then we come to a neat-enough short street, where stands the police-office, with the passport *bureau* up-stairs; and near this is the “*See Kapelle*” (Lake Chapel), with its high, narrow tower, hardly thicker than a sentry-box.

Across the end of this street stands the low colonnaded guard-house, called the “*Haupt-wache*,” with a stack of arms under its little porch, and the Austrian riflemen grouped in front of it, with their silver-grey uniforms turned up with green, and their peculiar semi-cocked hats edged with japanned leather—half-policemen, half-gend’arme—and plumed with a bunch of green-looking metallic feathers at the side.

Beyond the guard-house, as you turn sharp round the corner, you come to a line of colonnaded houses, having the *trottoir* under the first floor; and here, on the left, is a steep lane, or almost perpendicular street, leading to the upper town—the tall, thick square tower of which, with its crown-like copper roof, is seen peering its red head at the end of the thoroughfare. Continuing the ascent, you find the houses piled up the side of the slanting street, so that one moment you are on a level with the parlour-door, and the next, though only a few steps farther on, looking in at the first-floor windows of the same building; while you see the people above you

climbing up the thoroughfare as though they were a string of mountaineers scaling Mont Blanc.

At length you reach the *Pfarr-kirche*, standing on top of a high green slope, with its narrow, gabled, cottage-like steeple, and the neighbouring *Kirche-hof* (burial-ground) planted with black and gilt wooden crosses as thick as hop-poles. This *Pfarr-kirche* stands, as it were, on one side of a steep ravine, or groove in the mountain, at the back of the town, whilst the opposite slope consists of a green truncated pyramid of earth furrowed with vineyards, and with a range of buildings and walls at top that strike you as belonging to some quaint old palace.

This, however, is the *Oberstadt*, or upper town of Bregenz; it is surrounded with high old walls that are set with rondels and bastions at intervals, and pierced with windows, as well as covered with a series of roofs that seem as if the ancient palace had been converted into a succession of low lodging-houses.

Descending the one slope below the *Pfarr-kirche*, and mounting the other that leads to the upper town, you find on entering the small arches which are cut through the walls that you are in the midst of a little colony, about a quarter the size of the upper town of Boulogne, the whole *Stadt* being but three streets wide, and each of those streets only eight houses long. The streets, moreover, are a bright green with their crop of grass, and the houses rude enough in their architecture to carry the mind back to the very darkest ages. Some have colonnades like crypts, and others grandly-painted exteriors, with the traces of imitation pillars and ornamental copings to be detected on the walls.

In one corner near the tall crown-roofed tower stands the *Spital*, or almshouse; and here, while we were searching for an exit from the curious little city, we were startled by

the sound of a voice in the air: whereupon we beheld, on looking at the upper windows of the palatial workhouse, one of the old paupers anxious to learn whether we would like to go over the establishment.

This old town is the site of an ancient Roman settlement called *Brigantium*; indeed the remains of the old Roman walls are still to be seen. The upper town dates as far back as Strabo, A.D. 40; and there is an odd bas-relief on the walls of the Obere-Stadt of the heathen goddess Epona, who is said to have been the guardian deity of horses and mares.

Bregenz was originally peopled by the *Vindelicians*—a tribe that is said to have belonged to Augsburg (the ancient "*Augusta Vindelicorum*"), and to have derived its name from the rivers *Vinda* (the modern Wertach) and *Lech*, between which Augsburg is situate.

After the disappearance of the Romans from the banks of the *Boden See*, Bregenz belonged to the Counts of Montford and Wirtemberg; and during the Appenzeller war, in 1405, held out successfully against the Swiss, a considerable number of whom were killed and wounded; and to this day the guards, in their night-watches, cry "Honour to Hergotha!" who is said to have defended the city till Lord Montford appeared at the head of his troops.

Fifty years afterwards, Elizabeth, Lady of Montford and Bregenz, sold half the city to the Archduke Sigismund of Austria, and the other half to the Archduke Frederick of Austria.

Like Lindau, Bregenz suffered much during the Thirty Years' War, during which it fell, in 1646, into the hands of the Swedes, who destroyed the old castle of the Montfords, that formerly stood on the Gebhardsberg, and carried off plunder sufficient to fill some five hundred wagons. Towards the end of the next century, also, the town was sacked by the French.

It now belongs to Austria, by which power, indeed, it has been possessed for the greater part of the time since the ancient house of the Counts of Montford became extinct in 1547.

Bregenz contains at present 1500 inhabitants, and boasts several monasteries in its immediate neighbourhood,* the monks from which may be generally seen in the streets, walking among the townsfolk with bare feet and bare shaven head—except on rainy days, when they indulge in the worldly vanity of a cotton umbrella, even while delighting to tramp shoeless and stockingless through the puddles.†

The costume of the peasant-women around Bregenz (the *Bregenzer-wälders*), who on market-days crowd the streets of the curious old city, is also sufficiently primitive and unlike the engravings in the "*Courrier des Dames*" to merit a brief description."

The dress consists of, (1), a peculiar kind of conical, blue-felt, brimless hat, which bulges out all round the head like the skull-protector of a French baby, and having plaits of hair showing at the back.

(2), A cloth bodice, so tight and short-waisted that it has the appearance of the neck-piece to a boy's blouse, and fitted with a pair of very high-shouldered "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, which are invariably of a different colour from the bodice itself. One lady whom we saw had a pair of brown silk sleeves, while the body of her dress was of black cloth; those of another peasant-woman were of green "stuff," and a third rejoiced in sleeves made out of a half-mourning print.

* The Swiss monks, driven from their own country, have recently purchased the ruins of the *Vorkloster* here for 50,000 francs (2000*l.*).

† These monks beg alms for the poor. They are not allowed to take money, but go from house to house collecting bread and meat, &c., and all who come to their kloster have food given them. The Capuchin monks have a monastery up the hill at the back of the town.

(3), A brown glazed-calico skirt, so closely plaited round the waist that the gathers are positively as thick as the folds in a fan; and the said skirt cut so short, that it reveals a good eighteen inches of blue worsted stocking, terminating in a thick muddy shoe.

(4), A black silk kerchief tied round the neck, cravat fashion, and with a full black velvet chemisette, ornamented with a gilt band showing beneath it.

(5), A dark-blue linen apron, fastened round the waist by means of a broad leathern belt, that has huge brass clasps at the back.

But the most peculiar part of the Bregenz fashions consists in the extreme flatness of the bust that the peasant-women study to produce; for so wedded are the ladies of the Bregenzer-wäld to high dresses, that they take the greatest possible pains, we were assured, to hide the charms peculiar to low-necked ones; and certainly those whom we saw might have been mistaken for *A-mazons* in the thorough sense of the term.

The costume of the men, on the other hand, consists of a light grey kind of postilion's jacket, with black knee breeches and huntsman's high boots; some of them wear the Swiss peasant's hat, with a gold shaving-brush-like tassel dangling on the brim; whilst others in rainy weather appear in a blanket, which has a hole cut in the middle of it for the head to be thrust through; and this, whenever the peasant enters a tavern, or has to wait for any time on the road, is taken off and used as either a horse-cloth or cow-cloth, according to the cattle driven by its owner.

Another peculiarity of the Tyrol towns may be noted in the shooting-houses that are usually to be found in the suburbs of each village. At Lindau, near the Land-thor, is seen the first *Schützenhaus*—a villa-like *Weinwirthschaft*,

standing at the edge of the island, and with a number of targets in sentry-boxes that are built on stilts, as it were, at some distance out in the water.

At Bregenz, again, we see the same institution. This at first has the appearance of a landing-pier, or swimming-school, for the Bregenzer Schützenhaus is a largish building facing the lake, and somewhat like the Margate bathing-saloons in style. It has a balcony overlooking the water, and set with seats for the spectators, after the fashion of our river-side taverns; and beneath these is the room from the windows of which the rifles are fired, each casement being fitted with a bell-wire that stretches, telegraph-like, along poles towards the stilted sentry-box-like target-houses that stand in the water immediately facing the house. A small gangway raised on piles extends from the Schützenhaus to the target-boxes, where, during the practice, boys are stationed to signal the result of each shot.

Through the week the windows of the aquatic shooting-gallery are kept closed, and the house itself is used for the purposes of a school, while the fancy targets, ornamented with figures of Justice, Mercury, &c., are taken into the hall, where they may be seen all pock-marked with shot and as full of holes as a slug-eaten cabbage-leaf.

On the Sunday, however, the place is all alive with the crowds of riflemen, and the air resounds with the sharp crack of the guns and tinkle of the target-bells.

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